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Memorials of the late rev. William M. Bunting, ed. by G.S. Rowe, ...

William Maclardie
Bunting, Thomas Percival Bunting

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MEMORIALS

OF THE LATE

REV. W. M. BUNTING.

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Yours respectfully
W. M. Bunting.

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WILLIAM [illegible]ING:

[illegible] SERMONS,

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WITH A BIO[illegible]N BY

THOMAS [illegible]

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WESLEYAN [illegible]

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MEMORIALS

OF THE LATE REV.

WILLIAM M. BUNTING:

BEING SELECTIONS FROM HIS SERMONS, LETTERS, AND POEMS.

EDITED BY THE

REV. G. STRINGER ROWE.

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION BY

THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING.

LONDON:
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PREFACE.

THIS compilation of Memorials needs but a very few prefatory words.

Those readers to whom Mr. Bunting was not personally known, will find the value of the book much enhanced by the Biographical Introduction, while his many friends will set even greater store by this lovingly appreciative sketch, so ably done by the most fitting hand that could have assumed the task.

Many of Mr. Bunting's Sermons—and some of his best—have been already published: and it was thought well that the selection for this volume should be made from such as had never before appeared in print. Next, the choice was governed chiefly by the condition o the manuscripts, those being finally taken which were most complete, and—in their multitude of erasures, alterations, and interlinings—presented the least insurmountable difficulties to the transcriber. As some will search in vain, in the Sermons herein given, for well-

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remembered passages, which deeply impressed them as spoken from the lips of the preacher, it may be well to remark that many of his most powerful utterances were wholly unpremeditated, and owed their singular point and vigour to the power which rested upon him at the moment of their delivery.

Amongst the large number of letters, which have been most kindly entrusted to the Editor, the task of selection has been far from easy. Many of them dealt with matters too sacredly confidential to allow of their publication. Others, his most characteristic compositions, have their brilliance and interest in delicate, and often playful, allusion, well understood by those to whom they were addressed, but such as could never be made intelligible to others without an incessant and wearisome annotation.

The Poetry, with the exception of a few pieces, has been printed before, at various times, and principally in Methodist periodicals, but is collected and arranged for the first time, in these Memorials, the preparation of which for the press, has been a work of most reverent love.

G. S. R.

EDINBURGH, *September* 15, 1870.

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MEMORIALS

OF THE LATE

REV. W. M. BUNTING.

BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS Introduction does not profess to be a full, or even sufficient, record of the life and character of its subject. Probably no more complete account of them will, at least for the present, be published; and, as introductory to the present volume, it would obviously be out of place. All that is attempted is a brief sketch of the accomplished author of the Remains now collected;—a memorial of him to his surviving friends, and for the information of any who, becoming acquainted with him, for the first time, through his writings, may wish to know more of himself.

WILLIAM MACLARDIE BUNTING, born at Manchester on the 23d November, 1805, was the eldest child of the late Rev. Dr. Jabez Bunting, and of Sarah Maclardie, his wife. Did not books sometimes travel into strange places,[1] it

[1] The Life of Samuel Hick, a blacksmith and Methodist lay-preacher, has been seen in a bookseller's shop in Rome; and a copy of the Minutes of the Methodist Conference for 1835 on the shelves of a saintly Archishop of the English Church, one of three books only in the room.

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would be needless to add that his father was, for nearly sixty years, a Methodist minister, distinguished above most of his contemporaries, both amongst his own and other churches, alike by his piety and talents. There is a tradition that he was absent from the house when his eldest son was born. On his return, and when the birth was announced to him, he fell on his knees, and prayed, "that, if God should so will, the child might become a Methodist preacher."

His mother's first prayer for him was pondered in her heart only; but I doubt not it was almost as precisely aimed; for the true wife of a true minister of Christ cannot conceive of anything more honourable than her husband's lot: the wives of Methodist ministers have been illustrious for fidelity to their vocation; and my dear mother was eminent even among these. But I must speak cautiously. Perhaps the loving heart which, with simple purpose, consecrates in intention its first and best to Christ's highest service, does not always and at once consider that it is for Him to accept or to decline the offering. Happy the mother who, during patient years, weaves the "linen ephod," and fashions the "little coat," in which, peradventure, her Samuel shall stand before the Lord; but, in these Christian times, he must not wear them until he have heard the threefold call, and, counselled that it *is* divine, answers from his very heart, "Thy servant heareth." Then indeed may she say, "O my lord, as thy soul liveth, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of

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Him: therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."

I doubt whether, in my brother's case, "the child" was "father of the man." Often it is not so. That popular fallacy is founded on the assumption of an universal "natural piety," which assuredly does not exist; and, on the other hand, it ignores the influence upon habit and character of varying external circumstances. Of course, we who were always with him saw a certain sameness; but we saw much more of the changes caused by time and education, and, above all, by his thorough conversion to God. I do not remember any striking illustrations, during his childhood, of that deep tenderness of spirit, of that intimate sympathy with others, not even of that keen sense of humour or gracefulness of wit, by which our loving memories now identify him. He was precociously old, both in his style and subjects of thought and in his general demeanour; yet with the utmost simplicity of air and, I believe, of feeling. I remember that before he was twelve he took me, his junior by five years only, after a careful drilling, and tried to pass me off—it was at a confectioner's shop—as his own son. Long before that, at his first school, he declined the shilling proffered by a venerable minister, gently remonstrating with him as to the imprudence of a liberality so lavish.[1] He never played with us, the younger children; yet he was always with us; and, with occasional child-strifes, we grew so accustomed to his ways, that, unlike as they were to our own, we never

[1] But to Mrs. Everett Green, the granddaughter of that same minister, he was, in later life, willingly and gratefully indebted for countless kindnesses.

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regarded them as singular; they were consistent with each other, and such as we expected from him.

I must say but little of his early life at home, though, more than anything else, it made him what he became. Never was there a house where religion held stricter rule; never one where its ways were pleasanter. It was intensely Methodist; fragrant with the memories and instinct with the spirit of the earlier, most earnest, and most catholic ages of Methodism. It was the source of much that was stirring in the Denomination; a reservoir of all that made up the religious and general history of the times. Even when we were little children, we could not help feeling an interest in all good people, our own in particular, and in all lively, life-educating events. Our mother taught her Sunday-school at home, always after a less thrifty meal than on common days, and spent the precious afternoon of every Sabbath with her children,—her eldest son more of a monitor than a scholar. It was she who taught us our Bible, our creed, our collect for the day, our catechism, our Watts's Hymns, and how to "love and praise and pray," in the words of Charles Wesley. She put into our minds other forms of praise and prayer; for, whatever may be the case with others, the "little children" who come to the Saviour must light the flame of their devotion at altars other than their own. She taught us very seriously; but there was an air of lightsomeness, and a tone of freedom, and almost gaiety, which made us natural and sincere. She sang us into song; and my brother's quick ear and fine taste for music (one great solace of his suffering life) were first wakened by the charm of her

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voice; whilst his fingers strayed wildly over the keys of the old family piano before they could firmly hold his porridge-spoon;—strayed wildly at first, but soon, self-taught, won the wandering sounds into harmony. And so the accustomed hymns, with their accustomed tunes—and there was the sympathy and sanctity of marriage between them—became sermons to us, as the melody ran "very swiftly," "a pure river of water of life," or lingered, laden with thoughts which would not hurry.

As for the father, he was seen for the most part at short meal-times, during family prayers, and in the pulpit; but on Sunday nights the youngest of us, out of nurse's arms, sat up to supper with him, and heard him talk about his work and plans, and air his inside thoughts. Otherwise he was rarely with us—a power distant, but never dreaded. When he had a chance of leisurely intercourse with us, it was he who was the child. Now and then, but not until he knew he could appeal to our wakening sense of responsibility, he spoke directly and simply to us about religious things; and I have a strong conviction that when the inspiration of preaching was strongest on him, he had us, personally and specially, in his eye, and spoke with a tenderness and force which only we could understand.

Such were home influences; and perhaps this volume will justify my referring to them even thus copiously. They told as might be expected upon a boy of my brother's temperament. He was very sedate and serious. From the time he could frame a sentence his passion was preaching. I cannot say he played at it, for he went as gravely through the exercise when he was three as when he was sixty.

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Quite as happy as his father was he, as the quiver became fuller of younger children; for we were his lawful spoil for a congregation. As in later years, his sermons seemed very long, especially to restless hearers. Like many other young, self-constituted priests, he was a Ritualist; and, if no other vestment could be found, meet to typify his sacred function, his night-dress, and, under pressure, his bed-sheet, made him feel vastly real and important.

But happier results followed his domestic training; he habitually lived in the fear of God. I cannot charge my memory with a single instance in which I suspected him of falsehood or of meanness. He was strictly conscientious; he was obedient. Generally, he bore himself as though pledged to a holy vocation, and in preparation for it.

When he had completed his eighth year, he was sent to the school at Woodhouse Grove, near Leeds, then just opened for the education of the sons of Wesleyan ministers. That establishment did not soon attain the high distinction which it now possesses, and its founders were not always successful in securing the assistance of competent and judicious masters. Some of them seem to have enlarged upon the Wise Man's saying, and to have used, not only the rod, but the weapons of savages, and that not for love of the child, for it was not their own, but out of sheer irritation and spite. The ever-precious name of the younger Jonathan Crowther must not be forgotten here. It was my brother's privilege, though but for a short time, to be the pupil of that ripe scholar, sagacious interpreter and former of character, and, save when anarchy demanded a despot, mild and loving administrator. When my brother

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was about eleven years of age, circumstances favoured his removal to the older establishment of the same general character at Kingswood. Here he remained for four years, the last of them being accorded to him by the Wesleyan Conference as a mark of distinction and reward. I believe he was the first boy who received that honour; a fact which I mention for the information of the many who subsequently, and not less worthily, have attained it.[1] On the whole, when he had completed this period of his training, he was thoroughly grounded in Latin and in Greek, a fair mathematician, and an adept at English composition. His taste for poetry and music had rapidly developed. A turn for quick and lively satire had shown itself. Such of Scott's novels as had then been published had been surreptitiously devoured. He had acquired, too, a general acquaintance with what was then considered to be both the earlier and the modern literature of his native tongue, from the strange and various school-library, founded by Wesley himself, after his strictest educational theories, and strengthened and diluted, alternately, by successive Governors. Morally, he left much as he went,—very grave and delicate-minded; but he had taught himself to practise a certain reserve and seclusiveness—the result, I think, of his horror of evils which at that time prevailed in most public schools, and from which even Kingswood was

[1] Mr. Lomas, now theological tutor at Headingley, was a master in the school,—so young, however, that my brother did not come under his special care. But it was no small advantage to watch the sunrise of that eminent man; to hear even his earliest sermons; and to come under the fascination of his wisdom and genius, and of the sweetness and purity of his character. The lapse of nearly half a century only increased it.

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not exempt. He formed no lifelong friendships there, but, on the other hand, he made no enemies. He was seldom in the playground, even for the purpose of exercise, and, when seen there, had none of the air of a vigorous and vivacious boy.

Now came the question, what was to be his future career; and to a man like my father, as to himself, a most perplexing question it was. Here was a youth, everything in whose tastes, habits, and character seemed to mark him for the Christian ministry; yet the "one thing" was "lacking:" there had been no personal, deliberate, and decisive dealing with God, as to the great matters at issue between Him and all His sinful children, and so no such conscious, happy, and reverent "acquaintance" with Him as can alone result in an entire consecration to His service. And therefore, though there had been much of providential preparation, and apparent designation, for the most sacred of callings, yet neither father nor son could more than "hope" and "wait for" the "great transaction," of which I have spoken, and then, probably, for that inward movement of the Holy Spirit to the holy ministry,—to it as of necessity, to it exclusively, and with a still passionateness of soul,—which they believed to be the prime qualification for the office, and, indeed, the only justification for assuming it. Yet these considerations, all anxious as they were, and though constantly present to the mind of father and son, were seldom, if ever, adverted to in the long conversations which were to fix the choice of a profession. The parent knew that one unwise word might issue in a false conclusion; the boy, that, until he had been "faithful in that

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which is least," no higher commission would be given him. All ended, therefore, in what, but for the peculiarity of the circumstances, would have been the obvious course. He was to be disciplined by further scholarship for whatever might be his ultimate pursuits.

He went on much as before, save that his advantages increased with his years. The old grammar-school of St. Saviour's, in Southwark, enjoyed, as it deserved, the very highest reputation. The late Dr. William Fancourt was the head master, and my brother's attainments placed him at once under his immediate tuition. His influence, as well as his direct instructions, were all for good. With none of the enthusiasm of Arnold, with none of his notions about boyish perfectibility, he achieved fewer successes; but he certainly made fewer disastrous failures. He was a Churchman of the old school, but had family affinities with some of the best-educated and most spiritual of the London Methodists. So he was catholic enough to be a Christian, —Christian enough to "hate every false way." I speak on testimony when I say that his scholarship was both profound and elegant, and that, indeed, he was one of the first Grecians of his day. I well remember his venerable person,—itself a "terror to evil-doers,"—his simplicity, his firm Protestant Toryism, his devout belief that King George the Fourth was a true and somewhat persecuted disciple, and his patience, on one occasion, with Methodist hymn-singing, by no means of the best quality.[1] He grew

[1] It was at my father's house, and Joseph Taylor, of whom more hereafter, was the singer. Urged by Dr. Fancourt to contribute to the evening's entertainment, like the brave Methodist preacher that he was,

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to be very fond of my brother, and inspired him with a patient earnestness of study which secured hard, diligent, and systematic work for a period of more than three years; and it became almost a certainty that the boy would carry off an Exhibition to Trinity, Cambridge.

It was during these three years that the great change was wrought. The wonder had been that it had not occurred sooner; the crowning mercy, perhaps, in the case of a boy so peculiarly framed and circumstanced—I do not speak of young persons generally—that it had been delayed so long. In his case, more than in most, it was of the last concern that, as Joseph Alleine says, "the business" should be "set about in the weightiest manner possible." I believe he was driven, rather than drawn, to decision. He knew all, and had felt much, but he was too good to form a settled purpose to be better. So far as I know, the first indications of his struggle after the new life were contained in a letter written to me at school; a letter in which he strove hard to make me serious, but which was remarkable chiefly from the earnestness with which he warned me against the careless use of religious phraseology, and, generally, against mistaking a specious and temporary religious excitement for a sound conversion. His father was, during the years 1821 to 1824 inclusive, employed chiefly in editing the Connexional literature; but he chafed under the unaccustomed yoke, and his Sabbath

he tried to sing the beautiful hymn, "O for a heart to praise my God," to the tune called "Irish;" his auditors thinking within themselves that it was not the "heart," but the voice, that was wanting. In early youth he had been a shepherd, and he never learned any music sweeter than he bleatings of his flock.

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ministrations, extended over every part of the metropolis, showed how he enjoyed his exemption, for one day in the week, from duties not exclusively ministerial, and the devotion of his whole soul to the work of the pulpit. Seldom had he preached with more energy and unction than during this period. His son frequently accompanied him to his appointments; and thus, at an age perhaps the most favourable to the creation of a religious character, came under the continuous power of a ministry eminently instructive and awakening. To this influence were added the constant counsels and encouragements of two very remarkable, but very different, men: one of them an old family friend, the late venerable Walter Griffith; and the other distinguished at once for warmth and steadiness of feeling, the later of the two Joseph Taylors, whose names are great in the annals of Methodism. I note another power on him for good. "You must know, by the way," he writes in a letter, an extract from which is now before me, "that Mr. Taylor and my incomparable father were jointly my first class-leaders, after I began to meet in class *seriously*." By the blessing of God on all these means, my brother was reduced to submission; and, as was probable, the most excellent and self-sufficient of Pharisees became a very humble and a very wretched Publican. For many months he bore painfully the burden of conscious sin and sinfulness; and, a hard student, was, at the same time, an earnest seeker of the assurance of God's pardoning mercy. His was by no means a sudden conversion. With thoughtful and instructed men, I think conversions seldom are sudden; a proposition by no means at variance with the fact that,

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even in such cases, there must come a time in the soul's history when it first finds peace, by laying hold on the one Atonement. No earnest man, however timid, however unaccustomed to religious ideas or phraseology, mistakes that moment. In my brother's case, it came one day as, walking over London-bridge on his way to or from school, the Saviour's own declaration that He will "in no wise cast out" any that come unto Him, was so recalled by the Blessed Spirit to his memory, and sealed upon his conscience, that it brought him close to Christ, and, touching Him, he was made "perfectly whole." I cannot fix the date, but I find some clue to it in the fact that in May 1823 I heard him preach, with a white sheet upon his shoulders, a very elaborate sermon—a sermon as much in play as, in his case, such exercises ever had been—a sermon in which he scolded his two or three auditors in a garret for our not unreasonable inattention; whilst in May 1824 I heard him preach the "Trial Sermon," which is the first ordeal undergone by one who wishes to become even a lay-preacher among the Methodists. That sermon rang with the true tone of a man divinely called to the ministry.

His course now ran rapidly. He was little more than eighteen when he began to preach; not to a stated, nor often to a large congregation, but evangelistically, to the very common people, and generally in small places of worship. I cannot vindicate, on any theory satisfactory to myself, this very early engagement in public duties. All I can say is that, by knowledge and by newly-kindled zeal, by his constant association with great and wise preachers, and by the very special preparation of his previous history,

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this young man was better fitted to start business than most men are to commence their apprenticeship. Nor was it as of course, and without much deliberation, nor without my father's sanction, that the decisive steps were taken. I have reason to believe that this entrance upon the ministry, obvious as was the way of duty, was preceded by much searching of heart, and by many painful doubts. Everybody but himself took it for granted that this was his vocation; but when the crisis of decision came, there came with it the solemn sense of responsibility, and yet of unfitness, usual in the case of men divinely called to the work. Mr. Taylor was his chief confidant; and in the same letter from which I have recently quoted, I find my brother saying of him,—he "successively decoyed and forced me into the pulpit, for the first time, at Hammersmith."

The late Thomas Farmer had even then commenced that long career of munificent and discriminating liberality, by which he subsequently secured the affectionate admiration of the religious men of his time. Surely, long ere now, that career ought to have been fittingly recorded by some one of his many friends, not to refer to his numberless beneficiaries. He took much notice of my brother, and prized at their proper value the advantages of a University education. He therefore sounded my father on the subject; and his suggestions had the greater force inasmuch as he offered to pay such expenses of a training at Cambridge as the Exhibition from St. Saviour's School should leave unprovided for. Much was to be said on both sides. On the one hand, here was a promising subject; he had gone, without any known contamination, through ten years' ordeal at

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public schools; the advantage was obvious and inestimable; and, possibly, my father was of opinion that an infusion of graduates into the ranks of the Methodist ministry would promote both its honour and its usefulness. Other considerations, however, turned the scale. After all, there was much danger, greater then than now, in the associations and habits of University life; a new-born soul was sensitive of evil; all pulpit-service would be stopped for years; many good people might misunderstand, and some bad people criticise and cavil. It was decided to the contrary, Mr. Taylor again, and Mr. Watson, being chief advisers. My brother kept to his old courses of study; employing himself in that best preparation for the pulpit, preaching itself. Mr. Farmer did not let him entirely escape his bounty, but made him a present of a hundred pounds, to enable him to lay the foundations of his library. Both are dead now. But how do such kindnesses embalm the memory of those who have found it "more blessed to give than to receive," —"words of the Lord Jesus" which, omitted from the narratives of all the Evangelists, it was reserved for the chief of the Apostles to perpetuate.

In the spring of 1824, my brother passed with great credit through the further usual trial at the "District Meeting," Henry Moore being the chairman, and, as such, the principal Examiner into his "gifts and graces." In the autumn of the same year, he removed with his father to Manchester, and, before the year closed, was "called out" by the President into the Salford circuit, and fairly launched as a Probationer.

He became unboundedly popular, even with the multi-

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tude. Several circumstances accounted for this fact. He enjoyed what I once heard an eloquent Bishop of the English Church describe as "the perilous inheritance of a great name." In person he was tall, thin, juvenile, and altogether interesting. His manner was collected, grave and impressive. He spoke with much distinctness, and was a master of emphasis. His sermons, very carefully pre-written, were yet delivered with all possible freedom; their effect sometimes weakened by a resort to extemporaneous digressions from his manuscript; for it is a painful truth, that in order to acquire a forceful and elegant extemporaneous style (and surely a preacher who does not sooner or later command it, seldom learns the secret of speaking to the hearts of his people), mortifying failures must be encountered by any man of modesty and sense. Above all, he was in earnest and evangelical—evangelical in the Methodist sense; preparing for the Gospel, by the vigorous enforcement of the divine Law, and by exhibiting the terrible evil of sin; not till the sinner was "wounded and half-dead," pouring in the "wine and oil" of Gospel promises. His father's example had taught him this. If in any other respect he formed himself upon that model, I think it was more insensibly than of design. Yet from him he must have learned, even thus early, that habit of carefully ascertaining, and then reverentially and cautiously systematizing, the teachings of the Scripture, which made both such accurate and intelligible theologians. If to these notices of his early preaching—and I must hereafter speak briefly of his maturer powers in the pulpit—I add that, from the first, his sermons abounded in a certain tender

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poetry of thought and phrase, the picture is as complete as I feel competent to paint it. Not that he was profusely, still less gorgeously, still less affectedly, dramatically, illustrative; but that, now and then, a light and a colour were thrown upon the composition, which not only beautified the places where they fell, but lit up and harmonized the whole landscape.

With the sanction of the President, the officials of the Salford circuit permitted him still to reside in his father's house, in what was then the third Manchester circuit. Though this indulgence added to the length of his journeys, many of them long, and involving much travelling late at night, yet it continued to him his mother's constant supervision of his health, always very delicate, and the advantages of the society of the many friends who gathered round the family hearth. It was a season of very special religious revival throughout the circuit. Everybody was in earnest, and the general tone of things told favourably upon his religious character. His plans of study, too, though always made subordinate to the routine of his ministerial duties, were on the whole uninterrupted. Within his own circuit he enjoyed the friendship of his Superintendent, Robert Newton, then in the full vigour of heart and intellect, and of other estimable colleagues; while the people of his charge evinced the utmost sympathy and kindness. Nearly three years were spent among them.

It was during this period, and before he had completed his twenty-second year, that he fell deeply in love with the lovely and accomplished lady who, in 1829, became his wife, and who was his wise, faithful, and affectionate

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companion to the end. My observation of such matters does not lead me to recommend other probationers for the ministry, as young as he was, to follow his example. Forty years ago, men were more strongly marked for the ministry, and were therefore more certain of admittance into it, of the status which it confers, and of the provision which is made for its support. In these times, perhaps, the tendency is to premature engagements. It is sometimes forgotten that the door is still jealously guarded; that failure is generally an irreparable disaster; that the life-long happiness of the woman, and not the whim, interest, or passion of her suitor, is the main thing to be considered; and that marriage, though "honourable in all," is a dignity which may often be delayed with great advantage to character, study, and permanent usefulness. If my brother's case be still quoted against me, I can only say that such as he was may do as he did, and with the prospect of a like happy result.

In 1827, his father exchanged the Manchester 3rd for the Salford circuit, and the son became one of his successors. Here my brother was the colleague of the ever illustrious Richard Watson, and an inmate of his house. The late revered Dr. Hannah, and the late saintly Peter McOwan, then in the full masterhood of powers in the pulpit, such as few other Methodist ministers have wielded, completed an appointment unique in the history of the Connexion. It was a very happy portion of my brother's life. Watson was in the very highest degree affectionate, familiar, and confidential: and to share such a man's daily life, to hear his most unreserved conversations about men and things

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to live under the very shadow of what was nothing less than continual majesty of thought and bearing; to watch and study those small peculiarities by which true greatness betrays, rather than reveals itself; were almost of themselves an education for the ministry. Oh for such a man in our day—a man whose very presence should rebuke our worldliness, suspiciousness, narrowness, and prejudice, and command and charm us into manliness of thought, unity of feeling, and that wise and vigorous Christian action, for want of which the world around us is "ready to perish!"

In 1828 my brother was "received into full connexion with the Conference"—in other words, was duly recognized as an accredited minister—in one word, was ordained. It was not until several years afterwards, that the practice of ordination by imposition of hands became the uniform law of the Connexion, though the principle had long been recognized, in the case of ministers devoted to missionary service. My brother's authentication, therefore, was no clearer than those of his contemporaries in the same ministry, and he never wished it clearer. He had the Church's testimony to the sincerity of his own testimony of a divine vocation, and to his "gifts, graces and fruits." The Methodists will fall into destructive error, if they ever insist upon anything more as being absolutely essential. Why concern themselves so passionately with controversies about orders? High Churchmen have a right to their opinion that Episcopal hands only can sign "letters of commendation" to the Churches; and we have a right to ours that no letters of commendation can, of themselves, create

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or accredit a minister. If they admit our doctrine, while they still hold their own, then we point them, with more pain than, perhaps, it costs some of them, to the state of things in their own Church. Let them, if they feel bound to do so, protest against the validity of Methodist orders. Our reply is, that our notions work well, that theirs too often fail. But let us not fight the battle on their ground; degrade the dignity of a man whose epistle is "written in" our "hearts," by looking so very anxiously at the postmark; confound the call with the credential, and, in our contention for the true and spiritual, rely on what is external only, and may be false. My father, the President for the year, presided at his son's ordination. The younger Richard Treffry, my brother's schoolfellow at Kingswood, now stood by his side, to receive the same tokens of fellowship and charge to faithfulness. Both made full proof of their ministry, and both broke down early; the former much earlier than his friend, but not until he had completed a labour which will preserve his name for ever: I refer, of course, to his treatise on the Eternal Generation of the Divine Son.

I do not propose to trace with any minuteness my brother's subsequent course, during the remaining twenty-one years which he spent in the full discharge of the duties of a Methodist minister. He laboured in the Huddersfield, Halifax, and Manchester 1st, and in four London circuits; two of the last-named appointments, however, being little more than nominal. In 1841, on his removal to the London 2nd Circuit, he took the house on Highgate Rise in which he resided until the time of his death. In

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1843 he was attached, virtually as a supernumerary, to the London 8th, and, in 1846, in the same capacity, to the London 6th Circuit. In 1849 he became formally a supernumerary. My father's wishes had much to do with these somewhat unusual, though, under the circumstances, expedient arrangements. It was his desire that his son should, if possible, remain in the ranks for at least a quarter of a century. Whether the precedent might not, in some cases, be followed with advantage, may be worth consideration. A circuit, indeed, should not be injured by the imposition upon it of a minister, whose principal qualification is that he claims no charge on its funds. On the other hand, a minister, otherwise competent, received as one of the stated number, might more efficiently sustain the pulpit, and generally promote the interests of a circuit, than if regarded only as a supernumerary.

During this period of twenty-one years, with the single drawback of his state of health, which gradually grew worse and worse, I think he enjoyed every happiness of a Methodist minister's life. I am not saying a light thing; I speak of the highest class of Methodist minister. He is a man of devout and earnest piety. He loves supremely his proper work of preaching and of spiritual intercourse with his people. To qualify him for this work, he is a daily student of the Word; and its "wondrous things" are continually revealed to the "open eyes" of his reverence and faith. He is generally bookish and studious, and can find food for his public and private ministrations in every library: whilst his own is select, but various and extensive; bright with the presence of the fathers and

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saints of all ages, and of the thinkers, not always saints, of all schools. His tastes, too, are in constant cultivation: for these are God's own special means of at once quickening and quieting his soul; they win the sympathy of spirits similarly constituted; they tell insensibly, but surely, upon the coarser humanity which generally surrounds him. He is frank, open, unreserved, natural; never concealing the man, never forgetting the minister; mirthful, when that is his vein; with a quick eye and ear for the humorous; with a wise wittiness always at command, but always expended with discretion. He studies human nature—human nature as it is to begin with, and as divine grace develops, modifies, and sanctifies it; and few men have so many opportunities of observing it. He is loving, and tender, and forbearing, but with no counterfeit amiabilities of demeanour and address. He does not shun the "house of feasting," for he is there to freshen up himself and others, to teach and learn, to guide and check; but it is better for him in "the house of mourning,"—his schoolroom and his palace. He lives in constant fellowship with brethren in the same ministry; and they and he understand each other as no fraternity in the world beside. They have one charge, one aim, one motive. Each knows that the others are contributing to the common object some aptitude or force which must be supplied, but in which he feels himself more or less deficient. The hungry multitude are to be fed; and whilst he dispenses the loaves, his brother disciple is distributing the fishes. Then there is the whole body of Methodist ministers, whom he meets and welcomes periodically

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in conventions, whose best result is that they promote mutual knowledge, affection, and oneness of heart; or whom he meets but seldom, and so thinks of and prays for all the more—the great, humble men who labour or languish in other lands. But my portrait of a high-class Methodist minister lacks its completeness yet. Such a man is so much a Methodist as to belong in spirit to all Christian communities. He takes pains to understand them. He mingles largely in their society. He reads their books and records. He construes favourably their avowed opinions. His heart yearns after "the Christ," not "that is to be," but is now in them. Why a Methodist, if this be not his experience and life? Why not a Romanist, in or out of the English Church? Or one of those Nonconformists—there are such—who, less consistent and logical than Romanists, vaunt themselves of the exclusive scripturalness of their systems of Church government? Or a Jew, with traditions so very certain, and so decidedly respectable, that some ultra-Ritualists are, in these times, courting his communion? My ideal is a politician, too; else, less than other Christians, does he know "what to pray for as he ought:" not a busy, fussy politician, seen, and heard, so often as he can get a hearing, at every gathering of partisans; but a calm watcher and patient helper of the sure processes by which the kingdoms of this world are becoming the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ; roused, now and then, when some intolerable evil threatens, to fearless speech and action; always standing up for the wronged and wretched; never courting, never shirking, a contest for the truth.

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I have not drawn an imaginary portrait, and there are survivors of my brother for whom it may well be mistaken. I draw it with a view of showing how happy a life such a man may spend—how happily, in fact, he spent it. I think the most laborious portion of his ministerial career was his happiest. Yorkshire Methodism had not then been weakened by divisions. The circuits in which he travelled supplied plenty of interesting work amongst plain, pious country people, the very heart of Methodism; and the large congregations in the towns demanded, and repaid, his utmost intellectual exertion. What a responsibility, what a joy, to a capable man, with the unction of the blessed Spirit consciously poured out upon him, to preach to such multitudes as these! Surely some word shall strike, some soul shall be quickened, healed, or comforted! His years in Yorkshire, too, were those of his first married life; and there his two daughters, his only children, were born to him.

His earliest ministry in London was in the City Road Circuit; his residence, and the congregation entrusted to his charge, being at Hackney. As the scene of his conversion, and the place where he first preached in public, this circuit had its special charm; whilst the society with which he most frequently mingled was more, perhaps, than at any other period of his life attractive. My father had removed to London in 1833; and so it came to pass that when, in 1835, my mother died, that great grief was soothed by much mutual intercourse and prayer. At that time, too, Hackney had more than an Evangelical Alliance. Pye-Smith, Foster Burder, Francis Augustus Cox, and the

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Methodist minister for the time being, were, during some years, in the habit of stated and frequent intercourse; and there was nothing in the differences of opinion which prevailed among men of such cultivation, and of such excellence of spirit, but what salted their conversations, and made their friendship more close and pleasant. With Dr. Burder especially—who, an old friend of his father, had been his own also, almost from boyhood—his intimacy was very profitable. Here also he led a class, latterly in his own house, where many cultivated women talked with him and with each other about heaven and the way to get there; he accompanying on his organ their sweet songs about it. They felt no difficulty about the proper mode of conducting such meetings. It will only be when the spirit of the institution shall have begun to decay that there will be much discussion about modes, suggestions for elaborate preparation, and commendations of precise forms; as if the virtue lay in the name, and not in the thing.

I must not dwell upon his ministry in Manchester. Here also a particular society, that at Cheetham Hill became his charge; and here, amongst a people of rare piety and of more than average intelligence, he found again ample scope for the Christian pastorate. Not that the post was always easy. The principal people of the society—and the best of them belonged to the better sex—had notions of their own which, because they had been held consistently with, and indeed were regarded as having promoted, a very mature state of religious experience, they were surprised to hear challenged by their appointed

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teacher. But he stood firmly by what he deemed to be the plain teachings of Scripture, and the collected meaning of Wesley's many testimonies to the doctrine of Christian perfection. The result in time was, if some diversities of statement, yet, on the whole, a happy unity of opinion, desire, and pursuit; and he left those whom at first he had startled to inquiry, and then informed with the simple, life-inspiring truth, his most affectionate and confiding friends.

I must note one passage in this retrospect of his Manchester life. More, I think, than at any other time, he became publicly known as a politician, and had some sharp skirmishes with men, chiefly out of his own community, who attacked certain deliverances which he made in the pulpit and elsewhere, on subjects which then agitated the public mind. It was towards the close of Lord Melbourne's ministry; O'Connell was master of the situation; Protestantism—at least as to any national profession or maintenance of it—seemed in danger. Some people even now think that it was. He thought so, and he said it;—said it loudly, boldly, often. I am not sure that, sometimes, the subject did not tinge too much the current of his discourses, for he had a strong sense of his duty to teach present truth. But what he did, he did effectually, and to the conviction of many. When his pen was required, nothing could be more pungent and exhaustive, nothing more masterful and masterly.

And so the scene changed again to London. His Queen Street appointment was not a happy one, and it ended, as many estimable friends there thought, prematurely. It

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was the only circuit in which the congregations, or those who affected to represent them, had had quite enough of him in two years. Without imputing blame to any one, it is enough to say that elements were then in existence which afterwards led to miserable strifes and separations; mischiefs which indefatigable efforts, during more than a quarter of a century, have scarcely yet repaired.

Thus ended, practically, his itinerancy. On the whole, it was under happy auspices that he became supernumerary. Though his health was broken, he was scarcely forty-four years of age; and, escaping from the wearisome routine, especially the week-night preaching, which had so severely tried his constitution, he had command of leisure and capacity to enjoy and improve it. It is at this concluding and most interesting and useful period of his course that I have now to glance. I shall best do so, perhaps, not so much by attempting to record events as by describing the usual tenor of his life.

I must not, however, proceed to do this without first assigning him his proper place as a most zealous, patient, and persevering opponent of West Indian slavery. During the earlier years of his more active ministry, and until the system was entirely abolished, few men worked harder to get rid of it. In the pulpit, on the platform, by the Press, in committees and conventions, in the best of company, and sometimes—estimated by his own tastes and convictions—in the worst, deaf to all compromises, impatient of all delays, he wrought to this end. If I have hinted at some varieties in the ranks of his successive

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associates in this good work, let me add that they comprised most of those public men of his time whom "all counted to be" true patriots and philanthropists; men whose characters it was a privilege to study and a duty to imitate. Some of these still survive, and will, perhaps, prize this record.

Nor would justice be done to my brother's most cherished feelings were I to omit all mention of the men with whom, during the course of his itinerancy, he shared the duties and delights of circuit life. Time would fail me to do much more than mention some of them, and that in the most cursory way. I have spoken of Watson, Newton, and Taylor; of Hannah and McOwan. Then I bethink me of others departed;—of Isaac Turton and Alexander Bell, both hard toilers in the Lord's vineyard;—of the judicious and long-suffering John Sumner, hurried by hard contests for the discipline of the Connexion to an early but honourable death;—of James Bromley, whose separation from us was not occasioned by spite, or self-conceit, or a mad love of contention, but by the magnifying of little matters into great ones, and by a misconception of the meaning of a certain passage in the New Testament;—of George Cubitt, a master of theology, a ready and accurate writer, a judicious and amiable man;—of Abraham Farrar, ever genial and consistent, with much popular power in the pulpit and pastoral influence in the homes of his people;—of Thomas Galland, a scholar and a divine, the fastest of friends, earnest, independent, laborious;—of William Thornton, whose tastes and habits my brother did much to form, a hard and successful student, an eloquent

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preacher, an always ready and self-denying servant of the Connexion;—of John Bowers, a most intimate friend of my brother, a frank, cordial, chivalrous soul, with nice notions of honour; with a simplicity which a naturally oratorical manner never hid except from those less simple; every inch of him a Methodist preacher;—of the elder Treffry, by nature a very rough diamond, but soon polished by the grace of God and by intercourse with society; a man who never took any pains to show his worth, and it was the more precious when it was found out; a grave, godly, and, at the bottom of his heart, a very gentle and loving man;—of Jacob Stanley, keen, observant, and sarcastic; well-informed, communicative, and friendly; best when he rose to the most responsible position in the Connexion;—of John Rigg, very sensitive and modest, with large stores of the knowledge proper to his vocation; a full, round preacher of the truth;—of John Smith, who never preached long, but could and did, by the hour, pray "with the spirit and with the understanding also;" a hunter-up of sinners and open backsliders, and of cowardly, wandering professors;—of Isaac Keeling, wise, cool, dispassionate, courageous; a preacher of the highest mark, too high often for the multitude; of one or two of whose published sermons Robert Hall himself might have been the writer; a man whose voice in council was seldom heard, but who, when he opened his mouth, dropped pearls in proverbs;—of Robert Young, whose zeal and pulpit effectiveness raised him to the chair of the Conference;—and last in this chronological order, but by no means least, of Joseph Fowler, a sound expositor of God's Word, a faithful

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pastor of the flock, a firm but judicious administrator of the affairs of a circuit, a large-hearted and loving friend.[1] Were I to go on with those with whom, for six years, my brother was nominally associated, I must add the names of Robert Wood, first one of the most popular, afterwards one of the most spiritual and heavenly-minded, ministers of his time, with a mingled gravity and kindness which he inherited from his father, and has bequeathed to his children;—of William Atherton, a bold, rough rock, always picturesque, and at last draped with the greenness of a calm old age;—of James Methley, a great genius and a greater saint; a big and clumsily-built man, with apparently the strength of a giant, but with the tenderness of a woman and the sweetness of a child; a man of whom, perhaps more than any I have known, it makes me sad to think that he never had the chance of a systematic training for the ministry;—and of Joseph Beaumont, who bravely overcame the most appalling of difficulties to one whose gift was public speaking, and was for years the most popular preacher of the Denomination—justly popular, because he always preached powerfully a free Gospel, and sought a present blessing; none the less truly a good man if he was distrustful of dignities, and less happy among some of his brethren than he would have been if he had known them better. I cannot chronicle on this wise the names of survivors. They are but few, and they are "known and read of all men." Frederick James Jobson, President

[1] See my brother's beautiful "Memoranda of the Last Hours of the late Rev. Joseph Fowler," in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* for 1852, p. 242.

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of the Conference, and John Farrar, Secretary, James Dixon and Alfred Barret, all kind and intimate friends to the last, "dearly beloved and longed for;" Joseph Roberts, Joseph Hargreaves, Peter Cooper, William Illingworth, Robert M. Wilcox, Luke Wiseman, and Henry Kirkland,—these are, I believe, all my brother's colleagues still living; yet, had he remained with us until now, he would not have attained his sixty-fifth year.

After his retirement from the usual duties of a Methodist minister, his continued labours in his own Denomination demand the first notice.

His preaching was confined chiefly to London and its neighbourhood, and to Methodist Chapels. I wish I could preserve its leading characteristics. Perhaps that which first struck the hearer was its maturity, and its calm and conscious power. The product of a profound sense of the authority of the Holy Volume, of its continuous study, of a careful analysis and adjustment of its various teachings, of a personal reception of its "whole counsel," of a constant listening to "what the Spirit saith," when the Word is solemnly searched and industriously mined, of prayers which probed its meaning, and of experiences which tested its value;—such preaching was necessarily ripe, full, fresh, and telling. I have said that, when young, he very carefully prepared for the pulpit. The sermons he preached to the last were, for the most part, though not exclusively, repeated elaborations of his earlier discourses. He had chosen his topics from the first, and most of what he subsequently learned and thought about was brought to illustrate and enforce these. So, if I look at his manu-

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scripts, I see them so jotted, interlineated, re-arranged, and divided into separate sermons, as that few but the painstaking Editor of this volume would undertake to decipher them. I must say, also, of the entire substance and strain of my brother's preaching that, as at first, so to the last, it was above all things Methodist. It dealt with "Repentance, Faith, and Holiness;" with each in its turn and place; with all in their direct relation to Him, "and Him crucified," whose one Gospel they are:—Law, Christ's law, the stern prophet of repentance; Faith, faith in Christ's atonement, the only true expression of evangelical penitence, and then, "working by love," the spring of all purity of heart and life. His ministry was also specially pastoral. No man ever possessed more strongly that love of "his own," "unto the end," of which the Good Shepherd himself is the great example. In the desultory labours of my brother's later years, when he had no special charge, this marked quality of his preaching might have been found wanting; but his aptness to feed and guide never failed him, and his power to console was constantly replenished from the fountain of his own sufferings. He enjoyed what is, perhaps, the only peculiar advantage of one in his position. In London, and in the other centres of large populations, a preacher full of thought and tenderness comes in time to be known. He gathers disciples, sometimes very few; they know where the flock "rests at noon," and there he finds and tends them. Such disciples my brother had; none the less attached to their stated ministers and to their accustomed places of worship, because they now and then sat under his shadow and

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breathed his spirit. His late preaching did not altogether lose, though it did not sparkle so brightly with, its former passages of beauty. The flowers had ripened into fruit. With great increase of point and efficiency, he clave more strictly than when young to the course of ideas—not of language—suggested by his previous preparations. There was less of digression into those almost irresistible topics of remark with which impudent heresies, the follies of what are called the leaders of thought, and the dogmatisms of modern magazines and newspapers, so seriously annoy sensible Christians. He came to live above that world also, and lifted his people with him; ignoring rather than contradicting it. Yet, now and then, there came a vigorous protest against something "too bad," some black, naked, offensive falsehood, some stifling narrowness, some carnal sciolist talking "exceedingly proudly." At prevailing ritualism in all Churches, and particularly in what was to him the dear old Church of England, he could not help the frequent expression of his indignation. Were these tawdry vestments the "beautiful garments" of "Zion?" these awkward gestures the struggles of her awakening "strength?" these doggrel parodies, and this bad ballad-music, the lifting up of her voice? these processions of long-visaged and short-witted priestlings her getting "up into the high mountains?" this mumbling of the wide-open Bible her loud summons to the "cities of Judah," to "behold" their "God?" My brother's soul resented the whole thing. He was one of the first, too, to detect and denounce the pretentious neology which mounts the pulpits of cathedrals, taints even religious literature, is received, a

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familiar and welcome guest, into religious families, and, "while men sleep," is making sure and fatal progress. Yet his general tone was such as I have indicated—quiet, fervent, and unworldly. What I may call his state appearances, when preaching before the Conference, or on other great occasions, were very happy and dignified. It is "among them that are perfect" that even apostles "speak with" more abundant "wisdom;" and, addressing himself to gatherings of his own brethren, he gained power from a sense of special responsibility, and confidence from their unfailing charity.[1]

He was most careful in his attention to every detail of the service of the Sanctuary. Nothing was made to seem unimportant or subsidiary. He loved the Liturgy as it is, and had no patience with abridgments of it,—even when ascribed, I hope by mistake, to Wesley himself,—and still less with more modern attempts to improve the staple of the Prayer-book of Englishmen. He read the Holy Scriptures with the emphasis of a man who understands them, and does not think that he can make them better than they are;—to, rather than before, the people. At evening services he often expounded the lessons. The hymns were very carefully chosen; not picked up at random, in a hurry, but sought out and set in order; the last generally putting into the mouths of the congregation, in the shorter

[1] It was after one of his sermons, preached, many years ago, before the Conference, on the doctrine of the Witness of the Spirit, that a distinguished minister of another Church, a great master of theology, and a man of universal genius, declared that the discourse had convinced him of the truth of the doctrine itself, and that the mode of stating it usual among the Methodists was precisely accurate.

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forms of verse, their response to the appeals of the preacher. All was decorous, solemn, and complete.

His sermons, and the services he conducted, were unusually long. Public worship was, in his view, the business of the Day of Rest. I am not going to apologize for what some smiled at as an eccentricity, some hated as a bore: with him it was matter of conscience; and, as he came to appreciate the opposition and unpopularity it involved, of faithful testimony to a world which hates to be preached to, and to Churches, increasingly worldly, which prefer any occupation, in the sanctuary or out of it, to the meek hearing of God's Word. It shut him out of many pulpits; it was the source of frequent and sore temptation; it grieved many people of average goodness; it brought down upon him painful advisers—some of them, in their days of early zeal, as protracted preachers as himself, but who now, for the sake of usefulness, as they thought, had changed their ways, and fed their people with "crumbs" from tables loaded with "the children's bread,"—as though "the little flock" were *not* "of more value than many sparrows." But he remained firm. He had been brought up in the age of long and powerful Methodist preaching, of men who preached until the "Holy Ghost fell" manifestly "on all them who heard the Word;" men who would have thought it a sin to betake themselves to the prayer-meeting until they had exhausted every power of the pulpit. Such were my father and Adam Clarke, Watson, Newton, and Lessey, and a host beside. Such, I believe, were the Wesleys themselves—except when they spake out of doors, some twenty times a week, to "publicans and harlots." Such, assuredly

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were the Puritans. Whitefield's last sermon, "to a very great multitude in the fields," lasted nearly "two hours." Grimshaw also "sometimes preached for two hours." If my brother needed further vindication, I might fairly add that, during his later days, he officiated but seldom to the same congregation. Timely warning of the impending visitation was given; his peculiarity was generally known, and those who wanted sermonettes could browse easily in other pastures. As to people that, too respectful to take a noisy leave, composed themselves to slumber, I think he felt quite as much relieved as they did; he was rid of their restlessness. St. Paul, when he "continued his speech until midnight," and when Eutychus "sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead," "went down" and, by miracle, shook the lazy body into life; but we do not read that he took any more trouble with the sluggard soul. My brother, in like circumstances, would have followed his example. Let no one be offended. His voice is hushed. Until the Great Revival come, and again make us all crave and cry for, relish and revel on, everlastingly great truths, he will have few copyists. Those who mourn the loss of his example may be allowed a somewhat passionate expression of their regret.[1]

[1] I have heard of a German gentleman who habitually frequented a Unitarian chapel in Manchester, on the principle that "the people do go in late, and do come out early, *and there is no devil.*" I will not comment on this ominous conjunction of ideas. In this note, too, I must tell of William Jay, who went, one week-day evening, to hear my brother preach at Bath, left the chapel before the sermon was finished, and quietly said, at his own next week-night lecture,—"Some people preach too long; it's no use pouring a bucket of water into a pint pot." Very good, certainly;

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I must not part with my brother in the pulpit without a reference to his public prayers. These too, except when the Liturgy had been read, were very full and long. I sometimes used to think them too meditative; partaking so much of the breathings of an humble soul when alone with God, communing with Him and with itself, as not suitably to embody the devotions of a congregation even of saints. This was but occasional. He had very strong views of the function and privilege of the Church, when assembled for worship, to pray at large both for itself and for the world around it.[1] He abounded in detailed confessions of sin, and in acts of worship to Christ and to the Holy Spirit, as well as to the Divine Father. Cases of infirmity, sickness, temporal embarrassment and general sorrow, such as had become known to him, were delicately commended to God's pity; so delicately, yet so really, that, whilst only he and one or two more could put its full meaning into the utterance, all felt constrained to sympathise and join. The exigencies of other Churches, and special national needs, were never forgotten. But all this required much previous knowledge and thoughtfulness, as

but true only when Christians, like pint pots, are incapable of enlargement. Has any commentator ever noticed the way in which the sleepiness of Eutychus is connected with the "many lights in the upper chamber?" I have thought of it sometimes when, in a hot chapel, on a Sunday night, look where I would, lights dazzled my eyes and stupefied my brain.

[1] I heard what I believe was the last sermon of John Keble. The usual morning service was read. Just before the commencement of the Litany, the pale old man rose from his knees, faced his people, and said, ,, The prayers of the congregation are desired for the distressed Church, and especially for the distressed Church in New Zealand and South Africa; —and for Mary Ann Smallwood." Then we renewed our devotions.

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it evinced also the strongest personal interest and solicitude. The controversy between forms of prayer on the one hand, and freedom of prayer on the other, has, even in our day, waged very hotly. My brother trembled under the burden of free prayer. How could it ever discharge itself of its infinite desires? Yet forms were sometimes fetters. How could every shape and shade of human necessity be anticipated? Surely "the Spirit helpeth our infirmities," alike when we pray "after" the "manner" so often blessed to us, and when, freed even from that restraint, we practise the unbound wings of our devotion.

I have given this high estimate of my brother's excellence in the pulpit, and I must not omit all mention of one principal cause of it. He followed his own spiritual instincts and his father's example, by hearing and studying, as often as he could, the great masters of pulpit power. There were doors he never entered; but, wherever a distinctive orthodoxy was taught, there was he to be found. He sat at the feet of the illustrious preachers of his own denomination. I must not name his favourites among them; the list would be too long. He loved the ministry of very many blessed men out of his own pale. Methodist chapel, cathedral, church in town or country, tabernacle, meeting-house, barn,—it mattered not to him. The sermon, the worship, the catholic communion with the saints,—these were his attractions. So there were few eminent evangelical ministers in London, whether in or out of the Establishment, who did not sometimes see, in a corner, or behind a pillar, or in some capacious dormitory of a pew, a tall, emaciated man, almost smothered in kerchiefs and cloaks;

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with a high, white forehead, very bald,—what hair was left dark-brown and silky ; his eyes grey, large and luminous ; with a nose which indexed, as Coleridge teaches, a right royal will ; with delicately moulded mouth and chin ; with hands, were they visible, of exquisite form and colour ; with the look, altogether, of a man not of this world ; unmistakeably a minister of religion. He made you think of the risen Lazarus, walking pensively from his first to his second sepulchre. He was evidently at home ; joining in the service as though he had never attended any other. He "sat under" the discourse, and never found it burdensome. With feeble voice, he sang the psalm or hymn or spiritual song ; the psalm, whether plain or paraphrased, whether freshly drawn from the primal source of sacred song, or diluted with human elements. I am speaking of the educational advantage of all this,—of its effect upon his own ministry. He learned, from men who had thought things out, each in his own way, what were the real differences among Christians ; how a little explanation here, a mode of illustration there, enlargement of heart anywhere, bridges over seas of disputation, diminishes distances, scatters mists, and makes clear the only way to heaven. His own mature theological opinions, as derived by him from the Word of God, were necessarily the test by which he tried other systems. But the central truths he held were so simple and so plain, so commanding in their prominence over all refinements and subtleties of men, that he found the confirmation of them in every orthodox creed, in every form of evangelical teaching.

I must speak now of other departments of ministerial

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service. More than most men of whom I have ever heard or read, he laid himself out upon the sick and suffering. He lived chiefly among the dying; most among those of them who, like himself, had been always feeble, and whom chronic diseases had bent prone to their graves. No short visitations these; though all too short to those whose "bed in" their sicknesses was "made" by the messages of truth and love he bore to them. Like all other parts of his duty, these were matters of solemn business, and were set about with much preparedness of thought and spirit; conducted with an air of courtly leisureliness, with an art of appropriate address, with a quick diagnosis of spiritual symptoms, and with a tender fellowship with the sufferer; and succeeded by long and detailed prayers, often in his family. It would have been laborious work for any man, scattered as it was over all London and its neighbourhood. One effort of the kind often cost him many hours, and much expenditure of precious strength. No weather deterred him. In such cases he was obstinately imprudent. There are men, and he was one of them, rich in the combination of gentleness and strength, whom we always think of when we forecast the possible circumstances of our own decease. We paint to ourselves the stillness or the storm of that inevitable hour. We yearn already towards those dearest ones who, as we hope, will catch with loving eyes the last look of ours. We pray for the "overcoming faith" in Him, "our Leader and Guide," which shall make us fearless and firm-footed to the very end. And oh, then, if the Lord will, for some such man at my bedside; whispering, with me or for me, into God's

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"merciful ears" my last words of want and conflict, my first of certain victory; my hand loosening its grasp of his only as I feel that I am sinking into the "Everlasting Arms," and shall, in a moment, be for ever folded to the bosom of my Saviour. "How beautiful" "the feet" of this "messenger, one of a thousand;" "feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace;" dusty, it may be, after travelling with so many pilgrims to the very gates of the "Celestial City," but it is with the shining dust of its golden sands!

The pastoral visits of which I have spoken were not the only proofs of my brother's care for the suffering and necessitous. Many volumes might be collected of letters written to them, as well as to his other friends; long letters, often extending over many closely-written sheets of paper; elaborate letters, both searching and soothing, and showing that attention to details by which "sick folk," distrustful, desponding, and apt to think their case is not fully understood, feel that the sympathy with them is thoughtful and complete. Some said he spent too much time on these compositions. Perhaps he did. Yet the thread, if too finely spun, was all of pure gold; and in judging of such matters it is easy to criticise.

This course of private duty did not prevent my brother's active participation in the general affairs of the Connexion. Like most men of his temperament and taste, he did not seem to possess, but then he had no opportunities of showing, any great administrative ability. He never superintended a circuit, nor presided over a district, nor held any special Conference appointment. There was a tacit understanding

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that these positions were out of his way. Yet there never was a more anxious Methodist,—"naturally" caring for the honour and welfare of the body. True, he had no sectarian ambition, no narrow wish for the exclusive prevalence of the system he had so deliberately chosen for himself, no fond dream of its national acceptance and sway. He regarded it as the friendly helper of all, and wished it increasing and perpetual vigour much because its help would be more efficient. He took his full share in the discussions of the Book Committee (a periodical conversation-meeting of the London Ministers), of the district-meeting, of the committee for the examination of candidates for the ministry, and of the Conference. Reverencing my father's opinions, and, though with none of his reforming tendencies, approving generally his ecclesiastical policy, yet he often broke a lance with him. His loyalty to his leader tempted him sometimes, by a reaction which can easily be understood, to needless displays of independence. But the father, though now and then obviously chafed, and never sparing the rod when he thought it might be useful, listened with a respect he did not always show; talked matters over afterwards in the most kindly spirit, and frequently said that, though he would never pledge himself to abide by "William's" judgment, he should be very sorry to form his own without William's opinion. In debate, my brother was calm, comprehensive, and condensed; with a general moderation of language, and very seldom with any appearance of loss of temper. He resorted much to parentheses,—the refuges of candour, the fences of conscience. A brilliant satire sometimes scathed an unworthy

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opponent, but not unless he seemed to be reckless, and was likely to be mischievous. Wit was at constant command, but was sparingly used; used as the peg upon which the auditor might hang his memory of the speech. A fair estimate of the motives and characters of his antagonists was always manifest, and, if there were among the ranks of the Methodist ministry good and able men who systematically opposed the views to which his father's son had committed himself,—a question not to be discussed here,—those were the men to whom he always abounded in expressions of respect and in demonstrations of friendship. He ran, as by instinct, to the rescue of any brother to whom popular caprice, or the infirmities of ecclesiastical tribunals, appeared to him to be in danger of doing wrong; undertook chivalrously many hopeless cases; and, as it seemed to some of us, occasionally lost an intense and all-sacrificing sense of what was due to the whole body in his too favourable construction of the acts of individuals. God give us, all the charity which "suffereth long and is kind,' which "beareth, believeth, hopeth endureth all things;" but, with it, an ever sensitive regard to the purity of the churches, and, for that end, to the stainless reputation of the ministry. I can hardly trust myself to allude to cases where this regard had led, with my brother's approval, to the terrible dismissal from position, service, and usefulness, from all that ever a fallen minister holds dear, of men whom he had known and honoured. They were "too painful" for him. He never abandoned these desolate ones; he clung to the hope that some more favourable perhaps some counterbalancing, disclosures might be made

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at all events at the Great Day; meanwhile he comforted and counselled as best he could. Did he go too far? Such a man might go very far without blame.

Latterly, my brother's acknowledged place in such meetings as those of which I have just spoken was as one of the trusted-guardians of the old Methodist theology. On occasions where questions as to this arose, he was always careful and ready. In examining probationers, while his bearing was especially kind and courteous, he showed the deepest solicitude, both as to the depth, and the precise form, of their theological convictions. It was impossible to conjecture what "gold, silver, precious stones," or what "wood, hay, stubble," might ultimately form the structure; but the foundation-truths were everything, and, if a man did not, with all his mind and heart, build on these, what good could come of him?

I have been writing about my brother's labours among his own people. I must add some reference to the wider circles of his usefulness.

His catholicity of spirit—and I cannot avoid the frequent reference to it—was, as I have shown, nursed in his father's house, and fostered by the very genius of Methodism. It was strengthened, as he grew in grace and wisdom, by his friendship with good men of other persuasions; it developed itself in consistent profession and habit. From the time of his earliest ministry, he loved to preach in other pulpits, nonconformist and evangelical; and the liking increased as it was indulged. I do not think he was anxious to occupy those of the Established Church. He had the sense to see that, were these thrown open, at

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the uncontrolled discretion of dignitaries and incumbents not always sound in doctrine, Methodist ministers, and other preachers of the "one faith," would not often be asked to fill them; while discourses against that faith would, in some cases, be shamelessly countenanced; nor would Romish sectaries lack a friendly lift from their less honourable allies, High or Broad, still sticking like barnacles to the oaken sides of the old national ship. When establishments shall be done away, all pulpits will probably be free to everybody; for it does not seem to me that the record of men's wishes, written upon pieces of mouldering parchment, is any more likely to withstand modern attack than principles and rights sanctioned by immemorial prescription, and graven on the deepest foundations of the Constitution. Be this as it may, I proceed to say that the catholic views held by my brother had, long before his time, found some inadequate expression. Their birth had been slow and painful. Good men in the Church of England could see little that was excellent in other schools within the same Church. As for the Congregationalists, the reader of the earlier volumes of the *Evangelical Magazine*, their only organ, sixty years ago, will be amused at the wonder and gratitude with which county-unions of churches of the same order were welcomed. The Methodists, then for the first time asserting their independence, and regarded with general dislike by their fellow-Christians, forgot, perhaps, for a while their original vocation, retired within themselves, felt no great wish for communion not readily accorded, and scorned the patronage which was sometimes proffered as its substitute. Still, many humble, loving souls sought out their Saviour's

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brethren wherever they could be found; and, as they gathered pleasantly around their own firesides, could not help thinking of other hearths and families, happy and well-ordered like their own. The London Missionary Society was, I think, the first clear evidence of this state of things; and, though it has demonstrated the difficulty of men who differ essentially in their notions of ecclesiastical government combining to work together in the planting and management of churches, yet the effort did great good. Then came the Bible and Religious Tract Societies, and the intercourses of their respective platforms, and communications between their committees and the several sects, and so, more and more of mutual knowledge, and of an almost involuntary affection, until common sense came to the aid of religious sentiment, and large-hearted men learned to despise their former ignorance, intolerance, and estrangement. But it must never be forgotten that it was the love of Christ that melted those ancient differences. There are those in our day who sigh after union, with an unction deceiving the "very elect." Some seek it by trying to shut up all the sheep in one fold; others by ignoring the difference between sheep and goats, as if the distinctions drawn in Scripture were less true to fact than the definitions of zoologists. Let me have a judgment scrupulously charitable concerning others far from me, apparently, as east from west; a candid estimate of difficulties of which I know nothing, but which beset them at every step; the comforting conviction that many men are better than their creeds, and that even avowed creedlessness sometimes hides a yearning after truth and God; and a very tender love for real, modest, doubters.

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But let me have some credit for a small smattering of my own science; and do not try to persuade me that sheep are goats, and goats sheep, because they have been driven or coaxed into one enclosure, or because the shepherd cannot tell me which are which.

My brother's connexion with the Evangelical Alliance must be recorded in the words of Dr. Steane, his colleague in the secretariat; a man to whose clear intellect, gracious suavity of temper, gentle and genial manners, large knowledge of the Churches and the world, and general excellence, the Alliance owes more than to any living man. I have only to protest that my brother was never an intenser Methodist than at the last; and that the intensity of his Methodism was the power which made him so intensely catholic.

"In the earlier part of his ministry," writes Dr. Steane, in *Evangelical Christendom* for January, 1867, "Mr. Bunting, it is imagined, was a more intense Wesleyan than after middle life and in his closing years. Not that he manifested any disposition to forsake the Church of his fathers, nor betrayed the slightest disloyalty towards it. But his Christian sympathies outgrew the circle which in vain attempted to circumscribe them. From the first, he rejoiced in those combinations of good men of various sections of the Church, in public worship and special services, which, though only occasional and extemporised, were among the preparations for the Evangelical Alliance, and premonitory of its noble design. And when that most remarkable 'gathering' was held in Liverpool, in 1845, he was not only present, but took an active part in its pro-

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ceedings. And again, the following year, in Freemasons' Hall, his constant attendance was given at the meetings of the Conference, and his continuous thought to its transactions. On these different occasions he exhibited that decided and strong preference for catholic truth over that which is strictly denominational which had evidently been growing into an element of his religious character, and moreover formed those friendships which drew him out of his original sphere into a more general association with fellow-Christians. These friendships he delighted to cultivate as well with brethren of foreign Protestant Churches as with those of his own country. Hence he went to the larger Conferences of the Alliance successively held in Berlin and Geneva, and found in them, as they brought him into intercourse with believers from so many communions, scope for the outflow of the noblest sentiments of the renewed heart.

"His editorial connexion with this journal after the first year of its existence was little more than nominal, as was that also of the other honoured brethren who were associated with him and the writer. Their names were a guarantee that the principles on which it would be conducted were unsectarian, but the actual conduct of the work it was soon found must be devolved on one. On the decease of his father he was unanimously chosen his successor as one of the honorary secretaries of the Alliance, and continued until his removal to render it varied and valuable service."

A man of almost fastidious taste, and of strong personal convictions, had his difficulties among the miscellaneous

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crowd of Christians who frequented the meetings, and acted on the committees, of the Alliance. Great demands were sometimes made upon consideration and forbearance, and my brother was generally able to meet them. On one occasion indeed, when an excellent brother of one of the minor Methodist sects, whose conscientious convictions had recently separated him, under unpleasant circumstances, from the mother-church, thrust himself upon my brother's attention, in a large circle of members of the Alliance, with an appeal whether he did not love him, the answer was short but emphatic: "Oh yes, I love you, but then I do not like you." But the friendships formed or fostered at these gatherings far more than compensated for trifling inconveniences. I must mention in this connexion, without forgetting any other names, those of James Hamilton and of J. P. Dobson. And here, too, if somewhat out of place, rather than not at all, I must record the love and admiration my brother cherished for Sarah Farmer, for George Steward, for John Maclean, and for the younger George Morley; of one of whom only has the due memorial been yet published.

For many years, my brother acted as one of the examiners of persons who sought to be employed by the London City, and by the Town and County, Missions; institutions in which he took a deep interest. Few who underwent his scrutiny will ever forget it. He took all possible pains with the candidates; never suffered them to lose their self-respect; entertained them as though they were "angels;" and sent them away better and more comfortable men. Add to all this the energy and

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time he consumed in helping and directing public religious movements generally, such as the unfortunate Niger expedition, and the opposition to the Maynooth and Dissenters' Chapel Bills, and to attempts to make national education either secular or sectarian. During a long period, also, he acted as one of the honorary secretaries of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, an office in which he has been succeeded by his valued friend, the Rev. Dr. Hoole.[1]

Whatsoever his hand found to do he did it with his might, and notwithstanding constant debility and frequent attacks of disease. So frequent and severe were these that they often disabled him altogether. Much oftener ought they to have prevented his lavish use of the gradually wasting powers of his life. But he steadily followed out his own impressions of present duty. Long nights, half sleepless,— their waking hours spent in gasping for breath, and sometimes in positive pain,—were

[1] I had nearly forgotten one remarkable passage of his life. In 1857, he accompanied a deputation to the late Archbishop Sumner. There was a large gathering of distinguished ministers and laymen of various denominations, including some dignitaries of the Establishment. At the close of the interview, the Archbishop called on my brother to engage in prayer. He has told me how he was almost stunned by the unexpected summons; that his first impulse was to try to transfer the duty to Dr Steane; but that he instantly considered that it was not for him to interfere with the Archbishop's choice, and that a Methodist minister, of all men, was the last to refuse anywhere such an exercise. So he prayed with manifest engagement of heart, and with singular fulness of thought and condensation of phrase and sentence,—as much like a collect as such a prayer could extemporaneously be made. I suppose he was the first Nonconformist who had prayed audibly in Lambeth Palace since the Restoration.

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followed by busy days spent in his study or at long distances from his home. So, undoubtedly, were his days shortened; but he realized what he himself sung:—

> "I covet years in duty spent,
> Unspotted, useful, and content;
> The Christian home, the crowded shrine,
> The paths of charity divine."

It was a divine "strength" which was made "perfect" in this "weakness;" but he found subsidiary reliefs in reading, travelling, music, and poetry. He saw much of his own country,[1] and a considerable portion of the continent of Europe. Copious diaries of these adventures, and also of his home life, were kept for many years. Extracts from them would be well worth publishing. Music, vocal and instrumental, at family prayers; music as a relief from care; music, especially on Sunday evenings, to soothe the weariness, and tone down the excitement, which followed his exhausting services in the pulpit; music, always and everywhere, was his passion. It was born with him; and he died in the chamber in which his organ stood. He never spent an hour in learning it as a science; it was the natural expression of his spirit. As to his poetry, I shall not anticipate the judgment which will be passed on the selections from it given in this volume. I may say that the hymn on "The Renewal of the Covenant," enshrined in the Supplement to the Methodist Hymn-book,

[1] Scarborough became his favourite resort: drawn thither at first by its scenery and air; afterwards, in great degree, by the value he placed upon the friendship and society of the Rev. Robert Balgarnie, one of the Congregational ministers in that town.

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was written before he was eighteen. It was sent anonymously to my father, then editor, and he produced and praised it one morning at the breakfast-table, in ignorance that its author was present. As it seems to me, a very partial critic, it "mourns as a dove," while it mounts "up as on wings of eagles." If somewhat stiffened by antithesis and alliteration (I have often thought there was a trace in it of the manner of Cowley), yet surely it has a depth and solemnity of feeling, and a steady rhythmical tread, which will always preserve for it a place among the songs of penitent saints.

His prose writings are scattered, chiefly, among various periodicals. He never laid himself out for permanent usefulness as an author. A preface to the published letters of his friend, Mrs. Bulmer, bears his name, and indisputable marks of his genius. He assisted in the revision of a modern edition of the precious "Commentary" by Matthew Henry; taking, as his share of the work, the Epistles of St. John.

He was very fond of little children, and was never happier than when baptizing them; always signing them with the sign of the Cross. If his views of the Sacrament became clearer as, stimulated by prevailing errors, he more closely studied the Divine Word, and the possibilities of man's moral constitution, he prized all the more its simplicity and significance, and laid faster hold on its blessing. He would not baptize privately, except in cases of an expediency higher than rule; an expediency of which he made himself the sole judge. When he did so consent to act, it was no perfunctory service. No time was

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saved by its isolation from the worship of the great congregation. Discourse, singing, and plentiful prayer, were its adjuncts.

He loved dumb animals; understood and talked their language; and asserted their rights. Horses, dogs, cats lived long and died under his protection; and he buried them and wrote their epitaphs. A hedgehog was, at one time, a very intelligent and amiable companion. Over what proved to be his dying bed, a white mouse, escaped from some wandering foreigner, used to come and play; it shared his meals and was a comfort to him.[1] Let those laugh who never had cause to say, "*I* was as a beast before THEE." I covet this communion with the groaning universe, this participation in that "pitying tenderness divine," which "feeds young ravens,"—*which opens its hand, and satisfies "the desire of every living thing."* Is there in the Bible itself a grander ring of successive words of emphasis, a brighter revelation of the Nature which Christians are called to share—of thoughtful, unlimited, exhaustless goodness?

What more shall I say of his wit, and of his quick sense of humour, qualities seldom associated in any but the finest minds, for Sydney Smith's case is an exception which proves the rule? The one requires a habit both of subtle analysis and of quick association; the other, like the

[1] A favourite dog died not many months before him. He was told that it was dying; he rose from his bed, almost breathless with asthma, hastily dressed himself, warmed Fido's paws in his own hands, and watched him till the "spirit" went "downwards;" all the while using words of comfort, well understood.

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wandering eyes of a child, finds cause for interest everywhere. His wit was as bright as it was sharp. I have heard people say that it never wounded anybody; but his sword was no plaything, and what they mean is that the wound was such as was easily healed. His sense of humour was all-embracing. He would laugh by the hour with some lively friend, who was quick to notice and to tell the strange things which float on the surface of every-day life. He did not disdain a pun: there is often a latent philosophy in it.[1] When a boy, he was a clever mimic, especially of such men as Dr. Chalmers and Irving. To the last, he enjoyed travestie and burlesque, and was himself a good hand at them. But I check myself as I remember, in and above all these things, the reverence and charity of his spirit.

I must hasten to a close. My brother had so often and so sharply skirmished with the last enemy, that those who watched him most constantly little feared that the final struggle was near at hand. He buried the eldest of his daughters in December 1863, and afterwards busied himself with the memorials placed where she lay, the first of a previously unbroken household. After that event, some thought they saw in him increasing premonitions of old age. The last Conference he attended was that held at Bradford, in 1864. Still the flame of life burnt with

[1] I am urged to give one specimen. It was his last, and I shrink from stating it in what might seem to be its natural connexion. It was on the occasion when he had the pleasure of introducing to Mr. Spurgeon, the most distinguished Calvinist of the day, first Mr. Arthur, Wesleyan President for the year, and then his wife. "This," my brother said, "is our Wesley this year, and this,"—turning to Mrs. Arthur,—"our Top-lady."

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unwonted brightness, just as it was about to be extinguished. So late as in the month before that in which he died, he went out, with comfort, in all weathers, and doffed some of his warmer clothing. In the previous August, he had walked without difficulty a distance of five miles. People said of him that he was getting "young again."

On the last Sunday in October 1866 he went to be cheered and charmed by a sermon from his friend Dr. Guthrie; dined with him at Mr. Chubb's house; was full of conversation, tinged with a certain mellow seriousness; fondled my daughter's infant son, interesting to him as the first of a new generation of the family; and insisted upon going home early, because, as he said, he must hear his superintendent, Mr. Balshaw, preach in the evening. On the Tuesday following, Mr. Spurgeon, of whose ministry and writings he had formed a most exalted estimate, preached the first anniversary sermons at the chapel in Kentish Town which my brother usually attended, and which he had greatly helped to raise. Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Arthur, Mr. Barrett, and others, dined at his house, and, as might be expected, the intercourse of such men was very pleasant and instructive. Thursday was All Saints' Day, and the birthday of his deceased daughter. At family worship in the evening he read, as was his custom on the great Church Festivals, the epistle of the day, and then the last chapter of Galatians. Commenting on the last-named scripture, he grouped the 14th with the 17th verse; remarking that none had done or suffered more than St. Paul, but that, even with him, the Cross was the only glory. He then spoke of his own sense of un-

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worthiness to enter heaven, except among the multitude of those who come out of great tribulation, and make their robes white in the blood of the Lamb; adding, "It was with them that my dear child found an entrance; and that is the only way for me,—'the blood of the Lamb.'"

On the first Sunday in November he heard the venerable Thomas Jackson preach at the Kentish Town Chapel, and the text of the last Methodist sermon he heard,—it was preached by its most ancient representative,—was "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Notwithstanding great weariness, he went in the evening to hear Mr. Martin, of Westminster, at a Congregational Chapel in the neighbourhood. He returned quickly to his own place of worship, hoping to join in the sacrament of the Supper; and, finding the service over, requested Mr. Balshaw to return with him to the table. There he knelt and received the elements. After that night he never conducted family worship. The next morning, he was very ill; and though, during the whole of the week, there seemed no cause for painful apprehension, it was passed in distressing weakness, and in constant struggles for breath. The Sabbath came, but he was still unrelieved. He read a little in his Bible, in his hymn-book, and in Mr. Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning," speaking with great admiration of some of the "daily portions" contained in that work, and particularly of one on the text, "They shall go hindmost with their standards." Another of his expressions this day is remembered:—"If it had not been for the comforts of grace during the past week, I could never have borne up under my many burdens." As the

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night closed, and the early morning drew on, his wife for the first time discerned that his illness caused him more than usual anxiety. I now occasionally quote her words, only grieving that I must retrench them. "He spoke very affectionately of many old and dear friends, and was unspeakably loving and tender to me. Amongst other things, he said that he had written a long letter to ——, that is, in his own mind; that he feared he should not be able to pen it for her birthday; that he had been thinking very much about her, her soul and her love of life, and that he had much sympathy with her in this." Then he slept, woke apparently much better, and gave it as his opinion that a second medical adviser was unnecessary. For some hours he lay very composedly; but then, probably under the influence of medicine, he spoke of seeing a beautiful bust of his "dear Alla," his daughter in heaven, and many photographs of absent friends.

To dispel these illusions, his wife put out of his sight the objects which she believed had fed them, and among others his Bible. He took it from her, and said "Blessed Bible," and kissed it. Still his mind wandered; for, in the evening, his surviving daughter overheard him haranguing on theological subjects to an imaginary party of young preachers. Then he grew calm again, and would have her to sit on his bed, and to talk to him about Scarborough, whence she had just returned. Midnight came, and he complained of faintness, and soon after was bathed in the dews of death. "He became troubled, and said, 'Pray with me.' I attempted a few sentences, begging God to spare his life. . . . I repeated some texts and hymns, among the

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latter 'Rock of Ages,' and 'How sad our state,' the two last verses of which seemed specially suitable. To both he responded with much feeling. Faintness increasing, he directed the fire to be put out, and the windows to be opened. He asked for wine, and, putting the glass into his hand, I said, 'Shall we do this in remembrance?' He replied, 'Yes, but let us do it reverently, penitently, and with faith.' Then after a pause, with eyes lifted to heaven he added, as nearly as I can remember his words, 'I renounce my sins; I renounce my righteousnesses; I renounce everything save the blood and merit of Christ.'" Soon afterwards he said to his daughter, "Oh my dear child, I am awfully ill—bound up here," placing his hand on his chest: "pray for me, all of you pray for me." His medical adviser was sent for, and gave him more wine. He took the glass, saying, "You are not going to intoxicate me?" On being assured that a small quantity would do him no harm, he said, "Well, it is no sin; it is God's own wine." About four o'clock, his medical attendant had told him that recovery was still possible. But now "the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat," and, though the house was "founded upon a rock," it was shaken to its centre. "About six o'clock, he said to me, 'Oh my dear love, I am very ill; my understanding, my memory, my heart, is failing.'" The doctor was again summoned. Then he asked, —"Mr. Rawlings, can I outlive this?" Receiving no answer, he repeated the question with much earnestness. Again there was no reply, and he looked round, as if distressed and startled. His daughter said, "Well, even if it should be so, it would be 'far better.'" "Yes," he

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said, "if we are only sure of that; but it is very awful—so solemn, so unexpected." "Then, in tones of earnest and pathetic pleading which we can never forget, he exclaimed—

'Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God.'

Then followed a number of other short evangelical petitions. . . . I repeated the first three verses of the hymn—

'Cast on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord.'

Through many of the lines he followed me audibly, but, as I reached the last verse, he said, 'That will do. I cannot bear more.'" A little later he suggested that further medical help should be procured, and Dr. Habershon and Mr. Buxton were sent for, as were also my sister and Dr. Jobson. His wife, overwhelmed with personal illness, anxiety, and distress, retired for a short time, and he was left alone with his daughter. To her he said, "Don't abandon me; pray for me as I would have prayed for you: pray that I may be spared—spared for blessed work." Then he pronounced distinctly the names of some recently afflicted friends, adding, "and all the dear Kentish Town people, with whom I have sympathised in their times of trouble." These are his last recorded words. His daughter, perceiving the symptoms of approaching death, summoned her mother, and both watched for the end. He lay supported by his daughter, and, angel-like, she repeated softly in his ear the text which, forty years before, had opened to him the door of spiritual life,—"Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." That balmy promise wafted him

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to Paradise. Almost immediately, he went to his Saviour, and was welcomed into "everlasting habitations." He died soon after seven o'clock in the morning of November 13th, 1866.

Such is the suggestive narrative of his end. I open the book which solves all mysteries, and there I read about Hezekiah, when, as he thought, he lay a-dying: "I said, in the cutting off of my days I shall go to the gates of the grave; I am deprived of the residue of my years. I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord in the land of the living; I shall behold man no more, with the inhabitants of the world." "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." And then I read passages such as these:—"Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me."—"Shall the dust praise Thee? shall it declare Thy truth?"—"O spare me that I may recover strength, before I go hence and be no more."—"To abide in the flesh is more needful for you." Last of all I read, and I venture to accommodate, a text which sums up all: "He asked life of Thee; and Thou gavest it him, *even length of days for ever and ever.*"

He was buried in the Highgate cemetery. Religious services in connexion with his funeral were conducted by Mr. Arthur; by the Rev. Canon Stooks, the then Incumbent of St. Ann's, Highgate Rise, whose ministry he had often attended and greatly prized, and who had favoured him with the friendship of a liberal-minded Christian gentleman; by Dr. Hannah and Dr. James Hamilton, both so soon to follow him; by Dr. Jobson and Dr. Osborn; by Dr. Steane and Mr. Newman Hall. One of his own hymns

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was sung, and so the flowers of his own poetry garlanded his grave.

Fairness is the first duty of a biographer, but this brief sketch has been all eulogistic. Had, then, this good and gifted man no faults, no defects, no infirmities, no angularities of character? What, none? And never? I have not said so. I have spoken of a carnal man, "washed, justified, sanctified," not all at once, not perfectly; but assuredly "made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." And herein I have tried to tread reverently in the steps of the writers of Scripture narrative. These tell me of the fouler sins and more grievous faults of men habitually holy; nothing, or but little, of their human weaknesses or spiritual failings. He who knew what was in them has hidden it from all else. St. Paul was not suffered to reveal the nature of the thorn in his flesh; and, since it was "a messenger from Satan to buffet" him, it may have been, for all we know, some infirmity of temper or manner, against the temptation to which God's "grace" was indeed "sufficient," but to which, by the very constitution of his nature, he was to be always subject. And how does the same Apostle delight to commend individuals, and even living Christians, —primitive Christians, not altogether such as he paints them, unless looked at with eyes and with a heart like his!

Yes: those who knew my brother best will join with me in applying to him the lines which Hayley once wrote; recognizing, however, in "Nature" the God of distinguishing and sovereign grace:—

> "Nature, who deck'd thy form with beauty's flowers,
> Exhausted on thy soul her finer powers;

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Taught it with all her energy to feel
Love's melting softness, friendship's fervent zeal,
The generous purpose, and the active thought,
With charity's diffusive spirit fraught.
There all the best of mental gifts she placed,
Vigour of judgment, purity of taste,
Superior parts, without their spleenful leaven,
Kindness to earth, and confidence in Heaven."

And, surely, the Churches which mourn the loss of this other Barnabas, this younger "son of consolation," will once more pray, in the words of the Collect for St. Barnabas' day, "O Lord God Almighty, who didst endue Thy holy Apostle Barnabas with singular gifts of the Holy Ghost; Leave us not, we beseech Thee, destitute of Thy manifold gifts, nor yet of grace to use them alway to Thy honour and glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

WESTCOTT, *December* 1869.

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SERMONS.

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SERMON I.

"And He came out, and went, as He was wont, to the Mount of Olives and His disciples also followed Him."—LUKE xxii. 39.

CERTAIN it is that all true disciples of the Saviour will follow Him "whithersoever He goeth." And although the original eleven, who, together with the traitor Judas, were His personal companions upon earth, were, in one respect, more highly favoured on the occasion here referred to than we can ever hope to be on any occasion at all resembling it, yet in another and more important aspect we may acquire a decided advantage over them, and may approve ourselves, in a much higher sense, the faithful followers of our devout and holy Master. They, indeed, followed Him personally to the very Mount of Olives and Peter, James, and John had, or might have had, the mournful privilege of affording Him sympathy in the agony of Gethsemane. This perhaps unusual invitation or permission to any of His disciples to bear Him company when He retired for prayer bespoke, methinks, most affectingly the weakness and tenderness of His humanity, especially in the hour of its extreme trial. It seems, from St. Matthew's account, as if He now desired—

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and took comfort from the thought—their being all about Him, and—is it irreverent to add?—uniting their prayers with His. He bade them watch and pray, indeed, for their own sakes, in order that, when they should see Him betrayed and condemned to death, they might not fall into the temptation of denying Him. 'Keep awake, and join Me in prayer,' He said, 'that you may share my succours, and so be fitted to share—yet in how different a sense!—my trial.' But He also courted their society and sympathy from a dreary, overshadowing sense of the black storm that was about to break upon His own spirit. (St. Matt. xxvi. 36–40, especially ver. 38, "Watch with Me!")

But, alas! they lost the privilege, for, on His return to them once and again, He found them sleeping—"sleeping for sorrow." It was more than *they* could do to carry *their own* infirmities. Whereas we, dear brethren, if but the real disciples of our now exalted and unsuffering Lord,—though we cannot now trace the print of His footsteps on our garden-path, or in any other familiar walks,—do yet follow Him more truly, more closely, more constantly, by emulating His blessed example, and cultivating the Christian habit of frequent retirement, meditation, and prayer.

That we may hereafter follow our praying Master in practice, let us now attend Him, for a short time, in earnest and admiring contemplation.

We may gather some useful hints on the subject in hand, from each particular on which the text and its context touch, such as,—the suppliant Himself, the Special Occasion, the Place, the Exercise, and the fact incidentally

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noticed by the Evangelist, that the exercise in question was a stated or customary one.

We have already assumed that the text points to the important and well-understood practice of praying often apart; the duty and efficacy of which it illustrates by the example of a great and holy Personage.

I. That PERSONAGE we have further seen to be none other than our Lord Jesus Christ, who, from everlasting, "God with God," condescended to become "man with men," chiefly that He might give Himself a ransom for all mankind, but subordinately, that He might present to the view of His disciples, throughout the whole of His life and character, a perfect pattern of obedience to the will of God.

The former part of the chapter records His last celebration, with His disciples, of the Jewish Passover; His substitution, in their presence, of the commemorative and sacramental ordinance of His own Supper; and a peculiarly interesting conversation which He afterwards held with them on a variety of suitable topics; that He also sang a hymn—chanted the Psalms for the day or festival. This concluded, "He came out, and went, as He was wont, "to the Mount of Olives; and His disciples also followed "Him. And when He was at the place, He said unto "them, Pray that ye enter not into temptation. And "He was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and "kneeled down, and prayed, saying, Father, if Thou be "willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless not My "will, but Thine, be done. And there appeared an angel "unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him. And being

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"in an agony He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat "was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the "ground."

Now, from the fact that our Lord Jesus Christ is the suppliant referred to, we cannot but strongly infer the importance of *our* attention to the same delightful duty. That it *is* a duty, a direct reference to the precepts of the Word of God, and indeed the slightest consideration of our relations to and dependence upon Him, are sufficient to convince us; and that it is a delightful, a pleasurable, an edifying duty, must have been attested to us both by our experience and by the testimony of the devout in all ages. But what a powerful additional inducement to it arises out of the example of Christ! For, first, let me remind you that such an example establishes or confirms

1. The OBLIGATION of Private Prayer. Jesus, our Propitiation and our Hope, is also our appointed and approved Exemplar, and we are His covenanted followers: as such we profess, and, by such profession, are pledged to study, in order that we may imitate, every imitable part of His conduct and character. If, therefore, Jesus thus prayed, and prayed often, we His disciples are bound to do likewise. Nor can we excuse our neglect of this duty on the plea of our abundant attention to social and public worship.

2. But again, such an example strongly suggests the *reasonableness and the necessity of this practice*, and particularly of *private* prayer. If Jesus needed to pray, surely *we* have need of the same help. Remember who Jesus was. True it is that He assumed human nature,

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and was consequently burdened with its infirmities and harassed by its temptations; but though "tempted in all points like as we are, yet" was He "without sin." True it is, likewise, that His was an extraordinary work, a work of unexampled magnitude and arduousness; but then, He was supernaturally strengthened for it by the continual energy of His own indwelling Godhead, or—to conceive, perhaps more scripturally—by the unmeasured supplies of the Holy Spirit which He received from His heavenly Father. If, then, incomparably and originally qualified, as He must have been, for the undertaking on which He had embarked, He yet obtained very much of that qualification by means of formal and special intercourse with the Father;—if, holding as He did, direct and unceasing communication with the eternal Source of power and counsel and consolation, His holy human spirit resorted, however, for the *means* of communication, to the strong and swift pinions of prayer; and recognized every ray of light, every shower of refreshing influence, every renewal of spiritual strength, as the return of prayer;—if sinless, though suffering, as He was, the God-Man, Jehovah Jesus, the Almighty's Fellow, the Only-Begotten, the Best-Beloved, the Anointed of the Father, yet "came" in His incarnate nature and knelt at the same shrine of Love with sinful men; not, indeed, for "mercy" or "grace" (of those He was independent), but yet for "help in time of need;"—oh, then, do not *we*, who are not only "compassed with infirmity," but full of sin, every moment dependent for spiritual preservation on the grace of God alone, yet, alas! every moment prone to wander from Him, and sure,

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if left to ourselves, to fall into temptation: do not *we* need to wait upon God in prayer, for such supplies of His Holy Spirit as shall enable us to crucify the flesh, with its affections and lusts; to resist and overcome the devil; to put our foot upon the world, that most dangerous, fawning foe; to bear up amidst the storms and swellings of affliction; to hold fast the peace, and grow daily in the image, of God;

> "His utmost counsel to fulfil,
> And suffer all His righteous will,
> And to the end endure."

If Christ prayed, let no Christian deem himself *consistent*, or feel himself *safe*, unless he "pray without ceasing."

II. But we may be further instructed or stimulated in our duty by considering the very remarkable and affecting OCCASION referred to in the text, as having called for the performance, on our Lord's part, of this invigorating act of piety.

We shall see, by and by, that He was *wont* to retire to the Mount of Olives; and from that we shall learn that *we* "ought always to pray, and not to faint." But there were in His history, as there will be doubtless in ours, many of those special times and junctures at which prayer is more than ordinarily seasonable; and to one of them the text refers. It was marked, in our Lord's case, by several circumstances pregnant with interest and capable of copious improvement. Among these we will now only observe that it was a *time of trial*, a season of *suffering*, an hour of much more than common excitement and solemnity and sorrow. *Then* the tragedy of His mysterious humiliation

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approached its predicted catastrophe; *then*, almost as though He had never suffered before, the Passion of His spotless spirit appears to have but begun. Yes, *then*, "Man of Sorrows" as He was, and familiarly "acquainted" as He had long been "with griefs," "He *began* to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy," and to say to the chosen Three who attended Him, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Probably it was a conflict of fidelity with temptation—temptation to give up you and your cause. It was also an agony of love with fear, the innocent shrinking of His humanity from the now near-appearing Cross, with its bitter pains but bitterer moral associations; the hard struggling of a convulsive dread of death—and such a death!—with the quick impulse of His duty towards God, and the restless yearnings of His love towards *you!*

> "His feeble flesh abhorred to bear
> The wrath of an Almighty God;"

and oh, what but the force of a compassionate anxiety to bear it away from the heads of its proper objects would ever have conquered His recoil from the endurance of such severities! That, however, He might be fortified for this endurance, and divinely strengthened to sustain the accumulated weight of your curse, and my curse, and the curse of every child of apostate Adam, *then* it was—in that hour of conflict, and darkness, and dread, and consternation, and anguish—*then* it was, that He "offered up prayers and "supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that "was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that "He feared." (Heb. v. 7.)

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My brethren, the first sentiments which this familiar and mournful spectacle should ever awaken in our minds are those, doubtless, of love to our atoning Lord, and amazement at His love to us, and unfaltering confidence in His readiness to love us to the end, and deep abhorrence of "the sins that made Him mourn," and ardent desire to die to sin, and to live to our adorable Saviour. But to these we are now called to superadd an entire acquiescence of heart and of mind in the wisdom and efficacy of that course which He adopted for His own relief, and a resolution, as His unworthy followers, to pursue in all similar situations a similar course of conduct. In similar circumstances we must be, we expect to be, placed. Would we follow Jesus to glory, then we shall all have to follow Him first, in a manner, to Gethsemane—to scenes of spiritual conflict. The servants are not above their Lord. Let us prepare to suffer *with* Him, though we can never suffer *like* Him.

Nay, why speak of these painful things as all to come? Experience has taught us that our way to the kingdom lies "through much tribulation." Why, we are always suffering —amidst numberless mercies and consolations—either as to ourselves, from bodily sicknesses or spiritual trials; or as to our best-beloved connexions, from anxiety, or bereavement, or parting, or perfidy; or as to our worldly circumstances, from doubt, or dread, or disappointment; or else, in short, from some other previously suspected or unsuspected quarter: and all this is not improbably to be followed up by the weaknesses, and pains, and palpitations, and depressions of the dying hour.

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Now those are our times for prayer. Prayer is always in season, but never so seasonable as just then. Nothing can be more congenial with prayer than sorrow, because all prayer presumes and implies a sense of need; and when are we so sensible of our need of help from on high, as when called to suffer with Christ? Then, therefore, more especially, my endeared companions in the patience of Jesus, let us "pour out our hearts before" God; for God "is a refuge for us."

III. And may we not learn something, thirdly, from the reference to the PLACE of prayer selected by our Master, on the present and on many similar occasions? "The Mount of Olives," a range, rather, of gentle hills, some few hundred paces east of the Holy City; that is to say, some spot, like Gethsemane, amidst its slopes and shades, was the hallowed place of resort. Now observe that this was—

1. *A retired spot.* And "*thou*, when *thou* prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret." Or, if your closet be not always at hand, seek out, at least, some place of retirement where you may, at proper and periodical seasons, enjoy the invaluable privilege, and keep up the never-to-be-neglected duty, of a *private* approach to God. And yet this was—

2. An *exposed* spot; for, though "hidden from day's garish eye," screened from the gaze of men, and shut out from the tumult of busy, bustling life, yet did it offer to the august Suppliant no temptation to consult His private ease or comfort, or to indulge, in the act of devotion, a soft and luxurious spirit. Far otherwise: the evening colds, and the deadly night-damps, and the pelting storm, and

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all the dreaded inclemencies of clime and weather, were unceremonious intruders there; and often, as in the instance before us, was the Saviour stretched in painful prostration upon the bare ground, simply canopied by the firmament, and lighted by the lamps of nature, pouring out His complaint unto the Lord, and showing before Him His trouble.

Let this teach us a holy indifference as to the place of prayer, generally, as to the external circumstances, so far as mere convenience is concerned. Jeremiah prayed in a dungeon; Jonah in a whale's belly; Daniel in a den of lions; Jesus at the foot of a weather-beaten mountain. And, only let our minds be elevated by devotion, what matters it where our persons be prostrated? If our spirits repose on a realized God, what matters it how uncomfortably we kneel? If our hearts glow with the altar-fire of a sanctified feeling, what boots it that every lock of our unworthy heads be waved by every wind of heaven?

Oh, the Saviour's presence is the saint's paradise! And you, my brethren, I feel assured, will set your seal to this assertion, that, when the self-denying, devout believer begins to realize, in the exercise of prayer, this delightful nearness to the great Object of his love, and tastes the secrets and enjoys the raptures of an intimate communion with Him, so far from being painfully sensible, for the time, of any little bodily ills or inconveniences which may encumber him, he is rather ready, "lost in wonder, love, and praise," to say with St. Paul, "Whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell."

3. Consider also, that the place whither Jesus resorted

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for devotional purposes was one which had *long been rendered interesting to Him by a variety of associations.* One of them would be peculiarly interesting, and we will dwell upon it for a moment or two.

That spot was eventually the scene of His agony, and His delivery unto death; and it is natural to think that, whenever He visited it for the purpose of prayer, He foresaw, and felt a deeper interest in it as such. "He was wont" to go "to the Mount of Olives;" and never could He go without the thought, that that was to be the scene of His nearly final and fiercest sufferings; and you may well conceive how greatly such prospect would solemnize His spirit, and add fervour and importunity to His supplications!

Now this, my dear hearers, is a thought which I would fain leave upon your minds. It is a consideration the touching and instructive nature of which you can readily and fully appreciate. Let me just recollect myself. *My* familiar and favourite retreat, when the wonted hour of private prayer has arrived, is—my *chamber.* Ah! it will not improbably be, sooner or later, my sick-chamber, where I shall languish, and suffer, and die. Stirring thought! How it will animate my daily devotions! Here, is it not likely, I may receive the summons to exchange my prayers for everlasting praises. Hither am I one day to be carried in the arms of my friends, never to return till carried down dead in my coffin. Hence is my happy spirit to take its flight for paradise. On that bed is my poor frail frame of flesh and blood to pass previously through a dread ordeal of affliction. Within *these* walls am I to battle with my final

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foe. On *this* important spot am I successively—through the sore assaults of my "last enemy," on the one hand, and the "dear might" of my last, firmest, and most faithful Friend, on the other—to struggle and to prevail; to sigh for help, and to shout victory; to encounter and to overcome, "the sharpness of death." Then, every time that I bend my knee on this spot, like a soldier kneeling on the field of battle, I will remember where I kneel; I will think of the coming conflict; I will arm myself against the evil day, and will "pray" with my Master "the more earnestly." Then, when the hour shall come, and I shall be, perhaps, writhing in the agony of pain, where I have often wrestled in the agony of prayer, oh how sustaining to recur to these blest religious retirements! Well, here have I been through grace a frequent visitant; this "place is holy ground," hallowed by devotion, perfumed with the incense of many prayers, permanently illuminated, as it were, by the oft-repeated and long-lingering manifestation of the Divine glory. This little spot is deeply endeared to me, and I believe my God loves it too, so often has He met me here. And now that I am riveted to it by painful yet pleasing providential constraint, will He leave me lonely and forlorn? Oh no! it is not in His nature! Affliction and distress will not scare Him from this His "wonted" place of resort. He will meet me as ever; He will bless me more than ever. I have often wished, when enjoying some precious season of refreshing from His presence, that I could tarry here always. Such a felicity was not *then* vouchsafed me. But *now* it is, and I expect to have "showers of blessing!"

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"O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er Thy healing beams arise."

I often used to pray at the foot of the bed there, that, whenever suffering should overtake me, I might receive a rich supply of suffering strength; and I then, also, often felt a Divine assurance that the prayer was registered in heaven, and would at the proper season be answered. It was none other than God Himself who gave me that assurance, and this I will now plead before Him; I will, with humble boldness, refer Him to His own inward pledge—that faith of *His* operation which is itself the pledge of the blessing believed for; I will refer Him to this, as well as to His written promise in Christ Jesus, and I shall, I must, *I feel I do*, prevail. O blest spot! My God is here still! Thrice-privileged retreat! A sick-chamber converted into a sanctuary![1] Nay,

"Jesus comes with my distress,
And agony is heaven."

IV. The Exercise—or rather some particulars of the manner in which it was performed—next calls for consideration and improvement.

Without dwelling on what was peculiar to the dread occasion of the Saviour's agony, let us simply advert to what we may reasonably infer to have been the *common characteristics* of every prayer which "He was wont" to offer at "the Mount of Olives."

[1] A hymn embodying some of the above thoughts will be found in the selection of poetry in this volume.—Ed.

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1. Observe the class to which it belonged: it was *solitary* or *private* prayer, which has four capital recommendations:—*a.* Privacy naturally favours greater freedom and simplicity in prayer. In the presence and hearing of our fellow-men we often let out a little of our wants, sins, and sorrows; but here we "*pour out our*" *very* "*souls unto God.*" *b.* It enables us to concentrate our thoughts on matters of personal and vital interest, to plead our own case—unlike public prayer, which must trace a great variety of cases, and dwell on none. *c.* It is an excellent test of sincere spiritual piety. *d.* It is importantly connected with public and active religion. God forbid, my dear brethren, that we should overlook or undervalue *this;* but even to this private devotion is a blessed preparative, and a most appropriate and profitable sequel. That our Divine Exemplar so viewed it, appears from different passages in His history. We are told, as one instance of these happy and advantageous alternations of private devotion and public service, that, during a certain festival, "in the day-time He was teaching in the Temple; and at "night he went out, and abode in the mount that is called "the Mount of Olives. And all the people came early in "the morning to Him in the Temple, for to hear Him." (St. Luke xxi. 37, 38.) And so, in the chapter before us, we read, that *after* celebrating the Passover, instituting the Eucharist, and engaging in religious conversation with His disciples, *then* "He came out, and went, as He was wont, to the Mount of Olives." "And when He was at the place," He withdrew "from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down and prayed."

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2. Mark the *posture* in which the prayer was offered—strikingly humble and reverential. "He kneeled down," says St. Luke: "He fell on His face," says St. Matthew: and the praying posture of the Jews required both genuflection and prostration.

And if the Incarnate Son of God so far "humbled Himself," how highly does it become His followers, who are "worms of the earth," and who *were* rebels against Heaven, to imitate, as nearly as possible, not only the substance and spirit, but the very circumstances and manner of His devotion.

3. His prayer was, thirdly, as to the *subjects* which it embraced, *specific* and *appropriate* (ver. 42). The habit of praying without petitioning or generalising, without specifying the subjects of our requests before God, though not, we fear, an uncommon, is a very graceless and a very abortive one. True, our heavenly Father knoweth that "we have need of such and such things before we ask Him;" but He will not ordinarily bestow them until we ask Him. "In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving," we are, in an emphatic sense, to let our "requests be made known unto God:" (*i. e.* pray as definitely as if we had to make them known: take care to *know* them ourselves.) Let us study our respective cases and wants; and then, to a certain extent even in our public and social, but at all events in our *private* devotions, let us bring them before our Father, and implore a specific blessing.

Do we pray to be "blessed?" Let us petition to be blessed with grace to feel, to deplore, to confess, to forsake

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our sins; with the gift of saving faith; with a sense of acceptance in the Beloved; with a new heart, with the Holy Spirit's enlightening, reviving, strengthening, searching, sanctifying, establishing grace; with a dominion over every besetment, and maturity in every virtue; and so of every other needed spiritual blessing. And let us carry the same simple, childlike familiarity and particularity of petition into all our prayers for providential indulgences and supports, and into all our intercessory as well as personal requests.

And let our petitions be *appropriate*. If, for example, we have yet to complain of a hard heart, let us petition above and before everything for a softened one; or if of a guilty conscience, let us plead for an assured pardon; or if of a peculiarly powerful spiritual foe, let us ask for spiritual victory; or if of domestic hindrances and disappointments, let us specially intercede with God for all our family connexions; or if of various providential afflictions, let us say with our suffering Saviour on this particular occasion, "Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done."

4. His prayer, fourthly, was, as to the spirit which it breathed, amazingly *fervent* and *importunate* (ver. 44).

The spirit of prayer, like the spirit of everything else, is the very life of it. "All the words in the world," says Mr. Wesley, "are not equivalent to one holy desire." But let the heart be engaged with God, and then "a sigh can reach *His* heart; a look can bring Him down from heaven." Oh, could we catch something of that spirit which animated

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our Master's devotions; something of that, in His case, mysterious sense of need, which induced so mighty an agony of mind, and even of body! Oh that we could learn, like Jacob, to wrestle till, like Jacob, we should prevail! "Let us come boldly unto the Throne of Grace." Let us "come even" up "to His seat." Let us fill our mouths with arguments: let us plead with a prayer-hearing, promise-keeping God: let us put Him in remembrance—*memorialize* Him—refer Him, not indeed to our worthless past services, but to His own grace and covenant love. And verily He will not turn away our prayer, "nor His mercy from" us.

5. For, finally, our Saviour's prayer was, as to the result with which it was crowned, *prevalent* and *successful*. This, together with the other particulars already adverted to, may be affirmed of His prayers generally; and, as to the peculiar occasion now immediately in our eye, it is expressly related that even on the spot "there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him" (ver. 43); and that, in the divine strength thus communicated to His human nature, He was enabled to "endure the cross," to vanquish the last enemy, and to finish the work of our redemption.

Now, lift up your heads, my brethren, and expect the answers of your prayers. "Seek the Lord, and His strength: seek His face continually;" and fear not that you shall seek in vain. "Is any among you," for example, "afflicted? let him pray:" and he shall prove, in due time, that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Put up more prayer, and put forth more faith for

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promised providential interpositions. What though the return of faithful prayer be awhile delayed: if God empowered you to believe for the blessing, He will honour your faith in the event. Safely lodged, as you already are, in the Ark Jesus, amidst the swellings of every deluge of affliction send forth the dove-like prayer; and though for once, and perhaps more than once, it bring back no sensible indication of renewed prosperity, send it forth again, and again, and again, and it shall return to you at length, bearing, as it were, the cheering olive-leaf of divine assurance and comfort; and you shall "know that the waters" of tribulation are now, more or less, subsiding.

V. My brethren, the text describes a *habit:* "He went, *as He was wont,* to the Mount of Olives." And, in conclusion, I would simply and solemnly ask you, are you wont, is it your custom, your care, a sacred and inviolable point of conscience with you, to retire twice, thrice, or oftener, *daily,* for purposes of devotion? If not, suffer me to urge you to the cultivation of this habit, as at once your clear duty and your high privilege. Suffer me to tell you, that as well can your animal nature subsist without daily food, as your spiritual man without daily prayer. If your devotion be but an occasional fit of feeling, or start of conviction, and not the natural and regular overflowing of a full heart, supplied from day to day from the wellspring of heavenly love, it is too evident that you are suffering from spiritual drought; that your communication with the Fountain-head of holiness is lamentably rare and partial, and that the streams of your piety must, consequently, be shallow and stagnant, or, when stirred into activity, turbid and impure.

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May the God of grace lay the duty of much private prayer, with its valuable accompaniments of self-examination and scriptural and religious reading, on every Christian conscience! I would press it upon you to set apart certain periodical portions of every day for the purpose of an unaccompanied approach to your heavenly Father; and should your worldly engagements ever chance to clash with the time so set apart, yet snatch at that time a few moments, if you can command no more, for retirement; or, if that be not practicable, for at least silent and devout ejaculation. When you cannot pray as you would, do it as you can; and so far, as I conceive, from your business secularizing your devotion, your devotion will sanctify your business.

Finally, remember for your encouragement, that they who come oftenest to God's footstool on earth shall stand nearest to His glorious throne in heaven: that those who, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, on the strength of the divine promises, and in the exercise of simple faith, spend most time in prayer in this world, shall undoubtedly have most cause to praise in the world to come.

Follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, but especially to the Mount of Olives. There kneel by Him in hourly supplication, till, your state of trial ended, you stand with the Lamb on Mount Zion, and sing the new song for ever. He will appear, even then, before God at the head of His people, and choose to be acknowledged as still one with them. "BEHOLD, I AND THE CHILDREN WHICH GOD HATH GIVEN ME."

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SERMON II.

"The dead in Christ."—1 THESS. iv. 16.

EVERYTHING in the revelation and religion of the Gospel is adapted to promote the twofold effect of solemnizing and consoling, humbling and elevating, inducing seriousness and inspiring joy.

In the first stage of a Christian's course—his return to God and abandonment of the world and sin—the one class of feelings is called forth by conviction and repentance, and the other by penitential hope and faith. In the second stage, that of settled acceptance and holiness, the same healthful equilibrium of religious feeling is continually preserved, as the faithful and self-intelligent spirit is always discovering more and more of himself, to keep him in the dust, yet more and more of his Saviour, to revive and fortify his confidence. And equally in the *last* stage of a Christian's earthly career is this complex effect kept up, by such associations as that which meets our eye in the text. What more humbling than *to be dead?* What more blessed and honourable than *to be in Christ?* But here are "the dead in Christ." The *dead* in Christ—how mournful and admonitory! The dead *in Christ*—how joyous and inspiring the thought!

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Mark, then, my brethren: on the one hand here is humiliation; your connexion with Christ does not exempt you from dying: on the other hand, here is honour; death will not dissolve your connexion with Christ.

I. Here is HUMILIATION. The Christian's connexion with Christ does not exempt him from the general law of bodily death.

It will at once be granted that that which constitutes a Christian is the being in Christ, of which the New Testament so familiarly speaks; and further, that if we would be reckoned at last among the honourable and happy "dead in Christ," we must be found in Him before we die. To be in Christ is a sort of inspired idiom denoting an union with the Son of God, and an interest in His merits through faith, of such a nature that, from the time of our believing in Him, God no longer looks upon us in our naked and offensive natural character as guilty transgressors, but regards us as being mediatorially represented and answered for by His Son, our Saviour; and, our sins being cancelled, our infirmities commended to mercy, our services rendered pleasing, and our whole persons shadowed and sheltered, cleansed and consecrated, by His atonement, in one word, He "*accepts* us in the Beloved."

Now this relationship to the Lord Jesus, and to the great God in and through Him, entails on us many precious immunities and advantages; such as freedom from condemnation, peace of conscience, the indwelling and government of the Holy Spirit, power over inward sin, the benefit of spiritual worship, the grace of spiritual usefulness, the *covenanted* care of Providence, a tender and

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generous treatment of our many frailties, the supports of hope, and, "in the world to come, life everlasting." But it does not reverse in our favour the doom, nor all the antecedent conditions, of mortality: men die—even *in the Lord.* Now this is a practical consideration: the sight or thought of deceased Christians suggests the following train of profitable reflections.

i. Are there dead in Christ? Then, first, *how venerable is the Divine Law, and how offensive and fatal is sin!* For "the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law;" and all men being born under the law, and all having become, by imputation, sinners in its sight, death—the penalty of the law and the wages of sin—hath passed upon **all.**

But is there no exception made—or why not?—in favour of the *saved* of the Lord? How saith the Apostle? "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Mark what he says—"the victory:" not "discharge in that war," but "victory" at the close of it; not escape from the enemy, but power over him. The trial is ultimate, and implies a previous conflict. Ah! and the battle will go against nature in the first onset; though grace, and eventually nature too—the physical as well as the spiritual man—"the creature itself," by the virtue of God's quickening Spirit within the creature, shall come off more than conqueror.

Yes, Christians, you must once grapple with death, and lie breathless in the clutch of his ally—the grave! Yes, you must feel the stunning stroke of your twofold enemy, though the weapon that, for one moment, prostrates you,

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shall rebound from your "breastplate of righteousness," and your helmet of hope, to the very heart that nerved the arm, and leave you eternally victorious.

Plainly speaking, vast as is the good which accrues to you, beloved, from your property in Christ, and your "part in" Him, they do not cut off the whole entail of natural evil; neither do they entitle you to pass to your final rest without the pang and the humiliation of dying. The ground of this we suppose to be twofold.

1. God's saving grace, "wherein," St. Paul tells us, "He hath abounded" beyond any human calculation or conception of what would be for our good, but yet "abounded in all wisdom and prudence," takes the course of remedy and compensation rather than that of summary removal and repeal. His "thought" and His "way" are not immediately to abolish the whole temporal consequences of sin, but to control and countervail them; to neutralize all their real or deadly evil; to convert them into friendly or healing agencies, and to make them work together with more welcome dispensations for our eventual and superior good; so that we shall be greater gainers by their continuance, when accompanied by the helps and joys of the Holy Ghost, than we should have been by their immediate removal. For instance, our frailties, affecting largely even our emotional experience in religion, help to keep us humble and tender-spirited, and cast us on the sympathy and sufficiency of the God-man. Our sorrows become the ingredients in our richest and sweetest joys, namely the joys of consolation, mingling their myrrh with the cinnamon and cassia of faith and love in the unction

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which diffuses its fragrance over a chastened spirit and character. And death itself enhances the hope of immortality. Nay, we die to be immortal. "Rejoice not against us, O our enemy; *when* we fall we shall arise."

2. But, my brethren, if there are riches of mercy in this arrangement, it has an aspect of majesty, and even of terror. It is designed, doubtless, as a perpetual and conspicuous homage to the law, and a brand upon sin; and one part of the moral effect of it should be, to heighten our reverence for the one, and to deepen our abhorrence of the other. The most dread and portentous testimony, in point of moral emphasis, to the severity of justice and the offensiveness of transgression, is the Passion of a sinless and divine Redeemer; the most signal, in point of unmingled terror, is the hell which is the portion of the impenitent. But both of these dread "judgments are far out of man's sight," and, alas! unbelief ignores or trifles with them. The judicial fact which appeals most palpably, perhaps, to our attention, because to our senses, is the fact that *good men suffer and die;* that men "in Christ," long the subjects of His "great salvation," joined to Him in the Spirit, and co-heirs with Him of future glory, are yet so surrendered to that power, to which they were originally obnoxious, that they "must needs die," often in sore and humiliating pain; and then, as to their mortal part, slumber out a long interval of existence on the loathsome lap of corruption. Oh, let us stand in fear of that LAW, which, even when it liberates the blood-besprinkled conscience from its grasp, will yet bring the once-offending body to its feet—ay, lower than the dust—as a memorial

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of its majesty and power! And let us hate and mortify sin; let us die on our Saviour's Cross, as to its *legal*, so likewise to its *living* power. Let us utterly shake off that viperous evil, which, not only while it fastens on our affections, puts our soul's life in unspeakable danger, but even when it is detached, leaves somewhat of the slime of its dishonour, and the venom of its noxiousness, behind. Let the justified and regenerate be lowly and watchful; let the guilty and ungodly "repent and be converted;" for there are *dead* even in Christ!

ii. *How valuable, because limited and uncertain, are the lives of holy men; and how solicitous should we be to profit by them while yet they are prolonged!*

They live for *us;* they are "kept alive on the earth," not only to work out their own salvation, but to serve their generation by the will of God. Let us welcome them in this relation; let us gratefully appreciate their excellences and their usefulness; let us esteem them as our truest friends; let us try to antedate, while they remain among us, those tender and respectful sentiments which, should we survive them, we shall surely cherish on their departure. Then, as is always the case, we shall be forward to remember, and eulogize, and bewail; but then our regard and regrets will be unavailing. How many of these spiritual lovers and acquaintances has God already put far from us! Ah! we shall never see our dear and holy dead again till we meet them, with rapture or with confusion, at the bar of God. We shall never more know them after the flesh, nor take sweet counsel with them, nor be enlightened by their wisdom, nor be enlivened by their presence and

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pattern. Bitter thought—*never!* Some of our happiest earthly intercourses, some of our most precious opportunities of getting good, some of our most animating examples in doing it, have vanished *for ever!* Let us prize what remain; let us profit by the present; let us do as we shall soon wish we had done; let us "honour all men," but more emphatically "love the brethren." Let us ever "receive a righteous man in the name of a righteous man," and let our largest "goodness"—our friendship, confidence, and courtesy—and, if needed, our sympathy, care, and aid—be reserved for "the excellent that are *in the earth;*"—oh yes, for those of the saints to whom that goodness *may* yet extend. Above all, let us follow them whithersoever they follow the Lamb. They are burning and shining lights; let us be willing to rejoice in their light, and the more so that it can but be for a season, for they will very soon be dead in Christ.

iii. *How interesting are the young; and how important it is to train them to fill up those stations in the church which are vacated by these numerous removals.*

The order of God in natural society is, that as "one generation passeth away, another cometh." And coincident with this is the plan of His mercy, and the promise of His truth, in reference to His associate people. "Instead of the fathers, shall be the children." For God, my brethren, brings men into the world for His own service and delight. They are intended by Him to replenish and people His Church, and to be—to exist—"to the praise of His glory." There should, therefore, be a perpetual succession of "saints in Christ Jesus," at least commen-

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surate with the multiplication of mankind. Otherwise, the world will still more outgrow the Church: the truth will not keep its present ground; much less will it fulfil the great design of its Author, which is, that it shall steadily and rapidly prevail, fill every land with its trophies, and win the whole world for Christ. On this enlarged and lofty enterprise the Church must fix her unwearied regard. On every Christian devolves a portion of the responsibility of keeping up, and of multiplying, the number of Christ's adherents in the world. Now, for this holy and happy service you may doubtless seize multitudes of the adults, and should never despair of the aged, of mankind. But your chief hope, for service if not for salvation, are the comparatively young: not only because, according to probability, they have most years before them; but because the peculiar genius of youth, the ductility of its habits, the ardour and freshness of its feelings, render it peculiarly open to your impressions, and serviceable to your design. May we thus interpret or *accent* the exquisite language of the Messianic prophecy, "From the womb of the *morning*, Thou hast the dew of Thy *youth*"? Thy spiritual offspring, O Saviour, Head and Husband of the Church, shall be chiefly born from among the literal *youth* of Thy human family; not only numerous as the dews of nature, but resembling those which drop "from the womb of the morning"—early, timely, tender, fraught with the first light of heaven, and with the freshest fragrance of earth, trembling as in the bashfulness of beauty, yet productive of an abundant blessing.

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Let the Church, then, prepare these for her Lord: for, as soon as Zion travails, in prayer and effort, she shall bring forth her children. For Zion's own sake, for the love of Jerusalem, for the maintenance of a divine cause, as well as for the advantage and salvation of the young themselves, let their parents, ministers, instructors, religious friends, set their hearts and lay their hands upon them as the Christians of the coming generation. And you, my young friends—are we, or are we not, to be companions in "the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ?" Not a few of you are already, under God, the confidence of these departing saints, and the joy of yonder departed ones. They grow grey-headed without a regret, and they gather up their feet without a fear, because, as far as you are concerned, they hope, they leave the ark of God with hands which will never profane its sanctity, and with hearts which will always tremble for its preservation. But you must all get *saved*, that you may all become *serviceable*. The militant Church cannot long detain any *one* of these veterans in her service, and cannot therefore dispense with any one of you. Alas! when mortality once invades men of a certain standing in our Churches, it soon sweeps them all away. With sorrow, with dread, I foresee, that *this orphan Church* is fast verging towards a crisis, for which immediate preparation is requisite. "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men!" Help, ye that bear their ennobling names, help to recruit and reinforce the ranks so rapidly havoc'd by death! Children of the dead! what is to become of us, of our sanctuaries,

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of our charities, of our poor, of our ungodly, of our future families, of our Saviour's truth and cause in this place, if *you* are undecided? When the standard-bearers faint, who but you shall catch the falling standard? "Ye are the children of the covenant." Remember your baptismal obligations; you have long been under promise to our Master; and now the time is really come when we must claim, in His behalf, the promised service. *We must have you!* By "the dead in Christ," as many of you as have been baptized into Christ, baptized in the places of the dead, from this moment "put on Christ." Come to the help of the Lord!

iv. *How necessary is it for surviving Christians to be prepared for their own change.*

If the experience of mortality among good men were rare, or partial, then the force of this influence would be greatly weakened. But since we know that, excepting the few who are to be mysteriously changed, without *sleeping*, at the coming of Christ,—not without suffering the shock of a sudden and conscious change,[1]—all sinners saved by grace are yet doomed to pay to justice the tribute of an expiring pang, and then to hide the shame of a degenerate nature, for an appointed season, in the grave, we should surely "look to" ourselves. We should regard every fresh occurrence of the kind as a newly despatched herald of war from an advancing enemy, each one more urgent than its predecessor, and all challenging us to prepare ourselves unto the battle. The instruction of

[1] It is conceivable that *sudden life* may be as painful a momentary shock to nature as sudden death.

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survivors is doubtless a main part of the design of Providence in causing good men to expire in our arms, or before our eyes, or within our near observation; and likewise in so circumstancing their "last end"—as to suddenness, rapid succession, apparent untimeliness, immediate connexion with their Christian labours, excessive or protracted painfulness, or otherwise—as at once to promote *their* ultimate advantage, and more effectually to fix *our* attention.

Let us be "wise" to "understand this," and consider our latter end. "The righteous perish;" let us "lay it to heart." They die, as well as live, for their generation; let them not die in vain. "The rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure," because there are already from among you so many "dead in Christ."

v. *How unutterably dreadful it must be to lie dead out of Christ.*

This is our last reflection on the death of Christians. "If judgment first begin at" these, "what shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of God?" If unto men *in Christ*, and therefore so dear to God, and so safe for eternity, it is "appointed once to die," what can the Christless and unsaved expect short of final delivery "unto the bitter pains of eternal death?" If there is one immediate event unto all; if saints suffer with sinners, or even more variously and severely; and if the righteous and wicked often lie together in one promiscuous grave, then where, or when, is the difference between them to come out, and the blessedness of being *in Christ*, and the cursedness of being out of Him, demonstrated to an awe-struck

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universe? Oh, there *must* be a judgment and a "wrath to come!" Let this resistless conclusion descend, with all its weight, upon the conviction and conscience of every transgressor, and make him quail under the agony of apprehension! It is melancholy enough to be wasting life, poisoning its sweets, and embittering its bitter sorrows a hundredfold, and converting being into a bane, a dishonour, a mockery of God's benevolent design; but formidable beyond description to such an one is the death that seals his doom, banishing him from the very empire of mercy, and leaving no solid hope to survivors! No! God has "given him up" at last, and his friends must do the same, unless they mean to keep him company in hell. And Christian ministers, "prophets and righteous men," must give him up, unless they will sacrifice the truth of God, and the integrity of an instructed mind, to human ignorance and weakness.

Sinner, do you shrink from such reflections? Rather recoil from the thought and touch of iniquity. Tremble and be contrite for past transgressions; and do not rest under wrath for an hour; but come to Christ by faith, that hereafter you may live and walk in Him, and so fall asleep in Him when you die, and rest in Him when you are dead.

II. How different from the everlasting confusion of the dying sinner is the temporal humiliation of the dying Christian!

For in the second place, here is HONOUR. *Death does not dissolve his connexion with Christ;* on the contrary, this connexion gives to mortality itself a new, a milder, and even an attractive aspect. Enlargement is impossible; but

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in illustration of so welcome a truth, suffer us to observe—

i. That *"the dead in Christ" must have died in Him;* consequently, they all died, without doubt, just at the right time, in the best way, in circumstances as mitigating and indulgent as were compatible with the holy will of God and their own true advantage; for to such providential and subordinate reliefs they were entitled in their Redeemer's right.

They "all died in faith" too, and in the full fruition of its spiritual comforts; we say, they *all,* for, whether they departed at a longer or a shorter warning, and whether their circumstances allowed of the disclosure of their dying sensations or not, who can doubt that their last days, if they had walked by faith, were *marked to their own minds* by such manifestations of the Spirit, such communings with God, such flights above the world, such stealings of spirit into paradise, such revelations of the unspeakable preciousness of Christ, as were designed, though not in every instance interpreted, to be prelusive of death and glory? Most of them, again, died in the delightful retrospect of having spent a certain portion of their lives, in some cases considerable, in the service of God and of their generation; of having weathered many a storm, and vanquished many a foe, and of having, through grace alone, "endured to the end," and made sure of a full reward.

They all died *usefully:* on beds of languishing, instructing those who surrounded them, by the very silence of an unmurmuring virtue; if in strong pains, glorifying God

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in the fires; or, if their departure were sudden, challenging the attention of survivors, by that very circumstance, to the tenor of their previous practice and deportment as constituting, after all, the most telling testimony to the triumph and efficacy of Grace. In short, they all died to Christ's glory, and to their own endless *gain*. Oh, "blessed are the dead" which have died "in the Lord!"

ii. Secondly: if they are "dead in Christ," *their deathless spirits have already been welcomed by Him into the paradise of His immediate presence.*

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" was the secret aspiration of each one of them, as he surrendered his body to the temporary custody of death; at the same moment looking up steadfastly into heaven, and seeing the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. And that last "sigh reached His heart," and that last "look brought Him down from heaven." Nor returned He this time without the ransomed one: He came and received the spirit as it rose upon the wing, and wafted it to the invisible abode of His disembodied saints.

And the present state of all such, though but intermediate and preparatory, is one, we are well assured, of undying, unsuspended consciousness; of superior powers and enjoyment in the Divine worship; of greater nearness to God, though, for the present, lessened nearness to man; and of glorious security, freedom, and blessedness. Though not properly heaven—at least, not the highest heaven promised to the saints—it is no more earth; nor is it encumbered or defiled with anything earthly. Though falling far short, probably, of that emphatic perfection, which beings of a

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compound nature cannot enjoy while one of its components remains disunited from the other, and which is, therefore, the hope of the resurrection, it *is* yet perfect, in the sense of being entirely free from, and inaccessible to, everything in the shape of infirmity, care, change, pain, or peril, which is contrary to the purest happiness. Though it does not wholly exclude the pleasurable exercises of hope, it for ever shuts out all fear. Though, in this state, the freed spirit is not yet "clothed upon with" its own revived and glorified body, it no longer "groans, being burdened" with a gross and encumbering one. In a word, "absent from" this "body," it is "present with the Lord;" and, being with Jesus, it *must* be in joy and felicity.

iii. Thirdly: if they are "dead in Christ," *their mortal part is precious in His sight, and privileged with His presence and care.*

Yes, this Gospel assures us, that the tender mercies of our Redeemer condescend, as at the first, so to the last, to our lowest estate. His love leaves no chasm in His people's history unirradiated by its immortal smile. Not only does it watch over them momentarily, and minutely, through life; not only does it succour them in suffering and death; but, when they are dead, that part of them, literally, which is mortal and corruptible is *in Christ.* Though they make their bed in Hades, He is there. Low as they lie, underneath *all* "are the Everlasting Arms;" and He "makes all their bed" in their corruption, as He did in their sickness, and, previously, in their nightly slumbers. He has lain in the grave before them: "for which cause, He is not ashamed to call" the dead His "brethren."

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The immortal Deity can have no relation to death. "He is not the God of the dead, but of the living." But "to this end, Christ," the God-man, "both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living."

No! death, instead of dissolving, has really rendered more intimate, circumstantial, and complete, even indissoluble, their privileged connexion with Him who says: "Fear not, I am the First and the Last; I am He that liveth and WAS DEAD, and behold I am alive for evermore. *Amen*," He adds. Amen! we echo; for THOU hast "the keys of hell and of death."

iv. Fourthly, then, *the dead* who are *in Christ* cannot die eternally. On the contrary, He is pledged expressly by His covenant, and virtually by His own resurrection and ascension, *to quicken, spiritualize, and beautify their material frame; to render it a meet receptacle for the spirit, and to reunite them in everlasting beatitude.*

His "dead [men] shall live." "Because I live, ye shall live also." (See Rom. viii. 10, 11.) In these and other passages, you observe, the promised resurrection of the righteous at the last day is represented as resulting, if not as to its certainty, yet as to its glory, from their being "dead *in Christ*." The intimation plainly is, that they shall be raised with marks of eminent honour, as well as to a condition of eternal blessedness.

Such is the doctrine of other parts of Scripture. "I will raise him up at the last day." Christ will officially quicken all the dead. This must mean, therefore, that *His* dead will be specially distinguished;— perhaps, that He will

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employ His angels to raise the wicked; but "I" myself, in a marked and more personal manner, will raise My own. Yes, He will then, as now, *know* "them that are His" among a thousand. He has sealed their bodies, as well as their souls, "unto the day of redemption;" He has stamped their crumbling clay with traces of identity which all the ravages of corruption, changes of form, accidents of dispersion, will not be able to obliterate. They sleep at His feet; and when they awake, they shall at once behold His "face in righteousness." Besides this, the fashioning of the body "like unto His glorious body," the adaptation of it to be a help, not a hindrance—a glory, not a dishonour—an immortal delight, not, as in the case of the wicked, an eternal torment, to the soul; and the welcoming of both, in the presence of assembled millions, and with a train of ten thousand angels, from the judgment-seat to His own throne and side.

We are taught further, that He will put distinguished honour on His dead. "The dead in Christ shall rise first." They "which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent (not be before) them that are asleep." As these have tasted the bitterness of death, and undergone the abasement of its immediate consequences, He has resolved to confer on them a mark of distinction over those who do not "sleep."

Thus, in the case of His own people, according to principles already intimated, *death "is gain"*—gain, observe, not merely upon life as it now is, a life of uncertainty and suffering, but even upon an immortality unconnected with a death in Christ. It shall turn out, that it will be

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better for us to go to glory through the grave, than without dying: in other words, that the sufferings and shame of death shall be more than compensated by consolations of dying hours, by the distinction which the resurrection will confer, and by the after glories of that eternal life which is by Jesus Christ our Lord.

v. Lastly. This association with Christ *embalms the character* of the departed *in the remembrance and affection of the surviving.*

How honourable, I repeat, as well as happy, are "the dead in Christ!" How "blessed is the memory of the just!" And need we not something of this sort to soften our sense of humiliation? When we bend over the body of a man of God, just as life has left it; when we take our last look of it before the coffin-lid is soldered down; when we take our last look of the very coffin-lid, made attractive by the name it bears, whilst the damp clod falls heavily upon it, and its echo as heavily on our hearts, sounding as if death stamped on his prey, and revelled in his momentary triumph; and in after years, when we think of that once active and noble frame turned to dust, and feel how hard it is to believe our honoured friend dead—buried—the prey of corruption—motionless and mute in the churchyard, while his former fellow-worshippers are bending their knees in prayer, or lifting their glad voices in praise, in the church,—isolated from his family,—lost to the world,—forgotten by the volatile or ungrateful,—then, oh how balmy and how hallowing the thought—he is dead in Christ! With what dreadless awe, with what chastened and pensive delight, do your thoughts dwell "among the

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tombs" of these sweet sleepers in Jesus! How ennobled and endeared by such an association is our every leisurely or incidental recollection of them! How relieved from all that is naturally repulsive, how consoling to sorrow, how inspiring to Christian hope and desire, our habitual impression even of their present lowlier condition! Though they "dwell in the dust," their "dew is as the dew of herbs." Christ's blessing shed upon them in decay already revives their bloom and renews their fragrance in our affections. Their "name is as ointment poured forth." Nay, we wonder not at the sentiment of Solomon: "A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth." And again: "Wherefore I praised the dead, which are already dead, more than the living, which are yet alive." At least better, more honourable, ay, infinitely more enviable is it to be "dead in Christ," than to be born to a diadem and sceptre, or to be spending a lengthened life in splendour, pleasure, and renown, "without Christ," and so "having no hope."

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end"—my repose in the dust, my posthumous reputation in the Church, my revival at the last day, my recompense in eternity—"be like his!" They "being dead," yet speak. Through this text they speak—yea, the Holy Ghost speaketh—generally to living men, and particularly to surviving friends.

Let all "the living" in this place "lay" the subject "to their heart." Let the first part of it teach us *our own sinfulness and frailty.*

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Let us anxiously prepare *for* a temporal, and *against* an ternal doom.

And let the second part of it teach us *the value of such a Saviour as is presented to us in the Gospel,* and the great desirableness of acquiring or securing a personal interest in Him. We see in how full and significant a sense *death,* as well as *life, is ours,* if we be Christ's. Oh then, let us "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord: for whom" let us be ready to suffer "the loss of all things, and count them but dung, "that we may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having "our own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which "is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is "of God by faith: that we may know Him, and the power "of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, "being made conformable unto His death; if by any means "we might attain unto the resurrection of the dead" in Christ.

Then, for the surviving, by whom we intend in particular those who have been called, and especially lately, to mourn over departed Christian relations. And what a large class! "Who hath not lost a friend?" Well, my brethren, be warned not to cling too fondly and tenaciously to your remaining friends; for some whom you have loved, not only as dearly, but as deservedly as them, are *dead!* Yet be comforted; they are "not dead, but sleep" in Him. Not only did they once "walk in Him," but they *are* in Him. Your dead are His dead; trust Him to take care of them. "He who found the wandering sheep, Jesus, still"—still—"delights to keep." *You* will sometimes, through infirmity, forget

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them, or otherwise be unable to evince your fondness for their memory; the tears of true love will fail; the grass that reverently mantles their graves will wither, and the flower thereof fall away; yew-trees will decay, tombstones moulder, the indistinguishable dust be dug up again, and the very burial *place that knoweth it now, will know it no more.* But be comforted; it can never be unknown or unregarded by God. Every relic of that once mean and mortal nature is—oh, how nobly and imperishably!—enshrined. Your Christian dead are all in Christ. Dead Nay, rather their "life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ, who is" their "life, shall appear, then shall" they "also appear with Him in glory!"

What if they be dead in Christ, and you living *out of* Him? Pause, sinner, and do not comfort yourself prematurely, and without a reason for your hope. How thoughtlessly do persons of your character rush to conclusions favourable to their own peace. How common the remark on the loss of a friend, "Let us comfort ourselves; we shall soon follow him; and then we shall meet to part no more." "Meet to part no more!" Do you think your friends are gone to hell, then? For surely you do not pretend to be going to heaven, with all your irreligious impenitence, worldly-mindedness, and neglect of the Saviour. Alas, unless you are found in a very different condition of mind and life when you are summoned to the judgment-seat, you *will* meet your Christian friends, but to part again, and to part for ever! They are "dead in Christ;" and if you would die, or live finally, in fellowship with them, you must penitently return to Christ,

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and be established in Him before you go hence. If you live and die out of Him, you have done with them for ever! Did you close their eyes with *this* understanding? Have you indeed made up your mind to it?

Now, in spirit, meet your departed friends in Christ; and you shall meet them at His right hand, to part no more.

"FOR THE LORD HIMSELF SHALL DESCEND FROM HEAVEN "WITH A SHOUT, WITH THE VOICE OF THE ARCHANGEL, AND "WITH THE TRUMP OF GOD: AND THE DEAD IN CHRIST "SHALL RISE FIRST: THEN WE WHICH ARE ALIVE AND RE- "MAIN, SHALL BE CAUGHT UP TOGETHER WITH THEM IN THE "CLOUDS, TO MEET THE LORD IN THE AIR: AND SO SHALL "WE EVER BE WITH THE LORD. WHEREFORE COMFORT ONE "ANOTHER WITH THESE WORDS."

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LETTERS.

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LETTERS.

To Mrs. Henry Pope, *of Manchester.*

Castle Hotel, Linton,[1] *May* 9, 1839.

My dear Friend,—I am actually, perhaps unreasonably, ashamed of my inability to imitate or repay your kindness in favouring me with a letter so much earlier, and fuller of interesting communication, than I had hoped to receive. . .

I wish I could interest you half as much by a recapitulation of our brief history since we left home, as we were interested by yours. One or two interruptions on Friday morning occasioned our missing the last morning train for Birmingham; and that drove us to the evening, when, however, we had a very pleasant and improving journey to that place in the company of Mr. Taylor,[2] whom I unexpectedly found going to London, and soon allured into our carriage. He is truly a wise, benignant, and holy man; yet—would you think it?—subject to frequent and deep depression. We had much talk on that subject, brought on by my own inquiries; though I had more of reverential

[1] This and the following letter were written during absence from home and work, rendered necessary by Mr. Bunting's ill-health.—Ed.

[2] The late Rev. Joseph Taylor.—Ed.

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tenderness for the private feelings of such a man than to extort from himself all that from other sources I know of his mental exercises in that way. He gave me valuable counsel and comfort, drawn from his own experience. Such religious conversation as Mr. T.'s I find very congenial; it is free, yet well-considered; fertile, yet altogether removed from loquacity or commonplace. You must know, by the way, that Mr. Taylor and my incomparable father were, jointly, my first class-leaders (after I began to meet in class seriously); that, with Mr. Watson, he succeeded in dissuading me from going to Trinity College, Cambridge, for which I had been prepared at St. Saviour's Grammar School, and in deciding my immediate choice towards the Wesleyan ministry; and that he successively decoyed and forced me into the pulpit, for the first time, at Hammersmith, near London. These recollections, with many years of subsequent acquaintance, and two of happy colleagueship, will explain the great degree of interest and respect with which I have so repeatedly mentioned his name to you. But farewell to Mr. Taylor: a few such episodes as this would soon exhaust half-a-dozen letters. The letter-carrier is, in fact, gone—(were your son a punster, methinks he would latinize that into *post obit*)—so I must pursue my tediousness in one long, instead of two broken, communications.

Well, we rose early on Saturday, after a short night, and had a delicious ride to Worcester, by many a dewy meadow, bright garden, and picturesque homestead. At W—— we breakfasted, and thence crossed the country,

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through the famed Vale of Evesham, and by Bridgenorth, to Cheltenham; there dined, and, by Gloucester, reached Bristol at night. My spirits were, during this day till nightfall, in the highest state of exhilaration; and, as I usually feel that what we call *the spirits* are *wings* to my properly spiritual nature—though *but* wings—I felt the latter, on this occasion, elevated with the former. And the *soul* only can rise to GOD. This relation between the physical and the spiritual in our constitution, I suppose to be ordained and divine, and the law of our common and calculable experiences. But then, I am very sure that "the power of the Holy Ghost"—how greatly has that phrase impressed and sustained me for many months past, when it has been graciously suggested to my recollection! —can modify, control, and even act above, this and other laws of nature and mind; and that, in fact, He *has* raised thousands of His saints, notwithstanding the dense, stormy atmosphere, and the drooping and strengthless wing, into the heights of heavenly enjoyment. There is a "joy" peculiarly, exclusively, supernaturally, "*in the Holy Ghost;*" so that when the very "heart fails," He Himself, by immediate and all-controlling influence, becomes "the strength of the heart." *Ask more of this for me.*

As we reached our hotel on Saturday night many anxieties rushed together upon me, and kept me from my bed till nearly five o'clock. In the morning I went to chapel with a nervous apprehension that I should break down in preaching. GOD, however, was better than this fear, and carried me safely, and not without strengthening effect to my own soul, through an old and favourite sub-

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ject, and one which, I believe, McAll used to preach upon,[1] though I was never privileged to hear him :—"All souls are Mine." I feel, whenever I think of it, great comfort in the assurance that GOD, and especially "the Lord that bought" me, has an infinite property and interest in my spirit, and in all I have and am; and that what He makes the ground of a claim on me for submission and devotedness must constitute, with Himself, a special motive to carefulness and fidelity in watching over His own. Such the evident emphasis of the Psalmist's appeal in prayer,—"I am *Thine*—save me!"

After morning service on Sunday I was completely prostrated, and could scarcely keep myself awake during the afternoon; but I felt much of the calming and hallowing influence of GOD upon my spirit. In the evening I went to chapel with a perverse disposition to distrust again; but again the Lord helped me, need I say, in more than kindness, in forgiving mercy. "Only believe," was the subject chosen, with reference, a good deal, to my own peculiarities of situation and feeling; and, when I got into it, I wanted at least the night for it. Exhaustion, however, combined with other matters, made me very ill, *very*—both that night and the next morning. I learned in this, as in a few other recent instances, two lessons, comparatively new to me. First, to stir myself up to lay hold on Divine help and comfort in the first outset of the trouble—at once—not waiting to see what other appliances and considerations could effect. This was good: I got help (besides, in some

[1] Mrs. Pope had been a member of the Church under Dr. McAll's charge.—ED.

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degree, consecrating my sorrow, and keeping it within better bounds), and then I felt it *going along* with me through a process of painful thought, as of bodily infirmity —though it did not prevent or immediately arrest them. Then, again, I learned my dependence on the Lord, the Spirit, the Divine Paraclete, the *Official* Comforter of GOD'S people, for the comforting influence, and the wonderful efficacy of that influence in producing, sometimes instantaneously, and seemingly in disconnexion from all outward means and all attempted processes of thought (save the very simple means and thoughts implied in believing prayer), a "peace which passeth understanding."

It strikes me, my dear friend, that some excellent but much-tried persons are deficient in what I may term the contemplative—though well-practised and successful in the pleading—exercises of faith. They readily put the truth and promises before the mind of GOD, and, depending on them, receive their instant fulfilment, in the form of comforting manifestations from Him; but they are less apt to allow the more general truth of scriptural *principles* its proper and efficacious action on their own minds; and, by neglecting habits of meditation, they forego much of what the Scriptures call "comforting," "encouraging," "delighting" one's self "in the Lord." Now *my* error has lain the other way: I have extracted much matter for self-encouragement from meditations on the law, the works, the character, the Cross of Christ; but in an emergency of trouble have found my collectedness of mind sometimes fail, and have not always acted instant *faith in prayer*, so as to receive, in direct and gracious return, the promised blessing from

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above. This error I am trying to rectify—blessed be GOD! —not without effect. I now, on such occasions of severe pressure on my mind, or body, or spirits, feel my heart just like a sea darkened over by a passing storm-cloud, or heaving under the agitations of the discharged tempest: Christ, I bethink myself, is walking on the shore; the very waves of my sorrow swell to His feet, and appeal to His kindly nterposition: He hears the prayer, and but says "Be still," and *immediately* there is a great calm. Oh to live momentarily through the passive simplicity of faith, if not always in the use of its more active energy, under the tranquillizing, quickening, and sanctifying influence of GOD!

I rose late on Monday; walked into the city, and discharged some commissions; received your most welcome letter, and felt your description of your own former state of mind like precious balm to mine; then attended the Cathedral, and under the service, especially during the Psalms for the afternoon, was unspeakably affected and blessed; after dinner took a drive with my ladies on the Downs; heard a missionary sermon at one of our chapels; and, after an hour's chat with a minister and old friend at my hotel, went to bed. On Tuesday I mounted the coach, and came through a heavenly country to Taunton, and thence to Minehead. That whole day was one of ravishment. Creation beamed with the smile of GOD, and "precious to me were the thoughts of Him!" I meant to have told you much that passed through my mind that day; but am now hastening to a close, resolved not to trouble you with more than two sheets of my absurd prolixity.—*Wednesday.* On our way hither—a romantic ride

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—we called at Holnicote, a seat of the excellent Sir Thomas Acland, and one of the most Eden-like spots that ever peered on my senses, or my fancy either. As we reached lovely Lynton it began to rain fast, and this day has been one of stormy wind and cold. We are delightfully quiet, having anticipated "the season;" our windows command a magnificent, and now a wild sea-view, with the accompaniments of bold headland and, more inward, deep ravine, rambling brooks, and the freshest verdure of spring-time. My spirits are alternately exhilarated and soothed by our situation, and my heart rejoices in GOD.

Yet, last evening, I had a dreadful fit of depression, and now am far from well. I hope much from repose, refreshing scenery, balmy air, and other means of that kind; but my great dependence is prayer. That reminds me of you, my dear friend, and of the inestimable value of your friendship, and shames me of all this egotizing. I thought, however, I could not do better than intersperse my "personal narrative" with a few of those reflections, which actually occurred to my own mind at various intervals of my journey hitherward. My next letter shall be more directed to you, your kindness, your own walk with GOD. Be assured, meantime, of daily remembrances of you *all* in prayer; and, if that can pleasure you at all, of frequent conversations about you, showing, at least, that you have your own place in our respect and regard. . . .

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To the Same.

MALVERN, *July* 27, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your last letter—like all yours, characteristic, lively, and improving (three pretty clear evidences of your vocation in that way)—reached me and pleased me duly; and, till within a very few days, I did suppose it was to terminate our correspondence; as I expected ere this to have resumed personal intercourse. Having, however, prolonged our stay in this locally inviting neighbourhood for one week, to enlarge our chances of exercise and invigoration, and having been almost wholly disconcerted, both by the weather and by my renewed indisposition, which scarcely allowed me to stir out during last week, we resolved on the trial of yet another; the rather as, among sundry special reasons, I was extremely desirous to keep out of the way of all the committee-meetings, discussions, and other excitements, which are preliminary to the assembling of the Conference. Thus far, well. But it has pleased Providence again to disappoint us of weather; and, moreover, I was seized on Sunday morning, just after getting into bed, with an agonizing fit of my oldest chronic malady, which has returned, and lingered with me almost ever since. In the course of a few days, therefore, I fully count on a quiet, and, I promise you, a very contemplative installation in my own study: nor need I say, that "your place" in it will be much honoured by renewed occupation. Meantime, I scribble, late on Saturday evening, these very few lines of information—partly because I know you would have done the like in similar circumstances of

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unexpected detention from home; partly because, otherwise, our non-arrival might perplex your curiosity somewhat unprofitably; and above all, because I am unwilling that the one-half of a reasonably extended letter (such as my last did but pretend to be) should, for want of the remaining half, leave any partial or qualified impression on your mind of the gratitude and regard of your correspondent. To that character, indeed, this essay will conclude my very modest pretensions; but the sentiments I have annexed to it were not born *of* it, and will never die.

Never—how solemn is that word, even in its happiest associations! To love and live with Christ's people, as well as with Himself, in *eternity*, is a part of our "good hope through grace." But then the thought strikes me at the instant of making such a reference—how responsible and important our connexions, which are to subsist in that deathless state! How binding is it upon all, who rejoice in their prospective perpetuity, to watch over them; to keep them free as infirmity will permit from whatever would depreciate their value, whether in the substantial results or in the grateful recollections of the future; and to render them as fruitful as GOD would have them to be, in those delights, personal and mutual, which will flourish in the skies! Religion is ever multiplying our enjoyments; but it correspondently enlarges our obligations. There is a solemnity in its hopes, equally as in the opposite class of sensations which it inspires: "Seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of Him—blameless." To this blessed religion friendship owes the stability at once of its affections of esteem and love, and of the objects of

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moral excellence on which they repose. But oh! if these things *are* to abide—if we are now *known to each other*, even happily, *for eternity*—what should be our relative, as well as personal, character? Thoughts like these make *me* tremble, and blush, and, as my one relief, pray. May GOD give us grace to "walk worthy," not only of Christ, but also of "them that are Christ's at His coming!"

These unpremeditated reflections have some affinity to your own upon the subject of lamented McAll. And that subject, it cannot displease you to know, has been much on my mind for these several days. I can hardly account for the peculiar tenderness, with which I invariably think of the man, of whom I knew little familiarly, and whose presence and bearing impressed me with such profound respect. So it was, however, in relation to Mr. Watson, who had decidedly more majesty of demeanour, with far less of grace and refined fascination. Be the cause what it may, I am often in spirit a mourner (though not of the inner and nearer circle, in which Mr. Pope and yourself stand) at Dr. McAll's *visibly deserted grave!* (Oh, what sources of feeling does that idea open in my heart!) I am disappointed that your letter does not name the precise anniversary of his death. I fancied Thursday was the day. However, my dear friend, the grave is an object from which we instinctively look away towards heaven; and what a mercy is it that, since the ascending Saviour entered that world of light, the portals have never been closed again! So that the believer, like Stephen, may always look up *into* heaven, and see, "with Jesus, in joy and felicity," a countless company of those

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who have died in Him. Among these is your late pastor, and my honoured elder brother in Christ. Thinking of this last Sunday evening, I was drawn to contemplate yet higher things "within the veil"—the Forerunner Himself, His glorified Person, His pleaded propitiation, His loving, ceaseless advocacy, and the like; and while thinking, singing, reading, and praying about "such things," I was indulged with unusually near access to GOD, my condescending Father, and with much joy and peace in believing. These special attractions towards heaven have often been renewed, notwithstanding much infirmity, trouble of mind, conflict with a foolish and sinful heart, and self-convicted infidelity; and I now write under the influence of deeply grateful feeling to God for all His "*tender* mercies" towards my body and my soul during these many weeks of absence from my home. I know not whether you should pray or give thanks for me—so unworthy, yet so compassionately dealt with—the more fervently.

I love to hear or read your acknowledgments of the divine goodness; yes, of the dealings of that "Good Spirit" who is "leading you into the land of uprightness." I must not say more of your last letter. And really the frailties and sufferings of your mortal body seem to me to draw less sympathy from your own spirit than from mine. The Lord, in this respect, have mercy on you, *and not on you only!*

I doubt if Mrs. A. have returned, and suppose, indeed, that many of our Cheetham Hill friends are, or will be, jaunting just now. Remember me most kindly to any

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whom you see before we do, particularly to Mr. and Mrs. A., and Mr. and Mrs. J. Mrs. J. has never thought me deserving of a letter in regard of the value of any returns I could make her in that way; and, under your favour, she has shown more sagacity than either yourself or your bandmate, and has accordingly averted the inflictions of my tediousness.

Do you know, I am very nervous in the prospect of once more facing a congregation? You will have to help me by your prayers. I cannot say that I feel anything like vigour; circumstances have been against my gaining it, even at Malvern. Yet, rest from labour and from public anxieties has, unquestionably, been of great service to me; and I trust, with stated assistance (if it please Conference to grant it me), yet to do a little good. Pray specially that the full spirit of the Christian ministry may descend anew upon me, and that I may have physical strength to sustain it. . . .

Assure yourself, my dear friend, of the gratitude, sympathy, and esteem of your affectionate and faithful servant,

W. M. BUNTING.

To the Same.

WILLOW HOUSE, NEAR SOWERBY BRIDGE,
December 18, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It occurred to me, immediately after reading your kind letter, how unreasonable it was that I should tax such an invalid as you are with the

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fatigue and inconvenience of penmanship, while I myself, comparatively in better condition for writing, had not even put myself to the labour of a few lines. I accordingly resolved, in sheer gratitude and shame, to acknowledge your kindness in its own way; hence this intrusion on your sick chamber. Besides, I am very solicitous to assure you of a sympathy in your present severe affliction, much more deep and heartfelt than is couched in the customary forms of condolence. In this sympathy my beloved Mrs. B. fully partakes, and tenders you her kindest remembrances. We devoutly wish we could give you relief;—*devoutly*, said I? Then we feel we have but to send that wish upwards, in the form of an affectionate (and therefore more fervent) prayer to Him who can, and will, and does help you. The specific and distinct "remembrance" of "them that are in adversity," as in a class altogether by themselves, the objects of GOD'S more *intent* regard (because passing through a special process of trial, the issue of which His eye watches for with divine solicitude), and, if Christians, more closely conformed than their companions generally to a once suffering Christ, seems as instinctive to praying people, and to praying Churches, as it is obligatory from command. Let it be your consolation, my dear friend, that GOD has once more put you into this "remembered" class, to which the litanies of the whole Church, as well as the tenderness of private friendship, have appropriated separate and more feeling petitions. And, though GOD answers prayer, not according to our feeling, directly—its sincerity or its intensity—but according to our personal or intercessory "faith;"

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because that, bringing *nothing of itself* to Him, finds the great propitiation at His mercy-seat, and pleads and puts forward its infinite merit; yet in proportion as we *feel* for one another, sometimes Christianly, and sometimes personally as well, we become *solicitous* to prevail; and that solicitude, relieved and guided by the Word of GOD, leads us to lay hold of the Redeemer and Advocate with a more clinging and energetic faith.

Need I reassure you that more associations than one call up your name to my own mind and lips in my most familiar devotions? And can I sincerely pray for you, without as sincerely "giving thanks on your behalf?" I rejoice in your present dependent posture of mind; and without renouncing my profession of a sympathising friendship, can bless GOD for the weightier burden of bodily pain and incapacity, which has made you lean more helplessly against the Cross, and more sensibly appreciate its support. May you "never be moved!"

We are passably well here. . . . . I have been confined and suffering, these three days, from the visit of an old friend, who last accosted me at Malvern, and whose hug, after so long an absence, has been rather rough and Yorkshire-like. I only preached an hour and twenty minutes on Sunday night, so please you; but the account of my late friend, with the delightfully slow and prolonged worship, occupied much additional time. To-morrow I hope to hear my father in Halifax, and on that and the following day to make a circuit of calls on my old pastoral charge there. Saturday, please God, home; when may you and yours much enjoy a blessed, old-

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fashioned, Church-going, and heart-serving Christmas! With our united kind regards to Mr. P. and Henry, I remain,

My dear Friend,

Very faithfully yours,

W. M. BUNTING.

To the Same.

LONDON, *May* 12, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—At last I find myself in circumstances to scribble a few lines (the first I have been able to write, except for the pulpit or the press, since I addressed Mrs. Bunting from Birmingham), just to gratify your kind wish, and my own affectionate regard. Even these I write in the coffee-room of an hotel, where I suddenly determined to halt, after a long walk from Hackney, chiefly that I might execute a purpose so long conceived and so unwillingly delayed.

If I could compress even the memoranda of a diary of my engagements and exploits, during more than a fortnight past, into a sheet of letter-paper, you would excuse that delay. But so multifarious and so incessant have they been, that even that epitome were impossible. On Thursday, for example, after the excitement and exhaustion of the great public meetings, of Sunday sermons, and of a series of *social* episodes, which I could not with either comfort or honour have escaped, we went to Hackney, and, spending the day among scenes and friends as kindly as they were

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dear, paid not less than *eighteen* visits, some of them considerably prolonged. Amongst the rest, I called on Dr. Burder, with whom I enjoyed, as often in the old time, much agreeable intercourse, discussing pretty freely Dr. Wardlaw's memoir of our dear and lamented McAll. I should have popped in upon Dr. Cox, had not his residence lain beyond my prescribed beat. Well, then on Friday, after visiting the Governor and Tutor of our own Theological Institution (my ancient friends), and dining with and speechifying to the students, I rolled away to Cheshunt, to see Dr. Harris, whom I found enjoying a fortnight's holiday, deprived of his wife (gone home for that time), and kindly looking out for me,—and who received me like himself,—detained me for the night, rambled with me over a ravishing country, and, better than all, drew me into conversation on "the deep things of GOD," and interested me, on the whole very delightfully, by reading me two sections of a theological work in MS. On my return to town, I stopped at Stoke Newington, and paid a promised visit to an old friend and colleague at Abney House, where he has charge of the literary education of some twenty candidates for the ministry. The house—that in which Dr. Watts lived for more than a generation, composed his precious hymns, and at last died—afforded me, in its noble antique apartments, its still rich embellishments, its surrounding grounds (said to contain the bones of Oliver Cromwell), and, above all, its sacred associations, more delight than I can express. Home at tea: and afterwards, with my dear Mrs. B., visited, in their quiet and beautiful retreat, a family distinguished particularly by

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their musical tastes and attainments, in whose bosom I have spent, from the date of almost childhood, countless hours of pleasure.

Amidst something of suffering, especially since broken health gave a keener edge to my nervous sensibilities, with how much of quiet *luxury* has my life been attended! And I owe it, not simply to the tender and bounteous providence of GOD, but to the operation, in various ways, of the religion, amidst whose sincere professors and genial influences it has been my happy lot to live.

I am positively unable to remember one thing I did on Saturday, though a very full day, besides prepare for preaching on Sunday. Sunday, we heard Binney preach the Missionary Williams' funeral sermon: and at night, after preaching at Hackney, I administered the Lord's Supper to my beloved former flock, with very much of spiritual comfort to my own mind. Yesterday was occupied, until ten at night, in rendering arrears of friendship or courtesy; in the course of which, we met Mrs. F. and Miss E. R. of S——, and accompanied them, for a short while, to the splendid "Exhibition" of the year.

And now, after this tiresome detail, in which the half has not been told you, and from which I have omitted all mention of the prodigious daily fatigue which so much walking and talking have produced, you will ask, How have heavenly things impressed you, all this while? I am grateful to be able to answer, for the most part, powerfully and delightfully. Some of the public services, several prolonged and intimate conversations with Mr. Dixon,[1]

[1] The now venerable Dr. Dixon.

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Dr. Harris, and others, and my own meditations on GOD and truth (which I have struggled, with success, to carry on at frequent intervals in the very midst of company, fascination, the interest of public meetings, and even the noise of the great thoroughfares), have all been blessed to my spiritual preservation and comfort. I have been glad, too, to find some of my older friends, particularly those to whom I was once pastorally related, both true and warm of heart: yet in this point, I must needs acknowledge, I have experienced almost as much of pain as of pleasure; because I have felt the transiency of our intercourse, the severe though "not grievous" claims of public duty, and the melancholy uselessness of letting my heart go out upon any, except on a very, very few of my companions even in the Church, until we meet inseparably in the skies.

Nature also, how supernaturally lovely has she seemed in my eyes, when I have caught a glimpse of her soft and luxuriant beauty in the neighbourhood of Birmingham (which I often remembered as *your* town), and of this splendid metropolis! I want to be away from omnibuses and men, at the Isle of Wight, or somewhere, just for a few days ere I return to Manchester; especially as, if I linger in London, I must visit, go to meetings, and endure a daily exhaustion. . . . What we shall do I cannot yet tell; except that, please GOD, we *must* be at home on Monday next. To that period, as my paper, and a waiting party of friends warn me, I must defer further communications, especially relating to matters which most interest us both. I cannot preach on letter-paper, just because there is no room for themes which, the moment the mind attempts to

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grasp them, expand immeasurably beyond its compass. If, however, I knew of any one pressing or peculiar want of your spirit, my dear friend, I would not only plead with GOD for its supply (as I do daily, with such knowledge as I have), but direct one or two suggestions to that point. I have confidence in your gracious Saviour, that by His momentary intercession (an intercession which, were it not only unremitting, but destined to reach through eternity, would have a sufficiently firm and ample basis in His divine Atonement) He will preserve your soul alive, sustain you in the favour and peace of GOD, and strengthen your hold of heaven, till you take rapturous possession of it. I am sure He loves you, and calls you, "after you have suffered awhile," to be with Himself for ever; and I find far more content and assurance in commending you to His care, than in offering you any poor advice which might show my solicitude for your happiness.

Believe me, with our united love, ...

My dear Friend,

Most truly and faithfully yours,

W. M. BUNTING.

To the Same.

NEWCASTLE, *August* 11, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I trust it is needless to assure you that your kind letter would have been acknowledged some days since, had not my incessant and exhausting occupations at Conference rendered correspondence almost

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impossible in their intervals. I rise almost every morning at six o'clock; our hours of assembling are from seven to nine, and, after breakfast, from ten to half-past three; every evening, from six or seven till nine, is occupied either with a sitting or a service: my lodgings are distant a mile and a half from the town; and after coffee and prayer, I am fit for nothing but recumbency and rest. As I expected, too, the present Conference is, in many views, one of critical interest, not only to our own Connexion, but (as *I* see matters, at least) to the Christian Church in general, to which we stand importantly and amicably related: and the proceedings have, consequently, required to be watched momentarily, if one were anxious, as I have been in no small degree, that no false steps should be taken, no wrong principle adopted, by an assembly of four hundred variously biassed minds. In a word, I have with the utmost difficulty commanded sufficient time and power of abstraction to write a letter or two to my dearest Mrs. B. (whom I left at Scarborough, but who is now at Filey, near that place); and only on the plea of influenza, which makes it hard for me to hold up in company, have I this day infringed an engagement to join a special party, between business hours, at dinner, and stolen away to a coffee-house, for the purpose of scribbling these few lines. You will wonder how I have sustained the fatigue and anxiety of a fortnight of such work. Excepting the cold which oppresses me just now, I have been marvellously well; besides which, I am thankful to say, my spirits have been more buoyant than I had feared; and communion with GOD in meditation and prayer has been very support-

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ing and delightful. It happens well, indeed, that our business engagements in Conference are relieved and hallowed daily, either by an ordination, or by some other devotional services. The former fill up four nights in the second week of session, and are always occasions of solemn and powerful impression. Fifty-four candidates, who have laboured probationarily for four years, have this year been admitted publicly, by imposition of hands, to our pastorate; and 117 have been received on trial for the ministry. Nor will you be uninterested to hear, that the increase in our Churches in Great Britain, and the missionary stations, this year, is considerably upwards of 20,000. "GOD is with us;" and all our interests and habits are in course of improvement; though the latter improve too slowly for *my* wishes.

The architectural splendour of this town; the achievements, genius, and Duke of Wellington-like character of my host, Mr. Grainger, the projector of all its magical improvements; and the almost princely arrangements and hospitality of Elswick Hall, his residence, are subjects the detail of which would possibly amuse Mr. Pope more than yourself. When I do once get away from the town, I live like at once a poet and a peer; luxury reigning within the house, and meditation haunting the beautiful terraces and alleys without. But the chief charm of all is, that GOD, in the person of His glorious Son, has made and sanctified every such scene, and that He has prepared it for the communion of His people with Himself. In all the secluded and delightful paths of nature, at least, we are allured to "walk with GOD," and, through the medium of His read or

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remembered Word, to converse with Him as a Father and a Friend.

If it rejoices me to hear of your continued improvement in health, I am yet more thankful to be assured of your enjoyment of the "grace, mercy, and peace" which are "from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ." My prayers on your behalf ascend daily, sometimes in general, but oftener in specific and pointed petitions: and this is the only way in which, at present, I can hope to influence your happiness, and evince my own solicitude for it. Nothing seems to me, indeed, as requiring particular counsel or suggestion; and I can but ask you to remember, in any moment of exigency, whatever in my many past efforts to assist and comfort you, you may think worth recalling. I shall receive much more pleasure, however, from another communication of yours, than you can from an answer so desultory as this will prove. . . . .

Faithfully yours,
W. M. BUNTING.

To MRS. JOHN COOPER, *Manchester.*

HIGHGATE RISE, *November* 26, 1841.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—If I did not know you, and you me, I could easily imagine you smiling contempt at the mode of compellation which I have just employed. But your goodness, your common sense, your Christianity—

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which is a combination of both—will have taught you, ere this, to forgive my prolonged silence, in consideration of my never-ending engagements, and of my confessed and unalterable abjuration of epistolary habits. The former are utterly beyond my powers of recital; and I shall not fret myself or weary you by making the attempt: and as to the latter, I have never concealed my impatience, in this age of *action* (and, I must add, of enlarging facilities for personal intercourse), of a mode of communication which consumes, often enough, a whole hour in interchanges of kindness or instruction, easily to be comprised within a sixth part of the time, when spent in living conversation. Lest you should mistake the enthusiasm for the economy of social feeling, as betrayed in this comparison, let me explain, that I would much rather have and give the hour for converse with an endeared or exciting companion, than the ten minutes—and only renounce letter-writing because it puts me off with a small fraction of the enjoyment, which my friend might secure to me in whole, by the simple expedient of a timely *visit*.

Do you, for instance, make a flight, some week in the new year, over the midland counties into Bedfordshire, and thence an easy diversion to this place, which lies just off the Great North Road, three miles nearer than London to Woburn; and, besides the vast pleasure it will give us to welcome you, two good practical ends will be attained. First, you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself how far it is *possible* for me to add correspondence (except on necessary business) to my other slowly but surely

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murderous fatigues. And, better than that, you shall sit in my study daily, between eleven and half-past one, and nightly between the same hours (as I *next to never* reach home, five and six nights of the seven, even out of ticket-time, before the former hour, nor bed till considerably after the latter); and here you shall command all the remaining breath in my busy lungs, draw music from my wife's, turn your own *religious* heart inside out, and compel your husband, who must sit by, to pronounce the "pastoral" communication, for once, complete. Your company, and a thorough good talk with you, would be a great recreation and comfort to myself; compared with which, away with the idle labour of letter-writing!

After all, I have greater difficulty in obtaining forgiveness from myself than even, as I anticipate, from you, on the score of my long delay in answering your most kind letter. My memory, imprinted with so many acts of friendly confidence and attention, with which you and a few others brightened my brief course at Cheetham Hill, has daily, for some time back, appealed to me for this mark of reciprocal feeling; and my affection has as regularly enforced the appeal. But the plain fact is, that a man at once constituted and situated as I am should not in these cases talk of himself as if he were only *one;* for he has two selves, one of whom is not seldom in competition, and even collision, with the other. Conceive of the Siamese twins in a state of contention, and you may thus judge of the awkwardness and discomfort of my mental sensations at many times. Gratitude, social propensities, love of the fields and the fireside, all the poetry and passion

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in my nature, draw me one way; and too often *duty*, the popular will (for some people, till you have had time to teach them better, *won't* let you save their souls unless you will humour their prejudices), and, in a word, the infinite and absurdly complicated machinery of our weekly meetings and movements, combine to draw me just the other. This duality of existence—together with the rather more than usual feebleness of my frame, the sudden fits of illness which force me alike from active occupation and from pleasure, and the pain and injury which, you must know, stooping to write soon occasions me—is my standing excuse with myself (I mean my natural self) for foregoing the pleasure of answering all the letters with which my *less busy* friends, *most acceptably* and *only too seldom*, indulge me. Think me not impudent in the intimation implied in the words I have just underscored; and, having pardoned the hint, take it into favour, and let a letter from you now and then, unencumbered by any stipulation for an answer, prove how kindly you are influenced by it.

I could, and I would, at once have answered the one kind inquiry, which your first letter of the hoped-for series conveyed, but that I thought it all but certain that you would hear of "my affairs" through our generous and valued friend Mr. J——. Besides, let me be ever so well or ill, when I post a letter to Cheetham Hill, such is the fitfulness of my temperament (and of Nature's too, by which—that is, by the atmosphere—mine is increasingly apt to be affected), that when such letter reached you, it might not *then* truly report of me. Thank GOD, however —I do heartily thank Him for a blessing so essential to

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my effectiveness in public life—since the severe trial which came on just at the close of our last merciless visitation of the classes, and harassed, without long confining, me for some five weeks, I have been unusually vigorous, even amidst thrice the toil, travelling, and night exposure which I encountered in your easy and agreeable circuit. My throat, however, is a sad trouble to me almost daily, particularly at and after meals, and, it is my settled fear, will ere long drive me from "the Itinerancy," into a resident and more retired pastorate, or else from the pastorate altogether into the grave. Mrs. B. and the children are well; the younger girl, bless her! miraculously recovered, by GOD'S blessing on the skill of our old family surgeon, and the bracing air which she enjoys in this nice spot. After three months' tempest and tossing about, we are again settled—to be tossed about for three months more, for aught anybody knows, within a year hence; of course for the glory, if not of GOD, of Mr. Wesley and the Poll Deed.

There is very much in this circuit, at once to stimulate and to repay affectionate attention. Personally, I am always more at home in the London pulpits than almost anywhere else; while the classes are very satisfactory, the people in private gentle and respectful, and the society, as a whole, more obedient to divine ordinances, proportionately more *truly* devout, and *more* free (if not quite so) from the leaven of a well-known compound of ambition and vulgarity of sentiment among its petty sub-officials, than most societies with which I have been acquainted. My colleagues are able, generous-minded, and most Chris-

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tian men; and the best of all is, "GOD is with us." I would like to engage your prayers, as often as you think of me at all, in behalf of *my personal spiritual interests.* Thousands intercede for the health, zeal, and usefulness of ministers; let any who personally love *me*—alas! of that class I cannot spare one at the footstool of our Lord—remember to plead with Him for the confirmation and increase of my faith, peace, purity, support in suffering and dejection, and growth in all grace.

To the prayers and religious communications of some dozen souls in Cheetham Hill, uniting piety with consideration and delicacy of feeling, I owe it, that my least fruitful field of public, if not of comprehensive ministerial labour, was the most productive to myself in Christian experience and enjoyment. To this cause, I mean, the fact is *largely* owing; combined, probably, with the spiritualizing effect of afflictions known only to myself, and with that of a daily and nightly communion with GOD in the *pure* truth of His blessed Word, to which I was driven in my recoil from the fantasies and pretensions of men. Do continue to pray for me; but especially to the effect, "The Lord grant unto him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day!"

You say nothing good of yourself; and nothing ill of your circumstances that I believe: so that, apart from my fixed resolution against religious letter-writing, except in cases of particular affliction (such as forced from me, since I began this singular scrawl, thirteen pages post-sheet, of outpouring sympathy to my old friend, the President[1]),

[1] See page 140.

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you give me nothing to guide me. It is impossible that I can sympathise with your imaginations concerning your present church-circumstances. You are, to my mind, most highly indulged in respect of pastoral talent and attention, and it rejoices me to hear of the prosperity of the Lord's work in those hands. My only anxiety is, that meddlesome and half-tutored brethren, who cannot be religious without a *racket*, or do good without *official* assumption, may not be permitted to mar what GOD'S Spirit, by His gentle and holy Truth, is effecting.

Gratitude, Christian love, and personal recollections, all make me remember you, not seldom (as well as dear Mrs. A., Mrs. J., and others), at the Propitiatory. And my prevailing desire for yourself may be distributed into three subjects, expressed in as many sentences. First, that you maintain a scriptural and commonsense estimate, in contradistinction to the sectarian and popular one, of GOD'S great ordinance of the pastoral ministry: not looking for its benefit, except in a *very* incidental and inferior degree, in your rare fireside communications with your ever-occupied ministers, or even in the hurried quarterly visitation of your class, but in the appointed and privileged sanctuary, where you assemble with a thankful, teachable, and praying Church, to partake the devotion and enjoy the "teaching in all wisdom" (a vastly more comprehensive and precious thing than "preaching," which every Christian is qualified for and called unto) of their heaven-taught and sanctified pastor. Next, that you may carefully avoid leaning on him, or any man, as your *spiritual* and *true* counsellor, comforter, and support; GOD being *your only* GOD, alone sufficient and

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all-sufficient, and having expressly promised His Holy Spirit to you, not to make you independent of His own Word, pastors, and other ordinances, but to enable you to apply in *daily self-management* and *relative duty* (by the first, I mean the management of your mind, thoughts, motives, passions, as well as of your conduct and demeanour) the *truth,* now consoling, now sanctifying, which flows through them all. Finally, my dear friend, that you cultivate and pray for more and more simplicity of mind, keeping to the old paths (I don't mean one hundred, but eighteen hundred years old) of an intelligent and intelligible Bible-piety; living in delightful self-abasement underneath the mercy-seat; triumphing resolutely, whether ecstatically or calmly, or even with a more subdued feeling of imperturbable trust and hope, in Christ Jesus; committing child, and every other object of interest, to His assured love; growing up into the image of His purity, benignity, and patience; and, while restraining your natural passion for society and conversations, within wise limits, doing all the good you can to the sick and the sinful around you. May GOD ever have you in His holy keeping!

The intimation of your renewed motherly anxieties gives me sincere concern. Surely bereavement is doubly afflictive, that, besides taking one or more away, it intensifies our tenderness and fears for those that are left to us! *Cast all upon Christ.* Folios of "spiritual letters," a library of biography, and even an angel for your pastor, could not teach you better than this simple, easily learned, and easily practised lesson of His own love. You *once* did, and you may, with infinite safety and certainty, trust ALL to your

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Saviour-GOD. Let all be prospectively surrendered, and unfalteringly confided to Him. And I pray, and will pray, that He may, as David says, "*consider your petition*," your temperament, your past sufferings, but above all *your spirit's good*, and deal with yours and you accordingly.

I remain, my dear Friend,

Affectionately and faithfully yours,

WILLIAM M. BUNTING.

December 8th, 1841.

P.S.—Mark the difference between the commencing and the concluding date; and learn what my interruptions are; —have been to Colchester, and preached, met classes, visited, written letters, received callers, and destroyed myself without ceasing, since I began this. Tell everybody I *cannot* correspond.

To the Same. (Undated.)

(*Referring to the anniversary of a child's death.*)

* * * I bethought me, indeed, after I had despatched my yesterday's note, that *this* day of sorrowful recollection would be due rather to privacy and communion with your sympathising Redeemer, than open to the intrusion even of a pastor. Perhaps you will not regret the providence which has left you your solitude undisturbed. Yet, may GOD'S Holy Spirit, the Comforter, fill it; "glorifying," as He delights to do, the Son your Saviour, whose atoning Blood has marked the way for your little ones to follow Him by,

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into the heavenly sanctuary, and for you to follow them! May the Divine Remembrancer, given you *through* Christ's propitiation and intercession, take of the things of Christ—comprehending those things which are above, *where* Christ sitteth, with *your* cherubs at His feet—and, showing them unto you, ravish your thoughts from earth, but especially from what is lower than the very earth—the deep, dark grave—and fill you with hallowing consolations! . . . .

Pardon haste, blots, &c. I will think *in numbers* about your sainted child, as soon as the rough details of this life will let me turn my mind to so tender and ethereal a subject. Yet, really, my store of "ideas" about "infants" is well-nigh exhausted by frequent demand. I have welcomed more babies from heaven to earth (as they always seem to me to come), and sung more back from earth into heaven, than, I will venture to say, any rhymester living or dead. The least those whom I have canonized can do, will be, when *I* go to heaven, to form a cherub-chorus, and meet me as far towards earth as my sick-chamber, attending me to the gates of their own world. But there is "a better promise" than that: "*I* will come and receive you unto Myself."

To the Same.

June, 1842.

* * * * Having obtained from Mr. Jobson, to-day, some notion of the geography of Bickering's Park, I have inquired about the Woburn stage-coaches—for

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trust me for an obstinate love of *the turnpike*, meandering through quiet villages and cheerful cornfields, in preference to the modern abomination of railways and enginery—and find that the one which will probably suit us the best leaves London at 11.30 A.M. Though I have not yet dared to take places, I trust, please GOD, to secure that conveyance on Saturday, and to reach your beautiful Woburn somewhere between four and five in the afternoon. If it will not inconvenience you to send an open shandy of some sort to the inn where the coach stops, we shall much prefer it to a closed one; and more so, if it should prove a hay-cart, with a pair of honest old, white, one-eyed horses, *tandem*. I look forward to a day or two in the pure country with such excess of delight, that I already tremble, lest it should please One, who knows my idolatrous tendencies, to chasten and check them by an unfavourable turn of weather, a fit of invalidity, or otherwise. . . . .

With kindest regards to you all, in which, as in all things save goodness, we two are one,

I am, my dear Friend,
Very faithfully yours,
W. M. BUNTING.

To MRS. DIXON.

HIGHGATE RISE, *December* 2, 1841.

To you, my very dear friend, rather than to your noble and honoured husband,[1] I address a few words of con-

[1] The now venerable Dr. Dixon, at the above date President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference.

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dolence on the afflictive event which his valued and affecting letter announces. But my sympathy embraces you both, and is, I need not add, the overflow of *two* hearts, which God and love have long since made one. I write to *you*, partly because for you chiefly, as the chief mourner at the grave of an infant child, has your husband, like himself, bespoken words of comfort; and in your resignation and repose of mind will his affectionate spirit find rest. And, besides, his appeal to me for "counsel" and help—piteous and thrilling as it was, written as if with the blood that first gushed from a stricken breast, and imparting to my feeling almost too much of the positive pain of the writer's—yet did so abase and embarrass me with a sense of my own insufficiency to counsel and console *him*, that I resolved in mere despair not to attempt it. Never did the man by whose confidence, more than by that of most living men, I feel myself oppressively honoured, appear greater in my eyes than in that outpouring of sorrow for his "little daughter," and of anxiety for his still dearer wife.

The longer, and the more among men, I live, the more perfectly I learn that that "goodness" which, blended with "righteousness and truth," is "the fruit of the Spirit," is the true greatness of man—for, indeed, it is the excellence and glory of GOD; that for such an one "some," catching his own spirit, "would even dare to die;" that a free, generous, sacrificial, lowly, weeping, human love, flowing (though not stagnating, till it becomes impure) in the animal affections, not affecting the angelic, yet mystically, as it is in One only Person properly, united with the

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divine,—this is the most literal possible "conformity to" Him who "verily took not on Him the nature of angels, but took on Him the seed of Abraham."

"*Reprove*" the "tears and moans" of afflicted and affectionate humanity! Tell your beloved husband that I would not even learn "the art;" for, to do that, I must bring myself to repudiate the once suffering and now sympathising tenderness, which is my daily refuge in sorrow and temptation. Love to the creature is not, of course, the higher, nor with a spiritual man the governing, exercise of the principle; neither is goodness the only marked feature of Christ's image in His servant, as it is turned towards mankind: but assuredly it is that which gives forth the most characteristic, most Christlike expression. And let us think, for our comfort, that to be perfectly true to the adored, endeared Original (I speak of the *likeness* simply, not of any possible comparison as to spiritual finish and beauty), this love must retain its humanness, its fellowship with the nature and circumstances of those beloved, its susceptibility of quick and deep impression from their pain, whether with or without pain to itself ("as being" yet "in the body," or, on the contrary, made immortal), or from their loveliness or excellences, and consequently from the loss of them. Witness, my dear friend, an instance of each of these points of susceptibility in the great model character, on one and the same occasion: I refer to Jesus at His first meeting with the bereaved Mary. In the first instance, "When He saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping, which came with her, He groaned in the spirit, and was"

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Himself "troubled." (What else can be the force of *ἐτάραξεν ἑαυτόν*?) "He troubled Himself" about the trouble of others;—this was simple sympathy. And the sensibility, without the suffering, but perfected and exquisite beyond mortal conception, is the inseparable property of His now immortal humanity. Immediately after this first overflow of a human heart in loving sorrow He said, "Where have ye laid Him? They said unto Him, Lord, come and see." *Then* again, at thought, evidently, of a friend in his grave, "Jesus wept;" and "the Jews said, Behold how He loved him!" And, "*again* groaning in Himself, he cometh unto the grave." Here was the more personal, not to say selfish operation of affectionate sensibility, though leading to active interference in His friend's behalf; and even of this the Incarnate Son of GOD, the incomparable Son of Man, was neither unsusceptible nor ashamed. He sorrowed in the former case to see others suffer; in the latter because He began to realize, in the presence of its dreary memorials, the calamity of His own loss of that which He had "loved."

If these roving thoughts, into which Mr. Dixon's letter led me, and which I cannot help putting down here, should have no better effect than to divert a suffering mind, for a little while, from its sufferings and from itself, I shall be thankful. But, though arising first in connexion with a very endearing impression of your husband's mental constitution (uniting, as *you* have best reason to know and to rejoice it does, the susceptible and the passionate, with no ordinary degree of the intellectual, the manly, and the devout, and dear to *me* just because

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it reminds me of the Son of Man), these abrupt references to His habits of feeling may perhaps open one source of consolation to yourself. *Your* deep-felt pain of heart has been caused partly by witnessing pain and decay in the sensitive and lovely frame of your infant, and now rather in realizing your own loss. At least be not *dis*-comforted that you weep and cry as you do; as though it were more than human, or less than Christian. For if He from whom you take the very name (and who usually baptizes His people into it, in its most spiritual sense, in the flood of afflictions) could be "tried in all points," and betray by tears and groans His keen sense of the trial, and yet be "without sin," *you* may suffer and do the same sinlessly!

Another of my own first thoughts, or rather impulses, on reading Mr. Dixon's letter, was that of lively gratitude to God for relieving the apprehensions which had been raised by a sudden sight of the familiar handwriting and the black seal. Having learned something of your own late personal illness, I was much alarmed ere I opened the letter, and durst not open it before Mrs. William, but thrust it between my bedclothes. Can you wonder that the assurance of *your* safety, enhanced by the announced recovery of five out of six cherished children from a deadly epidemic, (God, in His goodness, strengthen that which He has wrought for them!) should cause a reflux of glad and grateful emotion, in which the calamity of your one bereavement was almost to *my* mind lost? Or will you not, rather, partake my consolation and thankfulness? "The Lord" has "had mercy on" yourself, my dear friend,

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and on your first-born, and on all of your little family that can yet have cheered you with the flower or the bud of intelligent affection; "and not on" you and them "only, but also on" one of the most feeling of husbands and fathers, who, at least, must have owned, ere this, with tears of joy, that GOD has enriched him in what remains, more than He has impoverished him by what has been taken away. Think of your family interest as a whole,—of the incomparable value of a mother's life, had *which* been cut off, in one of its many past perils, the surviving children would have been that hour born again to an existence of helplessness and desolation,—of the Providence which has enabled you to nurse so many of *them*, also into personal promise,—of the far, far lesser burden that has been laid on the much-exercised mind of your husband than *might* at this moment have weighed it down, when its energies are so greatly in requisition for the public service,—and, in fine, of the purely beautiful and blissful associations which surround the thought of an infant child just "caught up unto GOD and to His throne"—think of all this, and much more of the same import, and sing *only* of mercy!

The predicament of a sainted child is, to my thought, so happy—the consolations even of bereavement in such a case so exuberant—that, never having been dragged, thank GOD, to the graveside of my own child, nor even called to witness infant suffering in any severe degree, I can only feel troubled, on this sad occasion, to see *you* weep. Those consoling considerations must long have been familiar to a highly instructed mind, not now for the first time bleeding from the wounds of bereavement. The

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certain salvation of dying infants, in the right of Him who died in and for human nature, on purpose to ransom it, and will surely bring unto glory every human being that does not, as babes cannot, "sin wilfully" by rejecting His mediation,—this is your great stay, your chief joy, amidst mourning. Then, to think of their certain and irrevocable escape from dangers, the issue of which, had they lived, would have been painfully uncertain,—sparing their fond parents the softened, sacred anguish of a few weeks or, at most, months, but spreading a gloomier anxiety over the fireside feelings of many a long year,—to think that their brief taste of the bitterness of mortal life (scarcely to be mentioned in itself) has yet been fully sufficient to enhance to their now-illuminated spirits the repose or, more emphatically in their case, the privileged immunity of an early heaven, as well as to link their sympathies with yours, with redeemed man's, and with our human Redeemer's for ever, and to attune their hearts in harmony with the "new song" most sweetly familiar to *their* kindred,—to know that, amidst the struggles of the mortal hour, however sickening to witness, your darling "knew no" compunction for the past, no cleaving or care towards life, no dread of GOD'S holy presence, no sense even of the calamitousness to those who loved of your temporary separation,—to believe (as, at least, I do) that this one gift of GOD'S love has been returned to His bosom *in itself* spotless and meet for a place there as when He first laid it upon *your* breast, and that, as you have nursed it, through a brief term of seasoning trial, for the eternal triumph of His grace (His *goodness* only had been shown forth had she

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been born an angel), so will He preserve and cherish through a peaceful interval, relatively to eternity, short as this life, yet, in comparison with this, blessedly prolonged, the unslumbering spirit and the unannihilable frame and form of your beloved for *your* embraces and pleasure in a perfect world,—and, finally, to reflect that your joy in her will never be marred in thinking of her, or chastened in meeting her again by one vexatious or reproachful recollection, since she has never grieved you, and never will,—oh! are not these kindly and comfortable thoughts? I may be forgiven for adding, and *you* for that infirmity of tender natures, which takes eager comfort from the idea of a monopoly in affection, that yourself and her daily-watching and caressing father are the only creature-objects of this little angel's—this more than angel's—recognizing and now intelligent love, her only links to humanity and to Christ, —as Christian parents, whose prayers, faith, and promises for her in Holy Baptism have doubtless raised her to a higher state of favour and joy, the dear centre, on earth, of her grateful attachments; nay, GOD only excepted, she is *all your own* for ever

Much more than this—and to my own mind more emphatically comforting and important—I had meant to say; but am really restrained, partly with shame at having troubled you with so long a letter, and partly by the approach of post-time . . . . . However, I complain less of the delay of this poor contribution to your comfort, that I have just read, in Goldsmith, that "*early* consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow."

To the long-tried resources of personal religion, to the

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impressions of many promises (often alighting on the devout mind with the sense and power of an inspiration like that of the promises themselves, and interpreted and confirmed in your mind by much past experience in affliction), to the prayers of your own and your venerated father's[1] friends not a few, to the sympathy and advocacy of our Incarnate Lord—above all, above all, to the declared and proved *all-sufficiency* of GOD—(may He but repay to you the good I have received through your husband's memorable ministrations from that ultimate truth in all religion!)—to all these, my dear friend, I humbly commend your spirit, "in every prayer of mine," for some days past and to come, making mention of you; and remaining, with condoling love to your husband and children,

Yours, in faithful regard,
And most sincere sympathy,
WILLIAM M. BUNTING.

Your troubles have concurred with some urgent calls from Birmingham, Leeds, and elsewhere, to determine me, or almost, on a journey northwards, which my father has promised to facilitate by supplying my appointments between the 18th and the 25th. Will some one just let me know, in two lines, first, if Mr. Dixon will be at or from home on the 20th and 21st, and, next, how the children GOD has spared to you proceed, as we trust and pray, in recovery?

Blessed Christmas! I am at this moment reminded of its loved approach. Let its chastened wintry light be

[1] The late Rev. Richard Watson.

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admitted freely into your chamber of death and mourning! Unto you, to your very heart, one of your babes is dead. But unto you, "unto us" all, "a child is born"—born yearly, daily, to our faith and love and remembrance, anew: "unto us," in Him, "a SON is given"—*given!* given in the fruit of His death, and the revelations of His Spirit, for perpetuity. May Christ Jesus, in the plenitude of His divine and human love, be yours, mine, man's universally, for ever!

To the REV. THOMAS JACKSON.

HIGHGATE RISE, NEAR LONDON,
February 18, 1842.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—On returning from the country, where I was confined, mostly to my bedroom, during a whole month, by an attack of asthma followed by bronchitis, I summoned Mr. Hunter, who, to my unspeakable consternation, forbade me to preach or exercise in public, at any rate, before May-day! I have been, in very deed, very ill, and am still suffering and sensitive; but my depression on receiving *this* announcement, and still more in conforming to it, has been and is greater than so happy a man as yourself can well imagine. Local (though I *hope* not irremediable) mischief on the left side of the chest, together with extreme irritability along the whole surface, prevent me from either talking, or stooping to write more than a little; while on nerves like tinder almost everything

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I read—not excepting such quiet matters as Izaak Walton's Life of Hooker, Doddridge's of Colonel Gardiner, and your own most stirring biography of Charles Wesley, which I have not had leisure till now to read regularly—falls with but too kindling effect. In this helpless state, it all at once occurred to me to amuse myself by transcribing the accompanying lines, and taking the chance of their being acceptable for the Magazine. It is likely enough they may not be; if, however, you should insert them, for want of anything better being at hand, please to preserve the *pointing* and *lettering* as they are.

How much I should feel myself privileged by six hours' unbroken conversation with you on subjects arising out of Charles Wesley's Life, and other things within the range of one's recent reading and observation! Yet it would kill me; for the excitement of thinking and feeling on some of those subjects is almost sufficient, if long kept up, for the purpose. I will rather beg an occasional remembrance in your prayers; which *often* in my illnesses I hope I have—in some form or other, though perhaps not express or personal—and which, as well as the prayers of all others whom I revere anything near as much as I do yourself, I prize *almost superstitiously*. My doctor, after some very serious intimations, told me he believed me, with such and such precautions, "salvable:" you may suppose he referred to my poor life; but will you kindly pray for me now and then, that I may "receive the end of my faith," day by day while I live, and most gloriously when the dying day comes, "even the salvation of my *soul?*"

My wife loves and trusts you far more than she would

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an angel; and she is really *bent* on enjoying and serving Christ: pray for her, too.

I wonder what should have put it into my head thus to trouble one so immersed in engagements as you are. I believe, however, it must have been, first, the thought, some days since suggested by my own confinement, of the much greater inconvenience arising out of yours, which resolved me to send and inquire after your progress in recovery. I pray God, the answer to this inquiry (just a *word* by the bearer) may be satisfactory. Next, I had occasion to remember that, when I called on you, I unconsciously abstracted a kerchief, which claims relationship with Mrs. M. I fear she and her witch of a daughter may have returned home; but we commit the restored article to your charge with many apologies.

With our united kind respects to Mrs. Jackson, believe me, My very dear Sir,

Most affectionately,

Your faithful Servant,

WILLIAM M. BUNTING.

To MR. J. M. SHUM, *Bath.*

HIGHGATE RISE, *November* 22, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—A Bath newspaper, bringing intelligence at once startling and grievous, and sent, as I presumed, by one of your bereaved family, reached me circuitously, and after I know not how long delay, at ———, where

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I was at the time chained to bed by the severest illness of my past life. That illness held me its helpless prisoner for two months; during which period, an occasional attempt at letter-writing more than once renewed or exasperated the paroxysms; while my poor wife was almost equally wearied and worn by attendance on me at all hours of the night and day. I trouble you with thus much of a dull, sick-room history, only by way of accounting for the delay of our friendship in offering to Mrs. Shum, yourself, and your whole family its heartfelt, its *deeply* felt condolence on the loss of your lovely child.

If I refrain from saying much more on a subject, on which, I can well believe, that yourselves would feel it a pleasure to have even your pain renewed, it is not that I did not, amidst my own intensest sufferings, often advert to yours; nay, and in the recollection, the very vision, of that uncommonly beautiful and winning creature, became conscious that your affliction mingled with and formed a part of my own. Neither do I refrain wholly on a personal account; although still in frequent pain, under medical restraint, and scarcely fit to handle a pen or a book. But I cannot help feeling that this letter is, unavoidably, far past date; and especially that, whatever of consolation I might have suggested, under a visitation so peculiar as the loss of a young child, must have been anticipated, not only by the friends around you, but, by this time, in your own calmer reasonings out of the Scriptures of divine truth. When I speak of the peculiarity of the bereavement, I do not mean, of course, that it is of rare occurrence, but that it belongs to a class

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of heavenly dispensations, which is altogether distinct and special, at once claiming the very tenderest, and securing the most abundant and unmixed consolations of our covenant GOD in Christ. The bitterness of such a bereavement I have never been called personally to taste. Not properly knowing that, therefore, I can seldom, on such an occasion occurring in the circle of my friends, *think* long of anything but the *bliss*, of which any musing mind may take cognizance, and which, to mine, has always seemed as transcendent as it is secure. The thought of a dead child —I say not what the *sight* of a *dying* one may be—is all light, beauty, and peace. "That which is seen," in such a case—though it strike a gloom into a few fond hearts, deeper than that of the darkened chamber—is temporal indeed! And to all but those few—and to them, when they no more "refuse to be comforted"—it is actually lost in the brightness of the thought, the certainty, the *believing sense* of that which is unseen and eternal. In such a case, a *past* as well as a future eternity sheds a kind of signalizing glory on the scene. If the "days" of every human being "are determined," and his "bounds appointed that he cannot pass," then *that favoured child* must have been, "from the foundations of the world," even from when "the Lamb" was "slain," adjudged to eternal life—predestined to escape away from mortality ere she *could* forfeit, by personal transgression, the inheritance restored in Christ—in a word, elected, and given to Christ before He left His throne, and again while He languished on His cross, as a part of His reserved, ensured, and most welcome reward. Yes, *most* welcome. He who looked so lovingly

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on young children, when He was on earth, must have "rejoiced in spirit" to know what multitudes "of such" would surely call Him Saviour in heaven.

She, whom you mourn, was one of that elect multitude. And as to her future and personal eternity, think of this, as among other *peculiar* ingredients in the bliss of a glorified infant—that she will never have known, probably, one thought or feeling of rebellion against Him, to whom she owes her heaven: mysteriously born in sin, she yet died too young, as I fondly think, ever *to have sinned.*

To stand related to a being so honoured, in being destined eternally to honour Christ—to be assured of the pure happiness, the serene and cloudless consciousness in the Divine presence, of one, whom, through everlasting ages, you will never cease to feel *your own*—to be spared all anxiety as to the simple, solemn *fact* of her escape from ruin, all pain from *possible* alienations between you and your child, had she grown up in a world of disappointment and trial, all dread of the ill-usage of that world, had you been obliged to leave her with it—these, and many kindred considerations, will make you say, *one day,* even if not already, "The Lord hath taken away;" and, *because* He took away *what* and *when* He did, "blessed be the name of the Lord!"

For so great consolations in eternity, however—partly your little one's, partly your own—you must needs, in the nature of the dispensation, pay the cost of an early separation in time, and from the loveliest because youngest and least blemished of your family flock. He, who destined her to blessedness and honour—and yourselves, my dear

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friends, in and with her, if you are found faithful—well knew the painfulness of the implied sacrifice; and what Infinite Pity knows you need, it will be sure, at the voice of your cry, to impart, of present aid and support.

We join you in your prayers, begging, at the same time, to be remembered in kindest sympathy to your whole circle. A grief like this—the loss of the common fondling of all—makes a family more than ever one; so that I feel as if I should not particularise any member, unless it be the mother. *We* are one in these condolences, the two former playmates of your sweet child included.

That GOD, your Father, Saviour, and Comforter, may be the "refuge and portion" of you all, is the prayer,

My dear Sir, of
Yours truly and faithfully,
W. M. BUNTING.

To the late REV. PETER MCOWAN.

6, PELHAM PLACE, HASTINGS,
December 6, 1844.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—I hoped to have been able, ere this, to report favourably of my progress in recovery, but it has pleased GOD hitherto to disappoint me. In truth, nothing but the deep sense I entertain of your kindness, and of the value of those prayers which you have either offered up or drawn forth in my behalf, would have led me to trouble you with a few hurried lines, unsatisfactory

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in their purport, and irksome in the exertion which they impose on myself. The posture which infirmity makes necessary renders writing not possible without pain.

We unhappily delayed our journey southward, and lost a fortnight of mild and auspicious weather. The cold, even in this most sheltered and sunny part of one of the warmest places in England, is, except a few hours before and after noon, intense, and never fails (as I suppose) to renew my spasms from 3 to 9 A.M. We made a further mistake in regard to the winter temperature of Tunbridge Wells. I had not been there two days ere I was again seized with asthma. This confined me within doors for the remainder of the week, and, although nearly dislodged on our removal to this place, left me with increased irritation elsewhere (*where* I have not yet discovered, nor my doctors either), which manifests itself in severe periodical paroxysms. As these come on almost exclusively in the early morning, my rest is regularly broken, and my average of sleep does not exceed five hours.

Still I am not without hope that warm salt baths, which I have just commenced, will prove of service to me. . . . . I need scarcely add, that I am encompassed with kind friends and external comforts. Still "I cry unto the Lord, and say, Thou art my refuge." I am thankful to be able to say more—"and my portion in the land of the living." My intercourse with GOD, my Father, Saviour, and Sanctifier, have, of late, been very tender and comforting; and I have learned more of the sweetness of two states of feeling to which an earthly mind cannot reconcile itself — I mean implicit submis-

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sion to His sovereignty, and pure satisfaction in His sufficiency. I have occasionally, however, been melancholy, and once thoroughly dark-minded and miserable—*physically* miserable (as I often am), and sensible in an unusual degree of my utter uselessness and disability. I spent several hours in reading the Life of that heavenly creature, Dr. Payson; and the contrast in all that is essential, together with certain circumstantial coincidences, as I fancied, almost paralysed hope. Continue to pray for me; I mean as a simple *sinner*, and for my salvation. Gratitude prompts me often to think of you in the same exercise.

Do beware of over-exertion and needless exposure in the terrible winter that seems to be forthcoming. . . . Excuse this unworthy epistle, and believe me, in affliction, but in great sincerity,

My dear Sir,
Your obliged and faithful Friend,
W. M. BUNTING.

To the Same.

EDINBURGH, *June* 18, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—You may have heard nothing of my movements since the District Meeting; and, indeed, it was hardly worth your while to make any inquiry about them. Yet I feel it due to you, both as a friend and a superior (albeit I am but a supernumerary), to trouble you with a very few lines. Mr. M'Lean,[1] who has been unboundedly

[1] The late Rev. John M'Lean.

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kind—like all your countrymen, friend and stranger, aristocrat and peasant—has just taken out my wife to make some calls; and I seize this rare interval of solitude for my duteous purpose,

Ten days I spent in this queenly city, wholly, and from early in every forenoon until late every night, in ecclesiastical assemblies,—principally, of course, in our own District Meeting while it lasted; before, between, and after, in the Free Church Assembly; and twice, on very interesting occasions, in that of the Established Church. Then to Berwick to preach (in the late excellent Dr. Balmer's Chapel, and to more of his and other non-Wesleyan people than our own), to strengthen the hands of our sound-minded and intelligent minister there, and to visit in sympathy two houses of mourning, both tenanted by Calvinistic lovers and supporters of Methodism—the one on his death-bed. I wish I may remember to give you some account of his absorbing affection for Christ's missionary cause, especially in *our* department, to which he has just given £10, breaking forth amidst expressions of personal triumph, and causing him absolutely *to forget his dying self*, joys, pains, and all. The other I allude to was a newly-made Christian widow. But I must not go on with details, especially in this atrocious style of description. The truth is, I have a hundred interesting things to report, but not more than ten minutes of time left.

From Berwick to Newcastle to meet Mrs. B., and bring her to Edinburgh, *viâ* beautiful Jedburgh, Melrose, &c., and a part of the poetic vale of Yarrow. Here—excepting the

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fine coast-ride to Berwick, Colonel Gardiner's house, the battle-field where he conquered death, and all the historical localities in that route—began my proper sight-seeing and recreation; and for these we were favoured with a week of the finest, though warm and enervating, weather. Nothing but the extraordinary elasticity of the atmosphere during the previous fortnight, bracing the nervous and muscular system beyond its own power of afterwards relaxing it, could have sustained me amidst the incessant wear and tear of public, alternated with very exciting social, life. To save hotel expenses, we took lodgings for a week, and then we thought we might as well fill up the week in and about Edinburgh. So we have, speaking after a certain manner, seen everything. Summit of Arthur's Seat (if you can receive it), Roslyn, Linlithgow, Dalkeith, Inchkeith, Leith, sweet Morningside—Dr. Chalmers's last home—and each associated house and spot in the city; and heard almost everybody specially worth hearing—Gordon, James Buchanan, Guthrie; and I, in one way or another, Chalmers, Grey, Keith, Candlish, Cunningham, *cum multis aliis.* I have no time to tell of the various and interesting circles of society to which the good name of my father, of Methodism, or of M'Lean has given me, and would have given my recluse wife, daily access; nor of the blessed scenes of family worship which I have witnessed; nor of the riches of Scottish intellect, and, on one or two memorable occasions, of Scottish piety, that have been poured forth in conversation. Merle D'Aubigné and Frederic Monod have added vastly to the interest of the place and season.

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I have preached four times in our own chapel—once, I am constrained to confess, without a collection; have taken a fair share in private converse, discussion, devotion, expositions, &c.; presented and received more thanks than enough for the Conference books . . .; and, in short, have been labouring to do good, to put Methodism right with other Christian parties, and, I humbly hope, intentionally and infinitely above everything else, to honour and serve our Saviour. My three objects—always kept in view in public and private (for I do not like to live a day, unless shut up to my sick-room, without some great aim connected with general Christianity)—have been the credit and efficiency of Scottish Methodism, the uniting of all Christian parties against a Popish national policy, and the vindicating of our theology from the odium of an alliance with this baneful Scotch Neology (called here *Morisonianism*, in England, *the Derby faith*), at once anti-Calvinistic, and therefore dishonourably inconsistent in Calvinistic teachers, anti-Arminian, and anti-Evangelical. I could but touch these objects in my own feeble and awkward way, but I have done this almost daily.

My time and ink exhausted, I can only add, that we have been detained here since Sabbath by wet weather, but hope to get away to-morrow into the Highlands, where, and about Glasgow, we spend about a fortnight—I preaching at Glasgow, and attending Missionary meeting at Stirling. . . . Trust me, I do not *wish*, while blessed with moderate strength and summer opportunities, to be idle; only my doings must needs be irregular. . . . . We unite in love to you and yours, also to my colleagues.

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M'Lean is all agog about our coming to live here. I do think I love Scotland at least as well as yourself.

Always yours affectionately,

W. M. BUNTING.

To the late REV. PETER MCOWAN.

HIGHGATE RISE, *December* 23, 1846.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—Ever since Mrs. B. failed to get sight of you at your own house, I have been purposing to trouble you with two or three lines, chiefly in acknowledgment of your most kind note and inquiries, which, by the way, did not reach me before my return from Lancashire and Lincolnshire. . . .

The late severe weather caught me in the North, and not in the best state of preparation for it; and some suffering in the old quarter was the result. But GOD mercifully sustained me amidst unusual exposures and public labours. . . . . My morning paroxysms return pretty constantly, unless I poison my stomach with strong coffee, &c.; but cold-water sponging has much mitigated them. The chief inconvenience is their not passing off, commonly, in time to allow of my moving out to Sabbath morning worship—that is, not to the commencement of it; but I preach in the evenings, and sometimes, maugre asthma, twice. One thing more about my nauseous self. I am going to be very hard at work, if spared, during some months to come; and, now that I can put your never-failing forbearance as a

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Super. to no further trial,[1] I beg an occasional interest in your prayers, especially with reference to the increase of personal holiness and wisdom. Just now, though I dread the use which Satan will try to make of any profession of private experience, I have to praise GOD for some peculiarly elevating and delightful impressions upon my spirit from a sermon of Winter Hamilton's on "He that ascended is *the same* that descended," &c. Some pages of John Howe, also, and the records of GOD'S wonderful work at the present in various parts of France, have very profitably affected me. . . .

Not seldom, when—shall I say, enjoying shelter or suffering imprisonment at my own fireside?—I advert, certainly with more sense of privation than of privilege in my own case, to the great number of my dear and honoured brethren in the Ministry, and once in the Itinerancy, who are wending their way along the high-roads and field-paths of the country, to or from the night-preaching work, which I *have* loved all the better for its occasional incidents of toil and tempest. To none does my mind turn more frequently than to yourself. I figure you many a night somewhere on the long, long road between Kingsland and Enfield, and fear for your strength, while envying your spiritual sensations, your song, even while threading these long furrows of the Gospel field, and your prophetic glimpses of the harvest. That you have borne up amidst all this walking, and talking, and working —and, I fear, some things heavier still—and this after the

[1] During the previous year Mr. Bunting had been one of the ministers in the Islington circuit, under Mr. McOwan's superintendency.

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breast-wound which nearly laid you low a few years since, has often seemed to me a marvel of Divine goodness. I grieved to learn from your note that some painful affection in the old quarter had remained with you so long. Even more deeply have I felt your burdens of spirit under difficulties and oppositions, which have but very incidentally, *circuitously*, and at long intervals, revealed themselves to my knowledge. . . . But, amidst all, my dear Sir, GOD has given you a heart "after His own," and has done a good and wide work by you in your present charge, as well as elsewhere. May He still be your "glory and the lifter up of" your head! . . . And, asking forgiveness for this undesignedly long intrusion on your indulgence,

I remain always, my dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful Friend,

W. M. BUNTING.

To the REV. THOMAS JACKSON.

HIGHGATE RISE, *March* 2, 1847.

MY EVER-DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—I have been thinking, while reading through the foreign intelligence in the —— No. of *Christendom*,[1] that I should very much like you to see that periodical regularly, from a knowledge of your especial interest in that department of it; and also that the circulation of such facts and sentiments as each

[1] Mr. Bunting was on the first editorial staff of *Evangelical Christendom*, the monthly organ of the "Evangelical Alliance."

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number contains, among the dear young brethren under your care, would greatly tend to enlarge their knowledge, sympathies, and prayers. Now, as comparatively few men can afford to buy every new magazine that enters the market, I dare say *ours* has not found its way to Richmond, beyond the first numbers. If, therefore, you will favour me with a single line, saying that such is the fact, I will henceforward transmit to yourself monthly, and beg your acceptance of a stamped copy (of course, free), out of five extra copies which fall to me as one of the Eds. (I should not wonder at —— spelling it, one of these fine days, Heads) of *Evangelical Christendom*. You will, doubtless, grant the loan of it to any gentleman at the Institution, whether tutors or students, who may desire to see it.

That man ——, or his subordinate, mortifies me monthly —particularly this month—by his native illiteracy, or want of all tasteful scholarship, and by his slowness in following the corrections, which, with translations, &c., cost me long nights of care and labour. See how absurdly he has blundered the very advertisements in this number! Dr. ——'s paper, he being a Christian of an unique class, we durst not correct for him, but sent the proofs to himself; and, between author and reader, the *symbolism* both of text and notes (pointing, caps, or non-caps, signs of Latin ablative, style of translation, &c.) is such, that the Bishop of London, if happening to use one of those pages for shaving-paper, and to glance over the contents, would infallibly cut his chin in a start of astonishment and intolerance. Yet the *matter* I think very good, (coincident by the way, at one point, with your own review of that

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Mr. Somebody, of Somewhere in Essex, in our magazine,) and the specimens of the Fathers and their annotators, howbeit "as lang's my arm," pertinent and interesting. That Latin sentence of ——'s, in particular, is an avalanche of eloquence; only, it would give the poor villagers below a much better chance of getting out of their way than is usually given, if the Alpine avalanches were but half as long in falling. Dr. ——'s, too, you will probably be pleased with, as a piece of close reasoning, though not *quite* without a flaw. But the *intelligence* is thrilling. Not œcumenical enough, *me judice;* and I have taken much pains in vain to get in more British and other intelligence; but our best subscribers were lovers of the Continental Echo, and, to be pleased, must find in London a virtual succedaneum to it. You cannot but remark with pleasure how wonderfully GOD is making it the means of bringing to light the long-obscured operations and blessings of *Methodism*, especially in various parts of Europe. See what Dr. Baird says, &c.

With my wife's *loving reverence* to yourself, and our united very kind respects to Mrs. Jackson,

I am, my dear Sir,
Most affectionately and respectfully yours,
W. M. BUNTING.

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To the Rev. Dr. Steane.

Highgate Rise, *September* 4, 1847.

My dear Friend,—I have a very clear view of our duty in reference to Dr. M.'s paper; and with grounds of regret, in the venerable character of the man, the rather animated and interesting style of his writing, and even the bearing of *some* of his ideas in the direction of my own theology, I agree with you in thinking the thing as a whole inadmissible. *Christendom* must be conducted, as I judge, on much the same principle as that which regulates the *vivâ voce* discussions of the Alliance itself; namely, that while any peculiarity of opinion, personal or denominational, which escapes us casually and *en passant*, is to meet with quiet forbearance (and with as much of grave consideration as any man chooses to give it in his own thoughts), the *formal enforcement* of points earnestly disputed among true Christians, and *purposely excluded* from our basis, can by no means be allowed. Strong views of the *vital* difference between the state of a convinced and penitent and that of an adopted and regenerate person are, for example, characteristic of Wesleyans, as also a high doctrine of Christian assurance; but I more than doubt if they might admissibly be *argued* and defended in your Magazine, even though they approximate very much to those held by the Calvinists of Scotland and Geneva. On the other hand, the almost truculent Calvinism of M—— (as against the unhappy non-elect), together with the mystical fancy of implicating and confusing the

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adoption of believers with the *proper* Divine Sonship of their Lord (*quasi* imputed to them, like His righteousness), which *we* should object to on the ground of its greatly lowering, if not altogether sacrificing, that primary doctrine of the old Catholic theology,—all this, and the like, must surely be subject to the same editorial proscription. As to the "hallucination," that a man may not use the Lord's Prayer till his sins are forgiven, and his conscience tranquillized by faith—its admission into your pages would let down the intellect and judgment of the writer in general estimation. . . . Padre M—— might as well restrict the parable of the Prodigal to the use and consolation of *penitent* backsliders, as drag the wheels of the wain, whereof you are head waggoner, into a deep miry rut like *this*, only on *one* side of the road, too. If you were to let him, *I* must jump off the shaft on the other. I am sorry for it, but you must beg him to have his faith to himself; nor do I doubt that you will decline *this one* token of his good-will in a way both gentle and manly, or to express the compound of those two qualities, gentlemanly.

Meantime, I have pressed B—— to let you have something good from him by the middle of next week. And as an alternative, I mean to see James Hamilton to-morrow, and experiment on *his* good-nature.

Believe me, in haste,

My dear Friend, faithfully yours,

W. M. BUNTING, M.N.S.D.C.S.D.B.O.E.A.

P.S.—My *degree*, as above, is William Chalmers's wit, on my informing him that I was a member of the Northern

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Sub-Divisional Committee of the Southern Division of the British Organization in connexion with the Evangelical Alliance.

To the late MRS. HENRY BENTLEY.

HIGHGATE RISE, *July 7*, 1858.

MY BELOVED FRIEND AND SISTER,—I have been thinking, for a week or two past, that you might find it comfortable and helpful to have occasionally one, or a part of one, of the accompanying Exercises[1] read to you, according to your strength. I was too much in a hurry to enclose the book last week. It is not much of a beauty to look at; and yet I esteem it above all price—the work, because it has often been useful in alluring my own spirit to heavenly contemplation and penitent prayer, and this little old copy of it, because it was given to me by my blessed mother (whom I hope you will know in "the realms of love"), and to her by her beloved minister and father in Christ, Mr. Simpson, first incumbent of Christ Church, Macclesfield, and one of that early and almost unmatched band of clerical contemporaries of Whitefield and the Wesleys, to which Venn of Huddersfield, Grimshaw of Haworth, and Cross of Bradford belonged. How one's cold and heavy heart warms and rises at the thought of that goodly fellowship of Christian prophets and saints, whom the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ (which had no small trouble with *some* of them) is making us ready to mingle and keep company with,

[1] "Devout Exercises of the Heart;" by Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe.

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especially those of them whom their earthly relationship, or public ministry, or oft-read writings have made quite familiar and dear to us; who worshipped GOD and the Lamb in the same old strains, and some of them in the same old parish churches or meeting-houses, in which we have worshipped,—and with whose dust our own, if we die in the Lord, will be treasured by Him, in the same distinguishing sacredness, "against that day."

"Both He that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified, are all *of one*"—of one party, one habitual way of feeling and living in this world, one interest and prospect for the next. Not only are they all one with Jesus, through His condescendingly taking their nature, and their spiritually partaking of His, but all the sanctified have thus, of course, the same nature *one with another*, the same path of trials and consolations, and the same inevitable fate, and that a happy one, when they fail on earth. The promises from the beginning were "to him that overcometh;" and there is not a soul in Paradise that has not had, if not openly, secretly, to struggle for his crown,—not one to whom have not been allotted special tests of patience and faithfulness, and turning-points of volition, where a false step, or another step in the course already taken, might have been ruin,—not one, probably, who has not sometimes "said unto GOD"—"As for me, my feet were almost gone; but thy mercy, O Lord, held me up. By this I know that Thou favourest me, because Thou hast not made (or suffered) my enemy to triumph over me!"

I have seen and conversed with hundreds, nay, thousands of Christ's flock, personally, and read biographies without

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number; and I do not remember *one*, that did not testify of "the Lord his shepherd," in substance, "He restoreth my too-often straying soul, and leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, in which, but for His ceaseless guidance and encouraging beck, I should stumble and flag,"—before he could be bold to say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Hence the sameness of their plea in dying. That prince of Churchmen, Richard Hooker's, for example:—"I plead not my righteousness, but His merits, who died to purchase a pardon for penitent sinners." So John Wesley, at the close of sixty years of evangelical but oft-erring obedience:—

"Let the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace:
Other title I disclaim,
This, only this, is all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

And so, once more, dear and holy Elizabeth Rowe, a Nonconformist at Frome:—"I expect eternal life, not as a reward of merit, but a pure act of bounty. Detesting myself in every view I can take, I fly to the righteousness and atonement of my great Redeemer for pardon and salvation: this is my only consolation and hope."

I have made a little pilgrimage, at one time and another, to the chamber where each of these last confessions of Christ was made: so much am I always charmed and cheered with the thought, that "the sanctified are all of one" vast company of *self-knowing* and *therefore self-renouncing*

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sinners, whose hearts and consciences are cleansed and kept clean only by the applied blood of the Son of GOD, and who, in dying, adventure their eternal all on the strength of that "anchor," the *sworn promise* of GOD, which Jesus (as St. Paul beautifully represents) has "run before" us into heaven to fix *there*, in the ground of His own "priesthood" or pleaded sacrifice. The whole church of penitent sinners and saints, I say, is embarked on board of *the one* storm-driven ship, which holds by that solitary anchor, the hope or promise of salvation through Christ's ever-pleaded, ever-presented atonement. Well, I think to myself, I am in that ship, thank God! staking my all on that anchor and the ground on which it is cast. If I could perish, then, in so doing, it would be because the anchor, GOD'S word and oath, is not sure and steadfast; or else because the "Forerunner," who left the ship's company, carrying the anchor, and bearing the whole weight and fate of the ship on His heart, and plunged into the boiling breakers, and gained the ground "within the veil"—that is, changing the figure, stood "a High Priest" before God, with His own blood and righteousness to plead,—has, all this while, found that ground insufficient, and has never *yet* made fast our anchor there! It is impossible! The suppositions are impious! The one gives GOD the lie; and the other virtually denies the person and mediation of His Son Jesus to be divine. No! I cannot perish, neither can you, dear companion of my faith, with *such* an anchor and *so* grounded. If you and I could, besides, the same dreadful cause would send the whole ship's company adrift upon the stormy main; for we are all "*of one:*" the saints are not heard pleading their

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different degrees of sanctity, nor is GOD heard acknowledging them, as any part of their title to final salvation: all, on the contrary (as death flings its faithful light backwards upon their best works, and forward upon the throne and majesty of GOD), all are found narrowing and simplifying their dependence to the Promise and the Propitiation; and, thus believing, all must drift away or ride in safety *together*.

But can reason tolerate the supposition, that all "they which are fallen asleep in Christ"—that is, relying on Him with their last upward glance and inward thought—"are perished"? Impossible again. As surely as their Lord is "alive again," and beatified "for evermore,"—and who has ever doubted that He is, however much in the dark as to where and how?—so surely are their "souls with Him in joy and felicity." No more about them than about Him do we need to ask when or how. The living and true GOD loves to be *trusted for* what He has *not* revealed, as well as *in* what He *has*. And *whatever* has become of the freed spirits of Hooker, Wesley, Elizabeth Rowe, and myriads more who died, "calling upon GOD, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," that same thing awaits, that same gladsome region and society shall welcome home, *some* followers of their faith and patience *this night*, on which I am writing; to-morrow night, after you have read this; and on each happy night and day, until Paradise is full.

But, though it is very comfortable to think of our interest being bound up in one with that of "all believers," I fear lest, from ignorance of your latest experience, I should be stirring up a doubt when I would fain but quiet it. I trust I never forget, that the Divine Paraclete is always with

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you. He *knows all;* and shall, as the interpreter of His own word, and also the immediate and inward witnesser of Love Divine to the soul, "keep you in perfect peace," knowing that you are safely anchored; though, even in the harbour, the vessel of the Church may be sadly rocked about sometimes, and those on board of her be less or more agitated.

I am sure you will take care of my little book, as it is in a very patched and frail condition; and let me have it again, when you have made all the use of it you are able. Its charm to me, and that which makes me hope it will suit you, is, first, the keen sense and enjoyment which Mrs. R. evidently has of nature and life, nourished, as in your own case, by an abundance of their blessings, but purified and exalted by strong desires after God, and the blessed faculty of realizing Him in all things; secondly, her deep humility and compunction in the presence of His holiness, and not less of His goodness, and the excellent manner in which she puts one into the way of searching one's own heart, confessing personal sins, and taking fresh hold of the covenant of grace; and, once more, and above all, the exalting views which GOD gave her, and seems graciously to give me when reading her, of His glorious self—His adorable beauties, His wondrous kindnesses, His all-absorbing claims on our devotedness and love, and His *infinite resources and sufficiencies for making us happy in the eternity* to which we are all fast speeding. Get one of your companions—say in a forenoon, when you are refreshed and ready to hear—to read you, slowly and distinctly, one of the little chapters of which I have

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pencilled the numbers on the last page of the book. The remainder might be omitted, as being somewhat too luxuriant in imagination, too startling in expression, or otherwise unsuitable. Indeed, of what I have selected, all will not, I dare say, be appropriated, or not at first; nevertheless read on, as you often do in the Inspired Psalms, and in Doddridge's and Charles Wesley's hymns, with stimulated desire after a similar holy exaltation of mind; and the higher, nay, or the lower—before God's mercy-throne—that you find yourself brought on the flying or the folded wing of a sister-spirit, the happier will you be. I cannot help hoping and praying that your readers, in reading primarily for your refreshment, may themselves be blessed for all eternity, as they would not have been but for your graciously ordered and prolonged affliction.

I am afraid of wearying you; neither am I in the best case, bodily, for writing. But that last sentence reminds me of one of several things, which I wish you to understand as being constantly in my thoughts concerning you —although the perfect victory and comfort of your own beloved soul, in any and every event, usually monopolizes my time and paper.

But—I do seem to see God answering your prayers for the dear ones around you, very much at least, by protracting your own sojourn in the flesh, even amidst privation, and more distress than you will complain of; for what opportunities of religious observation, excitement, and blessing does it secure to them! Your sister ——— expressed herself as gaining good from the dispensation;—I hope others, both there and here and elsewhere, will extract

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more happiness for eternity from your experiences, exercises, and behaviour during this trying season, than from all your loving and Christian influence in past years. Praise God for this. I often wonder at your patience, and feel it to be "of grace," and pray that it may "have its perfect work." I pray always for the assuagement of your pain and weariness. Do not think any of us unmindful of such circumstances, when we do not name them in our talk or letters. As GOD is pleased to grant them, they are great spiritual helps, loving kindnesses, and tender mercies.

I deeply feel the need of your prayers for my own soul, as well as for that blessing of the Holy Spirit upon my poor, incoherent letters, without which they will be wretchedly useless. Think of me in prayer every day, dear Marie, although I never remember to ask you again. What if I should help you on a little to the kingdom of heaven, and fail of it myself?

Another reviving account of you this morning! Thank dear ——. How deeply, fondly, do we wish that, if it pleased GOD, her view and Mr. ——'s might be verified! But let us "be careful for nothing," for that is the way to leave the heart open for "the peace of God" to flow in. If you are to be spared a while longer, you cannot live too heavenly or Christ-loving a life on earth—too much in the spirit of Mrs. Rowe's "Exercises." I have been rebaptizing my spirit from her pages (as from much that is infinitely better still) for these thirty years, and in my best health. Yet, I have *now* concluded (for

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more reasons than one) to withhold the book till (D.V.) I see you, a fortnight hence. I have thought you might have it. If so, get Nos. 5, 8, 11, 12, 16, 21, 29, 30, 32, 33, 34, 35, read to you, besides her sweetly solemn letter to Dr. Watts. . . .

Ever yours,

W. M. B.

To the Same.

HIGHGATE RISE, *October* 13, 1853.

MY EVER-DEAREST MARIE,—Busy, *busy*, BUSY as I am, I feel I must attend to certain good and gracious "spirit-rappings" from within, even to the pulses of my own heart, and write you a few lines this week. They are due, indeed, if not to my own affection, in return for your last, long, kind, freely expressed, and most gladdening letter.

"What shall I say? He hath both spoken unto me, and himself hath done it: I shall go softly"—humbly, watchfully, tenderly, in spirit—"all my years"—whether "fifteen," or more, or *less*—"in"—or after—"the bitterness of my soul. O Lord, by these things"—by the sanctified use and influence of these dispensations of sickness and recovery—"men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit: so"—for this sacred and happy end—"wilt thou recover me, and make me to live" a while longer in the flesh. "Behold, for peace, I *had* great bitterness; but thou hast, *in love* to my soul, delivered it from the pit of corruption: for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy

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back. For the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee"—by fireside and sanctuary hymns; by a world-subduing and yet cheerful and charitable course of life; by a faithful and impressive testimony among men; —"they that go down into the pit cannot *hope for* Thy truth"—for the fulfilment of Thy promises. No; for death to a Christian would be fruition, which would bring the patience of hope to an end; and, though fruition is pleasanter to himself, the life-long exercise of the graces of hope in GOD, and patient waiting for His will, is more glorifying to Him. "The living, the living, he shall praise thee"—in the ears of living men—"as I do this day"—though not so perfectly or triumphantly as I expect to do, in another way, in the day when I cease to live in the flesh, and begin to "live unto God" in a disembodied and sinless state:—"the father"—alas! no; but the widowed and surviving mother, in his name, doing that which she believes he would do, day and night, could he quit Paradise for a season, and re-enter the beloved circle—"to the children shall make known Thy truth."[1] (Isaiah xxxviii.)

"Blessed be GOD, who hath not turned away" our "prayer"—most urgent, and most confident, for your triumph over the evil and the fear of death; but soft-toned, tremulous, and submissive, for your preservation from death itself—"nor His mercy from" us! Even so; "the Lord had mercy on" you, dearest friend, sister, mamma (I hear —— and others whispering, "Yes, and

[1] The above comment corresponds with the substance of a sermon preached by Mr. Bunting on Hezekiah's prayer.—ED.

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missus too"), "and not on" you "only, but on" us "also, lest" we "should have sorrow upon sorrow." And we have, actually—those of us, at least, who have lived in the spirit—been spared to spend another whole summer together, midway between the bright earth and the brighter skies! At some times gliding along the green surface, rather than reclining or resting on it, where God Incarnate once walked with men—yet with a mixed, uncertain, pensive, and tremulously expressed delight; but oftener, I trust, springing upward again, and both breathing and singing more freely, as we soared higher, and nearer to the region in which disburdened spirits dwell for ever with the Lord. I have told you *my* poor thoughts, in a former letter, as to the connexion of this marvellous change in your health, more or less, with prayers both of your own and of your friends for you. But, whether directed mainly to that blessing, or to one far more important, I do gratefully feel and confess that prayer has availed much; and that the sure and certain knowledge of GOD'S "not having turned it away," nor made no account of it, but, on the contrary, taken gracious notice of it, and done much in answer to it, which He would have wanted the motive of His *faithfulness* to do without it—this assurance, I say, inexpressibly sweetens and enhances the experience of His "having not turned away from us" the longed-for "mercy." "*Now* know I, that the Lord saveth His anointed"—(all Christians are anointed with a measure of the Spirit of Christ, the great Anointed One, and thereby made holy and precious in His Father's sight: 2 Cor. i. 21.) But I know *more*—I know *now*, that "*He will hear*

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him *from His holy heaven*, with the saving strength of His right hand." Read Psalm xx.

My most dear and Christian wife was remarking to me the other day, in connexion with your letter, that the present year had become memorable for several instances of unexpected recovery from sickness, in the circle of our friends. And this very week has realized to our *senses* no less than four examples of GOD'S signal interposition, in answer to much prayer, for the relief, bodily or spiritual, or both, of "His afflicted." First, your letter conveyed to us the tardy attestation of your doctor as to your own case. Then, on Sunday, I heard of Mrs. Leifchild's accompanying her glorious husband when he preached that morning, for "our people" at City Road: and this after all the agony and despair of her friends about her, last spring! Then, on Wednesday, our excellent Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, beloved by the *élite* of all denominations, Mr Dobson—ill for seven months, and, it was believed by all his friends (save, perhaps, myself), mortally so—came up to Highgate Rise, comparatively a new man, and only too heavily charged with matters of public business. Indeed, if he do not take better care of GOD'S gift, his work will weigh him down again, and to the grave: and he himself already speaks as one who feels, what each of us would do well to remember, that prolonged life is but the brief delay of death. And last evening, as I was setting off to preach I received (in company with an affecting intimation from dear Dr. Harris, of "broken health") a letter from an old and highly respected friend, who had disclosed to me, three months ago, a heavily burdened mind and conscience, from

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having greatly prospered in the world, and *neglected his soul;* but who now tells me that the Lord has heard the voice of his weeping, and delivered him from his "painful anxieties and fearful forebodings."

Oh! let us assure ourselves, that there are no transactions in this world of sense more real (and surely none so momentous or so blessed) than those which take place every day, between praying spirits and the ever-listening and loving Father of spirits! Let us pray on, then, and hope on, "always, for all things," always in the sole-prevailing "name of the Lord Jesus;" and always, in acknowledgment both of gifts and promises, "giving thanks unto GOD, even the Father, by Him."

I have been much affected and instructed in my private study, this week, by the history of king Asa, in the 14th, 15th, and 16th chapters of II. Chronicles. Will you turn to it, dearest sister, and read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it? Will you pray for me, that I may be able to do the same? Observe his desperate situation to the eye of sense (xiv. 9); his strong and straightforward reliance on Jehovah, in face of a million of armed foes (xiv. 11); the instant answer to his appeal, with the simple and brief way in which the rout of the enemy, when GOD fought for him, is recorded (xiv. 12); the no less simple, calm, explicit lesson and assurance then given him for universal, life-long guidance and support (xv. 2); the happy effect on himself and his people for some time after, in the "perfect hearted" and thorough forsaking and suppression of idolatry, &c. (xv. 8, to the end); and *then*, the sudden or, perhaps, gradual and stealthy backsliding of his heart.

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first from the faith, and very recently from the fear of his GOD; until, even in the extremity of a mortal disease, "he sought not to the Lord, but" (exclusively and with impious creature-confidence) "to the physicians."

I have neither time nor strength left to pursue this or other suggested trains of reflection any further, for the present. You will need "a GOD" for your spiritual Preserver, your family Counsellor, your Comforter in still languid and precarious health, your satisfying and sanctifying portion. Forsake Him not in faith, or in faithful dealings; and He will never forsake you, but will make your future life a life of inward peace, and of confessed consecration and usefulness; and your death, when it comes, greater gain, in the sweetness of heavenly rest, and the abundance of heavenly reward, than it would have been six months ago.

To the Same.

HIGHGATE RISE, *September* 2, 1853.

MY EVER-DEAREST MARIE,—As I feel a sort of blank in my heart, if not blot on my conscience, when a week passes, in your present touching circumstances, without some message of sympathy from my studio to your bedside, I must indite a few lines to you on this, the last available morning of the week. I do so, however, under great disadvantages. Getting fascinated, on Wednesday,

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with Bishop Horsley and Merle D'Aubigné (his last volume on the English Reformation), and sitting for hours with chilled feet, to accompany a gradually exhausted brain, I was seized, at night, with a desperate and unusual fit of asthma, which *felt*, throughout the night, like the ebbing away of my very life. From opium and other causes, I was very low most of yesterday; and I am now suffering from fresh disturbance in the night, with remaining headache and hebetude. Then, oh! the lords many, who claim in turn, or sometimes simultaneously, dominion over my time and thoughts! Necessary persons, some of them, and others pleasant, and even by myself sought after; but, for multitude and for incongruity of tastes and objects, utterly distracting: and still more hard to bear with, when they thrust themselves between a paramount duty and a too sensitive and impatient spirit. When the sick and broken-hearted are multiplied so fast, and one's ministerial or friendly relation to them appeals day and night on their behalf (for I verily sleep and wake with many such burdens upon my mind), how grievous to be put off a letter or a journey of condolence and succour, by some unescapeable visitor for pleasure, or visit of ceremony! There are some ten or eleven troubled souls, to each of whom, at this moment, I owe a Christian ministration—some in widely distant parts of London, others here and there in England, Scotland, and Ireland—and, meanwhile, "callers" are calling; and four sets of wedding cards have come to lead me a dance, as stupid as all dances are, from Stamford Hill, on one side of London, to South Lambeth, on the opposite. What "vanity" does this world seem to those whom its

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ceremonious *friends* desert; but what "vexation" to those to whom they externally cling!

"Very edifying, and of course very interesting, to an invalid, craving comfort and counsel in the things of the spirit!" Well, I *do* prose too much sometimes on the subject of my own annoyances, and I beg you to forgive me, beloved sister. But I began with the simple intention of excusing my desultory letters, and I was just on the point of making a confession humiliating to myself, but suggestive of a great cause of thankfulness to you. It is this. These ministrations to the sick and sorrowful are, saving that of labouring in and for the pulpit, my most urgent duty; and I think I do well to be moderately angry when I am frivolously interrupted in the discharge of it. But it is a great fault, as well as morbid weakness of mine, to be unduly querulous and irritable in these circumstances, and, more generally, to be foolishly and miserably *impatient* to get through, and put behind me, present arrears of correspondence, and visitation, and other duty. Part of my excuse for this is the certainty that the next week will bring fresh demands; and woe to me, therefore, if those of the week present are not cleared off *within* the week! Then there are the trying contingencies of the weather and of my health. Still, I own it to God, and now to you, I am inexcusably, impatiently eager in these matters. I ought to consider that interruptions are, at least, permitted, and that what seem casualties are arranged by a sovereign and ever-wise Providence; and that when a positive incapacity to fulfil certain apparent duties is thus laid upon me, those duties are, for the time, displaced, and

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supplanted by the more simple one (a more severe test, however, of the principle of all well-doing, viz. mental submission to the will of God) of enduring the incapacity with cheerfulness, and leaving to Him the consequences, as they affect either the comfort of my fellow-creatures, or my own reputation with them. If I am kept at home from a sick bed by a succession of irresistible callers, I am as much disabled as by being confined to a sick bed myself, and I ought to commit my way, and my charge, and my good name not less, unto the Lord. Now, dear Marie, I should wish much to learn a lesson on this point—I will not say from you—but from the same Divine Teacher and Comforter from whom you have learned patience and peace. To think how much more trying to them are your circumstances than are mine! What anxieties . . . and what far weightier thoughts, uncertainties, and apprehensions about their (your children's) spiritual counsel, eternal doom! Yet you can do little—by and by, nothing—directly, and by your own wisdom and care, to keep things right, or to turn one heart to GOD. I sympathise deeply with your inward trial and conflict in this matter; but I *must* glorify GOD in the large degree of patience and "self-quieting" (Psalm cxxxi. 2) which, with no disguising of your anxieties, you evince. May your GOD and mine continue to you, and with gentle increase, this joint product of faith, hope, and love! And may He grant unto me, when I come to be laid wholly aside, as much as He has granted unto you; yes, and in my present less disabling circumstances, a great deal more than I feel I have of the same resigned, submissive, and hopeful spirit, in regard

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to my soul's state, my bodily life, and my whole earthly charge!

As to your children, as I have again and again suggested, on *any* theory, an impatient, imperious eagerness for their conversion (assuming that they are "not all" converted), and *that* before you go to Jesus, would be simply absurd. If that result depended wholly and immediately on the will of GOD, and were predestined, of course no prayers or cares of yours could affect it at all. If, on the other hand, it must turn at last upon their own "submission to GOD," in the one only way of penitent faith in the redemption of His dear Son, then you can no more compel or ensure a free choice (though under gracious influence) *in them*, than you can alter a fixed and covenanted choice in GOD. But you can, as you have done, on the whole, whatever mistakes or compromises you may have to mourn over before the Cross—you *can*, by counsel, Christian habits, &c., take them a long way with you *towards* the point of a right decision: and still more power have you over their choice and doom by means of promise-pleading prayer. GOD has promised to "*give more grace:*" plead that, thou "dear child" of His; and then *rest* in the assurance that thou hast gone as near to the saving result as man (all save the penitent himself) can ever go. . . .

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To the Same.

May 23, 1853.

MY EVER-DEAREST MARIE,—You ask me to "excuse" your letter. There is nothing in it that requires an excuse, except the fact of your having written it at all; and this, I own, I can hardly help chiding you for, considering your weak and suffering state. That you should have recovered strength of hand and brain sufficient for so collected and self-like a communication amazes, and, need I say, delights me. But I should be deeply grieved that our pleasure, or that of any other friend whom you may favour in the same way, should be purchased by your own pain and exhaustion. Do be sparing of this kind of exertion, my much-loved sister, that we may have all the more of your presence with us, and of your dear messages and assurances by other pens than your own,

"While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay."

With this caution, the same tender and true friendship that leads me to urge it, constrains me also to thank you, to *bless* you, to bless and magnify the GOD of all goodness and grace, for this unexpected utterance of a heart, whose cares and whose consolations I seem to feel my own. And how do we rejoice, that it is an utterance of humble faith and thanksgiving—of that trust in your Divine Substitute and Redeemer, to which GOD, *on His oath*, has promised salvation; and of that loving praise of the Saviour's name, which is about the only music that a

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sinner can pour into His ear, in return for all the melody of promises, and pardoning words, and an opening heaven of songs and gladness, with which He is daily filling that sinner's ear! The stroke of your pen upon paper is, to me, like that of your trembling fingers on the "golden harp" He has given you—where the strain is, "Jesus is mine, and I am His! Lord, I believe Thee; and, O Blessed Lord, I love Thee, and will love Thee for ever!"

"Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,
Or smile—Thy sceptre, or Thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee will I love through endless day!"

Such notes from yon "sweet" *yet poor* "Paradise" (where, moreover, you can only sing like a bird hung up in a cage among its bowers) are scarcely less welcome to us, however, than ——'s, or his ——'s, or once-backsliding David's, or converted Saul's would be from a "far better" Paradise, if we could but *hear* them singing, in freedom and full enjoyment, "O give thanks unto the Lord! for He is good! for His mercy endureth for ever! Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy; and He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to the city of habitations." "I will praise thee, O Lord, my God, with all my heart; and I will glorify thy name for evermore. For great is thy mercy towards me; and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell!"

So sings David, and many another recovered backslider,

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in Paradise: while Paul, and multitudes less or more like unto him, in the vastness of his obligation to redeeming goodness, sing, each one trying to out-sing his less-wonderfully saved companion: "and the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant (in my case), with faith and love, which is in Christ Jesus! Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I was chief! For this cause I obtained mercy, that in me Jesus Christ might show forth *all* long-suffering!"

Next to the bliss of hearing and bearing part in these rejoicings on the other side of the veil, is that of rejoicing together on this. And I am not sure that, to let your heart flow now and then (with a due regard to your bodily strength), through your pen, may not be a great help and refreshment to the heart itself, and, in that way, to the body too. Indeed, I have been wondering whether the unhoped-for revival of your vigour during the last few weeks—however long it may continue—may not have been caused, very much, by the gracious lightening and spiritual exhilaration of your mind. Can this be—may it not be—an instance of that "quickening of the mortal body" to temporary and comparative vigour, "by the Spirit that dwelleth within," which many suppose St. Paul to mean in Romans, chap. viii. ver. 11? At any rate, it is of GOD—most graciously intended—most comforting to those who love you, if only your lingering life do not entail on you wearisome suffering; and certain, unless the Enemy should pervert it into a means of entangling you with the world again, or renewing to you the bitterness of death—certain to "work for good" to yourself (the

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main and pressing matter just now), as well as to your household. Only take care (*by committing your spirit daily to the care of the Divine Comforter and Sanctifier*) that you keep up and follow out the same essential life of communion with God, and consecration to His glory, outside the veil, that you will presently lead inside. The heavenly side of it will, doubtless, be unspeakable "gain," as to the *degree* of your blissful nearness to Him, and freedom to glorify Him; but let your soul's life on the earthly side be so substantially the same (walking with God, by faith, instead of by some ineffable sort of spirit-sight), that the one life shall flow quite naturally into the other; that which we mortals call "death" being no more than the lifting aside of the veil, and the exchange of one bright sphere of thought, love, and worship, for another far brighter and more perfect. Let your soul live, and love, and sing praise, and speak of Immanuel to all around, amidst the infirmities, mingled with the endearments, of an embodied state, *now;* and then, one of these happy days, find itself employed in the same way, without these infirmities, in the companionship of beings even more endeared, in the immediate presence of the great Lover of souls; and, O enviable addition! with the restless enemy of souls for ever outside, and out of sight! Let your soul live, in a word, like Anna of old, in "the temple, night and day"—the temple of Gospel truth and Christian consecration; until the curtain is drawn, and it stands, beside "the Forerunner," in the most holy place. I need not add, that this life of the soul can be *best* and *easiest* kept up while the body is—not revelling in drawing-rooms or

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even gardens—but pavilioned in a sick chamber "quite on the verge of heaven." I do most deeply, indeed, sympathise with nature's yearnings—they are strongly my own—for both the garden and the family fireside; and God grant, if "His thought" be that "it is well" for you, that you may be restored to more than glimpses of both. But if you should be—or if, on the other hand, you should have to be content with *only* glimpses and thoughts of them—oh! use them as remembrancers of GOD, and gates of heaven. Look upon them, think of them, or recall them in recollection, just to help your thankful and believing imagination to realize "how great is *His goodness*, and how great is *His beauty*," how infinitely perfect is His conception of what is kind to *our* feeling, and delightful to *our* taste; how well He knows how to make our whole nature happy, when we set our love supremely on Himself; how many years He has reflected the goodness of His heart and the beauty of His face upon us, in the scenes of an earthly creation, and the gladness of earthly relationships: and what a pledge He has given us herein (even by the shining in of spring once more at your windows, and the gathering around your couch of fond hearts, that would not have loved you half so fondly if you had continued to meet them only in the common world)—I say, what a pledge, a rainbow-sign, He has given us in the things of an incomparably lovelier new creation around His throne, and of companionships that shall never be marred or broken up!

Think of dear Filey's sea-shore;—and would you have now felt it dear, if Christ had never been with you there

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Nay, would you have known it at all, if Christ, "by whom God made the worlds," had not created *that* magnificence, and lodged you for so many summers in the bosom of it? Think of Filey's sea-shore; think of home, and mother and sisters at Catherine House; think of Esholt gardens, and ——'s brightening companionship in them; think, with holier sweetness, of the church hours and Lord's Table at Oulton and Filey, and of the goings of your King and GOD, which you have seen *there:* think of them all; and then think, what a paradise, and home, and temple-service, and circle of friends and lovers (many of them old ones, but born again for heaven, and *for you*, by the Good Spirit), this same glorious GOD has it in His power and in His will to place you in the midst of hereafter! And, oh! set your affection more and more, by means of meditation and faith, upon Immanuel personally. The vision of Christ, by His word and Spirit, is the great means of, at one and the same time, inspiring us with the love and desire of the heavenly world, and delivering us from all doubt about our going there. . . . .

Let us hear of you. Refer to hymns and chapters in former letters. Add Wesley, 114 and 115 Hymns. And accept the love of all here, in that of your ever-affectionate fellow-heir, through hope,

W. M. BUNTING.

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To the Same.

HIGHGATE RISE, *June* 24, 1853.

MY EVER—EVERMORE—*eternally* DEAR MARIE,—What but the true "eternity," and that the blissful eternity of Christ and His people in heaven, can properly authorize and verify these so common terms of endearment? What if in this life only we had hope, friendship, and happiness? Should not we, almost of all mankind—yes, we, on whom life has shone so brightly—should not we be the most miserable, *for that very reason,* in quitting it, and bidding one another a *final* adieu? But "he that believeth in me, though he were dead" (granting this much:—but it is evident our dear Lord grants it reluctantly and jealously in the case of any one who is a partaker of His all-satisfying and life-restoring death on the cross:—granting, in accommodation to the language of men, "the outward appearance" of things, and the last lingering claim of the law, that a believer in me could die, in *one* nature, and to *one* world), "*yet shall he live,*" at that very same time, in his higher nature—his purified and happy soul, his true self—and live, yea, be all blissfully alive to a higher and gladder world. But, indeed, "*whosoever liveth and believeth in me*" shall *live on* for ever, by the virtue of that faith which unites his spirit to mine. I will not concede that, properly speaking, the spirit-life, the life of mutual love between me and mine, *can* be terminated, or even broken off for a time, by what men call death: he "*shall never die.*"

So spake Jesus: and His precious words were true of Lazarus, who was, at that moment, when Mary and Martha

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were blindly bewailing him, alive and in Paradise, tasting of the blessedness from which Christ was just going to recall him for a short while, to comfort the sisters, and to be a trophy of His own power over death. But the words were meant for those to whom they were spoken, and for all to whom the record of them should afterwards come. They are among the things, spoken by Himself, which He sent that "other Comforter," as He had promised to do, to "bring to the remembrance" of the beloved disciple, and to make a part of the "everlasting Gospel." And they stamp eternity on the joys and friendships of all who live and love "in the Lord."

Observe—a *necessary* and *continuous* eternity; not merely an eternity after a long and dreary interval of lifeless and loveless torpor; oh no! but an eternity of sanctified delight in GOD, and in one another, which is begun (for a creature's eternity has a beginning) in the present embodied state, and which is not for a moment interrupted, nor in the least degree affected, *except for the better*, by the "putting off of this tabernacle." "Whosoever liveth, and believeth in me," shall live still, happen what may to the outward man; he shall live the same kind of conscious, social, adoring, and purely blissful life, that he has lived ever since the Spirit of GOD began to dwell in him;—only that, when he drops the flesh, this life will be quit of its gross and often defiling vehicle, and will expand in a pure, delightful, angelic atmosphere; in one word—who can strengthen it?—in respect of this, his real and even on earth most cherished life, he "shall *never die*."

And yet, if the eternity which the Gospel brings to light

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gives duration to our friendships, the near prospect of a separation between us, though ever so brief, as to our outward condition, and our sense of each other's presence, adds a solemn endearment and a wholesome tenderness to them. What incident, what act of kindness, what outbreak of loveliness from your character, what pleasure—even of a religious kind—partaken by us in common, would have so drawn hearts, and eyes, and benedictions to yourself, beloved Marie, as does the feeling, that the heavens are soon about to receive you out of sight? And yet I can easily conceive, I think it probable, that to your own perception, when you have passed within the veil, and are clothed with the faculties of a freed spirit, that interval of sensible separation from your friends in the Lord will seem but "a small moment." It will give *you* no pain, and you will have *proved* enough of the loving kindness and faithfulness of our common Saviour, to forbid a doubt of our following you! The feeling of delay, the sense of continued conflict, the pain of gazing in vain after you, and others many that are already conquerors, the doubt of our own faithfulness and final conquest, will be *all ours!*

This strain of thinking was suggested in a moment by the first line of my letter. I meant to have gone on wandering or moralizing in the same way, remarking how hollow and mortifying our friendships would have been but for our eternal life in Christ; and how comparatively monotonous, and unmoved to strong sympathy and desire, if we had even all passed from earth to heaven at the same time. These breaks in our earthly bliss, and the assurance that the spiritual bliss which is concurrent with it can

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never be broken in upon or brought to an end,—what tokens of divine love, what ties of gratitude to our Heavenly Father, are both, aye *both!* But, as usual, my pen is arrested. . . . .

Love, dear love, I hope some of Christ's and His people's *eternal* love, to you from all here: also to all with you. I enclose a daisy (one of about eighty) from the root we brought from Filey. . . . Our prayers are constant, our confidence and rejoicing great, on your behalf. . . .

That, as the outward man decayeth (and how gently!), the inward man will be renewed day by day, in the faith, the love, and the image of our adorable Redeemer, is the sure and grateful persuasion—glory be to His name!—

Of yours *eternally* in Him,

W. M. B.

To the Same.

HIGHGATE RISE, *July* 1, 1853.

MY EVER-DEAREST MARIE,—This must be a short pastoral. My brain is overwrought and worn out. . . . . This is my present "experience," in answer to your kind inquiries by ——, and in excuse, with your compassion, for a hurried, incoherent, and worthless epistle.

Nevertheless, I would not have filled a sheet with such stuff, did I not think it might do your soul some good to read it. Your soul is so constituted as to be always craving something *out of itself*, to pity, exclaim about, care

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for, and, if possible, relieve. I love to picture you sitting up in bed, and listening, with self-forgetful interest, to all the news about all your friends, and following those about you, with loving eye, in and out of your room; and I feel as if it were but common kindness to a creature made as GOD has made you—nay, common gratitude and right dealing—to feed your ever-friendly curiosity; and to bless you, sympathise with you, speak good of you to everybody, and plead earnestly for you with Him, before whom "there is none good;" both in requital and in imitation.

That He hears our prayers and your own, and honours the only Priesthood of His Son, by granting you the abiding of the Comforter, and filling your trusting spirit with peace, hope, and patience—though softly and unperceivedly often, as the summer-evening tide flows into the little creeks and coves on your loved sea-coast—this is the *great mercy*. I feel it to be mine as long as I hear from your good sister that it is yours. It is an infinite "comfort concerning" you. For the rest, I mean your bodily state, and comparative prospects in the twilight valley, if *you* cannot see very clearly, neither can those whose eye only follows you and your Shepherd into its shade. In truth, the accounts of you, in this respect, are so variable, and even conflicting, that, had I even time and head, I should find it difficult to address you in exactly the best way. However, we are always happiest for this life, when we are living most fully in the vision and spirit of the life to come.

"Adorned with Christ, and filled with GOD."

Keep in mind—in your mind's eye—the "many man-

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sions in" the Father's one "house," according to what I told you was Bishop Shirley's bright and, I believe, inspired idea of it, when dying. "Let not your heart be troubled" about my apparent separation from you. "Ye believe in GOD; believe also in me,"—particularly in the revelation I am going to make to you of what becomes of holy spirits, my own sinless spirit, and the sanctified spirits of my disciples, when they quit the body. "In my Father's house there are many mansions;" the Church below, Paradise, and the heaven of angels, for instance, are only different mansions, or suites of apartments, under the same roof. Even as the saints are, not two kindred families even, but "the whole" undivided one "family," some "in earth," and some "in heaven." "I go" upwards, to the next flight or landing only, "to prepare a place for you;" viz. a place of delicious repose and sinless purity, in preparation for the eternal banqueting-room, which is higher still. I leave you for a short season in the lower apartments, safe under the Father's protection; but amidst much inconvenience, toil, infirmity, and disquietude. "And if I go, I will come again, &c." So, dear Marie, your dying, like Jesus's own, and that of Stephen, and Paul, and the blessed men and women whom he mentions in the last chapter of the Romans, and millions more *after* Jesus, will but be your going upstairs; ascending, as on angel-arms, from one set of apartments in God's happy house to another and better. Only pray, and strive by meditation, Bible and hymn reading, and conversation (now and then and not so as to weary the "weak flesh"), to realize more and more of that sweet and holy presence of your Lord

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which, in its perfect revelation, will constitute the chief bliss of Paradise and Heaven. I often pray to Him for you now; "*Abide with* her, for the day of her life is far spent! Open her eyes to know Thee more and more. Let her heart burn within her, while Thou by Thine own Spirit dost open to her the truths and promises of Thy word."

I am sure He never *will* leave you for a moment, now that your moments are so precious. He will wait for your departure, and take you home to GOD.

To the REV. THOMAS JACKSON.

HIGHGATE RISE, NEAR LONDON,
November 6, 1854.

EVER-DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—I learn from my father that you have returned from Brussels, as it pleases GOD to what *was*, rather than is now, your home. You must needs feel—and we have heard with deep sympathy that you do so—as if from henceforth you had *but one* home; since she, who had been the heart-companion almost of a life, has struck her tent here on earth, or quitted it to take possession, as in the name of her whole family, of their new and long-bespoken abode in the better land. How precious to loving souls in their mutual bereavement (for are not the departing sensibly bereaved as well as they that are left behind; and must not their bliss in the separated state be, though not embittered, *unperfected* in the absence of their "old companions," as well as from

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other causes; and is it not soothing to affection to believe that they are looking out for us, perhaps as earnestly as we are longing for them?), how precious to both parties, and in both worlds too, is the memory of that redemption, in virtue of which they received the adoption of sons, and became heirs *together* of the grace of life! And hence the person of *the Redeemer*—how adorably endeared! His *promised* (though now incomprehensible) *personal society* in the world of spirits—how abundantly compensating, cheering, attractive, to those who are just about to be "unclothed"! His *will* how sweet to obey, though the thing it requires be bitter to those that are left companionless in the body! How much easier to give back a life-long companionship, home, or joy, into the hands of Him who has won for us an *eternal* inheritance, than into any other!

I am afraid lest these sentiments may savour of a presumptuous attempt to comfort one whose consolation already aboundeth by Christ. But no—they sprang up without forethought in the track of my pen. They happen to be *in the vein* of a long letter I have been writing this day, at her brother's request, to dear Miss M—— H——, whom I found a few weeks ago in a delightfully heavenly frame of mind, and who this last week was supposed to be dying, though this morning brings me decidedly better accounts of her. My single object in this uninvited intrusion on *your* homeless privacy, my dear friend and father, is to say that myself, my wife—mine *still*, praised be God—and, if you will "suffer" them, our two young Methodists, are all deeply affected by the thought of your loss and of your sorrow. These can be best imagined by those of us who

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knew *something* of the fireside excellencies of your dear Mrs. Jackson, and still more of the great, but ever-welcome, weight of care and confidence with which you have *manifestly* hung on each other's arm during a long and trying pilgrimage. So grateful is the remembrance of your ministry among thousands, and so innermost a place do you hold in the heart of Methodism, that I am persuaded it vibrates more extensively than you are yourself sensible, to your plaints and prayers on this mournful occasion; and it would be strange, and cause of reproach, if any son of my father, your ancient contemporary and friend, could be wholly *silent* in his condolence; least of all could I and mine be so, who owe so much of comfort and satisfaction to your frequent kind messages and inquiries, and to whom "My love be with you all", from *your* lips, has often come with the unction and encouragement of an apostolic benediction. *One* small contribution, and one only, may we properly make to *your* consolation and strength—that of prayer to the GOD of all comfort on your behalf. It was an inspired Elder who said, when "pressed out of measure, above strength,—in whom we trust that He will yet deliver us, *ye also helping together* by prayer for us." Nay, what are the "Hosannas" of pious and instructed children but a fulfilment of the prediction—"*Prayer* shall be made for HIM"; considered as impersonating His own interest and cause on earth, of whom it is added, "And daily shall He be praised"? Accept the respect, and be assured of the sympathising prayers,

Dear Sir, of your unworthy

HARRIETT, H. W., C. B., and W. M. BUNTING.

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To Miss E. F.

Highgate Rise, *Friday, May* 8, 1857.

My dear Miss E.,— . . . It is needless to say that there was nothing written or precomposed in that hurried epitome of the 7th and 8th chapters of Luke,[1] or rather of those scenes in them in which several of your sex have an unsought prominence (such as *distress* first, and then zealous, grateful *love* often forces the most shrinking into) in collocation with "our Master and only Saviour." Neither can I now recall—for I was scarcely at the time conscious of—anything beyond a *will* earnest enough to set the tongue in motion to transfer to other minds the impression which my own had received, all in a moment, as my eye fell on those charming pictured chapters in my large old Huddersfield pulpit-Bible. All the groups illustrated one or other of two thoughts — woman's deep and special indebtment to Christ's kindness and mercy, and some of the most acceptable and befitting modes in which she is wont to show her grateful love.

The special obligation arises out of such considerations as the (*generally* speaking) greater tenderness of her sensibilities and domestic affections; the fineness and frailty of her physical structure; her frequent dependence, her shrinkingness, her many undisclosed sorrows; the *excessive*

[1] At the Quarterly Meeting of the Ladies' Committee of the Evangelical Alliance, in the spring of 1857, Mr. Bunting gave an address, which was afterwards published in the number of *Evangelical Christendom* for July, 1857. The above reference is to this address, the substance of which is given in the letter.—Ed.

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painfulness and repulsiveness (to the other sex) of any of the stronger developments of our common depravity *in her*—as, for example, a selfish heartlessness or a self-degrading frivolity, covetousness, intemperance, &c.; then, on the other hand, the special *sympathy*, condescension, "favour," which *the Lord* has often both protested and exemplified towards woman in her weakness, her low estate, her virtuous tenderness, her keenly felt bereavements, and her secret griefs; the strong arm with which He protects her from deadlier temptations, and upholds her, even amidst spiritual unregeneracy in *moral* purity and loveliness; the *justice* which His religion everywhere wins back for her in regard to her place and influence in society; the marvellous transformations His grace is not seldom seen to effect in the character especially of *young* females, from religious indifference and every *worldly* lust, to seriousness, spirituality, and devoted discipleship; and the *eminence* in holiness, holy happiness, and usefulness in a missionary or other public sphere, to which that grace has evidently delighted to exalt them. He *beautifies* the meek with salvation; yea, His gentleness hath often made them great! See the cases, merely examples and types, in these two chapters. That widow owes to Christ's loving *kindness* her only son; that maiden, her *life* as from the dead, with a resurrection of all those hopes of bright felicity which endear it to a maiden's fancy and affection. That "woman, which had been a sinner," owes to His tender *mercy* a great salvation! And those gentlewomen, whose case immediately follows, and whose antecedents are touched on with no less plainness yet delicacy—He

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had freed every one of *them* from the dread affliction (impossible to spiritually pure and unfallen natures) of "evil spirits," or from some of those other "infirmities" against which (as against innate sin) rank, refinement, education, moral restraint, nay, feminine virtue, all reclaim and contend in vain. Read the lives of Lady Blessington and her *coterie*, and of the Brontës, and then say what *you* owe to "the True Light"? *The Lord Jesus* is the only Comforter, Healer, Hallower, *Saviour*, of the whole sisterhood of mankind. And such of them as have *experienced* His mercy, especially in their souls' salvation, will love Him, less or more, according as they *feel* that they have had much or little forgiven them. And *ought* not woman to love and serve Him, who has so tenderly saved and so signally "magnified" *her* "throughout all generations"?

I see here two very womanlike and very graceful ways of showing grateful love. In *all*—but more freely, frequently, and congenially in some natures than in others—it gushes in *private devotion*, penitential praise, prolonged contemplations of the Saviour's glory, adoring affections actively exercised upon Him, &c.; *or*, akin to all this, there is a willing testimony borne for Him in society, delight in sanctuary worship, evangelical hymn-singing, &c. (vii. ch., 38 v.). Nothing is more *in character* for Christian women, whether lowly or "honourable" in social standing, than eminent yet unostentatious "*devoutness*" (Acts xiii. 50—τὰς σεβομένας) . . .—a higher walk and a "*truer* holiness" than that "religion in common life" (in very few cases anything more than merely ethical) which Caird and the Court have made *fashionable*,

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and newspapers and Unitarian retailers *popular* as the Sunday band. I mean, much nearness to God, their Saviour, much communion with Him in those holy exercises for which home-life allows them usually more leisure than is enjoyed by Christian *men*, a daily striving "to *comprehend* with all saints" that "love" of His "which passeth knowledge," and a deep, reverential endearment towards His blessed person. Christian *woman!* "Elect of God—holy and beloved!"

> "Devotion should be all her heart,
> And all her passions love."

Such were the Maries (probably *all*) who "companied with" our Lord Himself; and such were Monica, Mrs. Savage and Mrs. Rowe, Mary Fletcher, Mary Cryer, *Martha* Sherman, Isabella Campbell, Rachel Howard, that servant-girl—a prodigy of affliction, but of "long-suffering with joyfulness"—whose memoir James Hamilton edited, but whose name escapes me; and a thousand more, commemorated in Catholic Christian biography, *still* only the representatives of tens of thousands who have "followed the Lamb whithersoever He went."

But *He*, while on earth, "went about *doing good;*" and His cause, which represents Him now, is a great organization for *doing good* unto all men, especially unto those which be of "the household of faith."

Love to Christ, therefore, on the part of believing women, has ever flowed, secondly, in the broad and permanent channel of *ministration to His necessities*, or to those of His Church and its Missions (Luke viii. 3; also Romans, 16th chapter, &c.). Look back to the more dis-

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tinguished of the names given above—Fletcher, Sherman, Howard, Cryer; to whom I add, at the moment, Anne Shaw, Harriett Judson, and Adelaide Newton (who, struggling for years against fell disease, divided her time betwixt deep soundings in the Word of God and her long-accustomed handiwork and headwork for the benefit of the Irish Missions); and behold how, as a rule, the most devout are the most *devoted* also, and those who kneel lowliest at His feet in private the most ready to confess His name in society, to become the handmaidens of His cause, and, so to speak, the stewardesses and purveyors of His household, and to aid His servants not only in reaping such carnal things as they need, but in sowing the spiritual.

There are illustrations enough of this *last* point, further on in the narrative; but verse 3 fixes on the ministration of such as Mary of Magdala, and other ladies who are named, "of their *substance* unto" Jesus;—the pattern of a thousand similar ministrations to His cause, and emphatically of those forms of Christian charity—such as the re-uniting of His divided and the succouring of His persecuted *saints*, and again the seeking and saving of those that are most utterly *lost*,—in which (as we know from John xvii. and Luke xv.) Jesus specially lives over again in interest and affection. Woman, peculiarly fitted for this ministration, often *has* substance of her own; far oftener wields an overmastering moral *influence* over the substance, because over the heart and will, of others; and more extensively still, perhaps, in all ranks, is endowed with the various and elegant handicraft which *creates* substance, and further

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enriches, if she so choose, the Temple-treasury—which anciently and literally, by the bye, stood in the *Women's* Court.

Value, then, your vocation, and pursue it with good-will. Follow the camp, and the Captain; and sustain or re-hearten your husbands and brothers in the service. Do *this* thing in particular, the collecting or disbursement of *money* in your capacity of Christ's purse-keepers, "heartily, *as unto* the Lord." Or, as St. Paul says elsewhere, in reference to *Church*-life and love among the Brotherhood:—"in business"—more accurately, "in *care*" (*for each other*,—"distributing to the necessity of saints," and so on, as in the context) "not slothful,"—nay, "fervent in spirit,"—literally, "*boiling*" with zeal therein (an ardour which neither Christ nor His apostles ever dreamed of enjoining in the business or "cares of this life," *incensing* their disciples to "make haste to be rich"!)—in loving care for the poor or suffering saints diligent, and even ardent-minded, as knowing that ye are thereby and in *them* "serving the Lord" Jesus. Yet, dear sisters, be not *unreasoning*, intemperate, wild, in making, extorting, or even expending money ostensibly on Christ's account; as some of the worldlier brethren are in similar operations on *their own*. Nor ever sin—(forgive me this freedom!)—against conscience, or even against Christian congruity, soberness, or decorum, to enrich a Christian cause. *No* end, and no result, can sanctify such means. Can you imagine Mary Magdalene, Johanna, and Susanna lady-patronesses of a raffle at Bethany, or a boat-race on the Lake of Galilee, or a great sale of doves for sacrifice at thrice

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their market value (the stalls set, haply, in the outer court of the Temple itself); the prize money or proceeds to go into the apostles' purse? "Provide things," at home, and even more in the church of God, "honourable," and in *ways* fitting and graceful, "in the sight of all men."

These, Miss E! these (with an episode on Christian experience, illustrating the benefit of interchanges of thought, on the things concerning the kingdom of God, between differing Christians) were the thoughts which came tumbling into my mind on my way down to Adam Street; and some of which, I *suppose*, came tumbling out again at my mouth when I opened it. But how far, or in what words, they passed from me to anybody else, I have very little idea indeed. And as to putting them into due form for the press,—in a word, I cannot possibly spare the time, were that all. I have a constant and solemn, though scattered and irregular, cure of souls, *very* pressing on my soul of late, besides its own burden. I have sad arrears of visitation to discharge. I have many and long time-consuming journeys to take, to and from, and in, and all around, London. I have—to bring this clack and egotism to an end—books on my table, gifts from Messrs. Binney, George Smith, Jobson, &c., and (in the midst of writing this) a fresh and much-esteemed book-gift from your sister, to acknowledge, criticise, and compliment, in their order; and a task to complete of collecting materials for a certain important work by a friend, which is announced,—the fourth, nay fifth, task of the sort that has been exacted from my benevolence in the last six months. . . I have taken

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a sudden fancy to jot down the foregoing memoranda for the practice of my own mind, and, as they grew under my pen, for the edification of Miss F. and your good self. . . .

Very affectionately yours,

W. M. BUNTING.

To the late MISS FARMER.

HIGHGATE RISE, NEAR LONDON,
June 18, 1857.

MY DEAR HARAS S. REMRAF,[1]—"I am sure that the hope of helping a suffering fellow-creature" out of his epistolary and other social liabilities, which are just now *very* heavy, "will induce you to" be merciful to me if I write you, in answer to your kind and tempting note, little *more* than "a line." That note tempts me with two topics; and a certain note, referring to certain *notable doings* of yours, which Dr. Steane put before me at the same moment, constrains me to touch upon a third. But, for the same cause which has *delayed* this answer,—namely, a world of heterogeneous and unpostponeable demands, such as *Job* knew not, or he had not been the orderly or the patient worker you have portrayed him[2]—I must restrain

[1] The late Miss Farmer, in sending a report of Mr. Bunting's address, the subject of the foregoing letter, to the Ladies' Committee of the Evangelical Alliance, for publication in *Evangelical Christendom*, had signed the article with the terminal instead of the initial letters of her names, H. S. R.—ED.

[2] This is in allusion to the memoir of the late Rev. Zephaniah Job, Wesleyan Methodist minister, written by Miss Farmer.—ED.

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my critical admiration for your *book*, cut short my critical reclamations against your *paper*, and submit *my* paper, in two sentences, to the criticisms of your man-servant.

Well, then, "the paper that relieves" *me* is common red blotting-paper, such as fills the portfolio I am writing on. But the paper *alone* gives me no relief, I trow! On the contrary, *my* asthma (the source of which is purely cerebral and nervous) has no greater enemy than this very blotting-book, or rather the brain-work to which it nightly summons me, and of which it retains the black, fantastic traces, like tattered trophies of its triumphant tyranny. (See what comes of corresponding with picturesque writers. And the felicity of the alliteration! It is Sheil to a *t*. But now for the anti-climax; for which I compassionately hope your poor servant is not literally gasping, as it cannot reach him before Saturday forenoon.) Take a few sheets of red blotting-paper; get a pennyworth of saltpetre; dissolve it in water; steep the paper in this solution sufficiently, but not so as to cover it with crystals, dry it before the fire, and lay it by for future use; and, having divided each sheet into pieces of some five or six inches square (like that I enclose), put one or two, when the spasm comes on, or preventively when it threatens, on the back of a common plate, folded up as within; apply to it a spill of lighted paper—*by no means a sulphur match*; fumigate the sitting-room, bed-room, or even inside of the bed-curtains, and *inhale the fume*. But observe two essential things. Close the mouth, and *inhale by the nostrils only*. And secondly, this paper must on no account be used where there is any degree of bronchial irritation

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catarrh, sore throat, or proper lung-disease. This is the primary and main question with me in reference to *your* patient. The paper has proved a perfect evangel to all those to whom I have recommended it (as Dr. Morison did first to me, and Dr. Harris to him), *provided* their asthma were simply, like my own, nervous and spasmodic—the attacks coming on, in general, periodically—in my case, very seldom at night, but after any kind of mental excitement and consequent reaction and exhaustion overnight, beginning about five A.M., rousing and forcing me to sit up, and gradually passing off so as to leave me perfectly free and able to walk for a wager by noon. If I can find it in my heart to awake my wife before eight o'clock (which I seldom can, unless the paroxysm be intolerable, or I have to go early to town, and want to conquer it much sooner), a leaf or two brought and burnt by her kind hand within the bed will at any time *relieve* the difficulty of breathing in seven or ten minutes, producing sleepiness, though not sleep, and presently allowing me to lie back again on my pillow. *But* wherever there is any degree of sub-acute inflammation or irritation from cold, where, as in my own case, in the spring especially, spasmodic asthma is even complicated for a few days or weeks with catarrh, and, I fear I must add, where the asthma is what is *commonly* known and suffered under that name—*my* remedy is inapplicable, and is found to increase the irritation and produce aggravated cough. If the sleeping companion, too, be suffering in any of the exceptional ways I have mentioned above, the paper ought not to be burnt in his or her presence. But otherwise it is quite innocuous, and indeed

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promotes gentle and sound sleep. I should strongly advise your servant, or you for him, to make the paper and its composition known to your medical attendant, who will know all about its chemical effect, and will judge how far it is likely to be useful or safe in this particular case. I shall be thankful, as I am sure the poor fellow himself will be, if it please God to bless it to His effectual consolation.

(Past midnight. I have just risen from my chair to burn a leaf, as I usually do in my study before going upstairs, to avoid the necessity of doing it there.)

And now, Haras S. Remraf (to complete the inversion), a word about that paper of yours for *Christendom*. If this reading of your names from right to left were a *Jew-like* device, I must own that it was an appropriate finish to the scheme for smuggling my "few broken hints" into print between a very pretty exordium and peroration of your own. The *perfectly accidental* detection thereof in a call on Mr. Dobson (like detecting the component parts of a cheap Geneva watch neatly stowed away in a lady's jewel-case just landed at the Custom House) occasioned me no small surprise; and I would fain have claimed the MS. from Mr. D., but could get nothing but the promise of a proof. Dr. Steane was too full of the even yet unbelievable meeting at Lambeth Palace to think of sending me, not the proof, but more wisely the MS. before Saturday; and I was too full of my sermon for Sunday, and of the glorious "Messiah" which Mrs. B. and I heard on Monday (would that dear Miss E. had heard it too!), to attend to the report of any such small thunder—my own,

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I mean—until the following day. And, what think you? I had just emerged on Tuesday forenoon from the effect of Monday's musical excitement, heightened by a jarring east wind, and was about to plunge into the papers, when Mr. A. was announced, fresh from Jericho, where I have sometimes wished he had been (he has heard the joke from some zealous evangelist, and smiled at it) at the time he penned one or two of the least "kind and wise words" of an immortal book. I was very glad to see him now, nevertheless; and he, on his part, presented me with "the pipe of peace," as he said, in the form of a *howkah* (?) from Cairo, as long as myself. (Don't know how to spell the word, as I never use the thing; must wait till Dixon or Binney, Sir Culling or Prince Albert, or any of the great men and "first gentlemen in Europe," who *do* smoke a pipe, or Mrs. A., who smoked one in Cairo, next visit me.) He, moreover, kindly asked me to meet the President and his colleagues at dinner, with his father-in-law. I could not resist, and walked back to Hornsey with him. Put the MS., however, in my pocket, and got an hour or two for correcting and somewhat abridging my own part of it before dinner. From the delays, I shall not wonder if it be too late. Next day finished it, and sent it to Steane, telling him, as I now tell you, that finding all demurrer useless, and being *utterly unable* to get time for making a regular thing of it (which indeed would make it more of a "fiction founded on truth" than it is at present), I think with Miss Farmer's envelopment it may pass and do some little good, the novelty both of the subject and of the *form* rendering of time presentable. I have headed it, "A Word for

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Ladies' Committees of the Evangelical Alliance;" and if you would only consent to sign your inverted names (first and last) in full, as I have addressed you, they would read so Persian and *distingués* that Lady E., Lady C. (who, you know, is a converted Persian, and a Plymouth sister), or other ladies who worship everything foreign, might be attracted to contemplate their patterns in our Lady of Magdala, &c.

I am very sorry that I cannot have a palaver with you ust now about your book. I have read most of it, as it is my habit to read *such* books, at intervals, too rare since my recovery, of *leisure* for *devotional* reading. In two words, I am, in all sincerity, charmed with your picture, as a whole, of a Methodist minister of a not so *very* rare, but of both a popularly and an aristocratically underrated class; of excellent understanding (say Mr. *Hart* what he will), of excellent habits, and of excellent spirit; but still only one of several varieties of altogether equally "good ministers of Jesus Christ." Your tone of comment is very healthy; though with two or three of your particular views and innuendoes I don't and, what's more, *won't* agree. I *may* have time some day to talk you into mine. I was serious when I spoke of the agreeable picturesqueness of your writing, and that without the air of pretension or constraint. I may just add, that your *penmanship* is delicious (in manuscript), and, oh Haras! thy punctuation is consummately *gentlemanly*. But I must not add more to these *few* "lines."

I rejoice in your freedom and quiet gladness in your Yorkshire home; and only wish I might send most of my

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letters to you to answer for me in your own easy way.—J. R.'s critique is perfect,—his commentary on *Job*, I mean. Mr. and Mrs. A. are wonderfully sprightly and interesting tellers of their own story. His voice is not much better: talks now of the water-cure, and I have urged him to try Ilkley, for his and *your* social delectation the while. With our united kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Farmer, Miss Elizabeth, and yourself,

I am ever, my dear Miss Farmer,
Yours with high esteem,
W. M. BUNTING.

From the Archbishop's on Friday I went straight to Mr. B.'s, who, S. M. had told me, was very ill, and piteously low in mind. Found him gone from home again—worse. These frequent prostrations of public men are very sad, *and admonitory too.* A full and important meeting of Council here this morning, about Berlin Conference.

Am finishing my note, in a great hurry, for post-time, in the Turkish Committee Room.

7, ADAM STREET, *Friday afternoon.*

To the late REV. PETER MCOWAN.

HIGHGATE RISE, *December* 7, 1857.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—Another of your kind, sweet, Christ-breathing, love-inspiring letters! I meant to answer it myself at some length; but Providence again says, No. We are in the deeps;—very low in health and

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depressed in spirit, scarcely equal to anything, and meanwhile laden—my dear wife and self both in our different ways—heavily laden with applications, duties, and cares. Yet, I must just say in a line, "*underneath*" us are Divine supports, and all round us the tender mercies of our Saviour.

The weather is lethal—the atmosphere, I mean—and the dire disease from which, I grieve to hear, *you* have been suffering, is fearfully epidemical in London. . . .

Friday night—reaching home from a long and exciting committee (after a month of almost entire confinement to two rooms upstairs), I received tidings of a serious seizure of influenza, but falsely imagined to be paralytic also, which had just prostrated our beloved father. I was so utterly exhausted, I *could* not go that night; but went straight upstairs, and poured out my heart unto GOD. I saw, from the description, no immediate danger was to be feared, and felt I was doing far more good by prayer for him, than by breaking in upon him at that time of night (he having no idea that my sister had written), and heightening his impression of a family panic.

Saturday, Mrs. William and I went to Myddelton Square. Found him in his bedroom, in easy chair, dressed. Surprised to see us, but evidently thought our call accidental. Prostrated with influenza—that is all—doctors say so; but it is affecting and fear-exciting enough. Himself apprehensive that "a great change had taken place,"—no appetite—rather obstinate in refusing the nourishment and the stimulants which the doctors urgently order him to be abundantly supplied with, and induced, if possible, to take:—his look and complexion by no means betokening

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any serious ailment: his deportment singularly grave, quiet, childlike—bless him!—yet manly and reserved. We sat with him for more than an hour; and, though he spoke little, and was manifestly very feeble, he questioned me about the committee on Friday, and listened with interest to my report. Then I talked to him about the things of GOD, and tried to minister to his consolation. Lastly, reasoned him into submission to the doctor about food, &c. . . .

Last night, returning from preaching at St. George's (my pitying wife indulging me with a closed fly, and accompanying me), we called for ten minutes, but did not see him. Had taken both medicine and nourishment with good will, and was better. Doctors fear nothing immediate, and nothing at all but from prostration.

Continue your most gratefully prized prayers, dear Sir, for him and for us all! You don't know, and must not, how much I have been led of late, at times, to pray and to praise for you and yours,—how many thoughts I have had on my sick-bed about yourself, or what sort of thoughts they were,—how intensely I rejoiced, how lovingly yet envyingly I wept over Mr. Wilson's[1] letters in the "Notices;" saying to my wife, "Oh that it were in our power to put after our names in the *next* 'Notices'—

"£100 for the Wilderness of India;

"£100 for the Fruitful Field of Fegee!"

But I must not, cannot, go on. . . . That which most tries me is the fear of not being *able*, if the usual consequences of asthma and bronchitis supervene, to visit my dearest father. But I leave it all with Him who doeth all

[1] Mr. McOwan's son-in-law, at that time a missionary in Fiji.

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things well. "My trust," as I was reading yesterday, "is in the *tender mercy* of *my God* for ever and ever." . . . .

Excuse me, my too kind and most unmerited friend. How much I could and would have said, in echo to the good things in your letter, did not frailty bind me fast! This last season of seclusion has been more blessed to my soul than several that went before. I have strong conviction *now*, that I owe much of this to your *unknown* prayers for me; yet to GOD alone, the Giver of all grace—specially of the grace of supplication—be all thanksgiving and glory!

He prompted you to give me that sweet little story about the old woman carrying "the Blessed Jesus" with her into the almshouse. *He* brought it to my mind, *in a moment*, and made it just fit into a thought which sprang up as suddenly in my mind, while I was crying to your old congregation at St. George's, "Come to the waters, come!" And I felt that He made it an instrument of power with the people. So, then, it was you rather than I that preached, and perhaps the old woman rather than either of us. But the blessed and holy electric influence transmitted, by means of those few words, from one heart in York to many at St. George's, was that of the Divine Spirit. Him, with the Father and the Son together, let us ever worship and glorify!

I wish I had strength to tell you more than you have yet learned . . . . touching the Berlin Conference,[1] the German Evangelical preachers and congregations, the ascendancy of Evangelical Arminianism, &c.; also about

[1] Of the Evangelical Alliance.

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our visit to Luther's land, to Herrnhut, and, especially, to the dying man of GOD, our missionary Müller at Winnenden (fifteen miles beyond Stutgard), and his fellow-missionary and family——"Season of grace and sweet delight!" But, though refreshed, midway through this blind scrawl, with my usual sick-room stimulant, strong coffee, I have no nerve left for more than to sign myself, with our true love to you all,

Yours most affectionately,

W. M. BUNTING.

To the late Miss Farmer.

HIGHGATE RISE, NEAR LONDON,
March 3, 1858.

MY DEAR MISS FARMER,—You would pity, and not blame, if I could tell you all; but this I have neither time nor strength for to-night, and so you must simply *trust* me, and I will trust *you* so to do. Piety in all cases, but friendship in most, is a life of faith.

Briefly, I yearned, with my lassie's leave, to answer your kind note for myself, from out the long silent solitude of my organ-room. With more difficulty—nay, nervous misery, in the very *handling* of a pen, than happily you can imagine, I did scribble three pages of a meditated epistle on Saturday; breaking off from a much more troublesome paper of recollections, &c., for Mrs. Bealey's funeral sermon on Sunday next. No use: *both* were

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peremptorily interrupted by a ~~sudden~~ inundation of *undeniable* visitors from three different points of the far north; which has compelled my attention to one or other of them, morning, noon, and night, in my invalid attire, plaid shawls, study gown, fur cap, with eider-down German mattrass and railway rug—from Saturday evening until this very afternoon, when the last and chiefest of them took their departure. Of *these*, one—herself a piteous-looking invalid, but for the last seven or eight months an object of my special *religious* solicitude, and kindly come up to town, uninvited, to look after *my* health—was sure to be in my before-mentioned oratory or confessional ere I could get into it in the morning. I was thus beguiled into descending with her and the rest (wife and daughters employed in preparing for dinner, being blessed, *as usual*, for the last five years, with elegantly educated, letter-writing, fine-talking "domestics," who graciously *superintend* their mistresses in the kitchen and dormitories), after a lazy morning, into the dining-room, for the first time in eight weeks. We sat, talked, read, sang to the piano, and entertained mutual friends from the neighbourhood, till midnight. All this time, the winds and weather up here in the deep gorge between Traitors' Hill and your father's cemetery, in which we "die daily," have been positively terrific—persecution and torture, arrows and poison, to my almost naked nerves; making me, not "cold," nor "unwell," nor aught of that luxurious fireside or sick-room—easy-chair sort, but, whether sitting up in bed (where I face the N.E.), or anywhere else save within the shelter of shutters and curtains, red-baize screens and

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circumjacent crinolines—*exquisitely irritable* in brain and bronchia, and bodily "full of misery." And, finally, when friends were gone, and I had got back to my little sanctuary, I found I had sore throat and other ominous irritations upon me; so took betimes my prescribed sedative, &c., morphia and squill, and under the mixed influence of *these*, the east wind, and great exhaustion from company, I am now writing this wretched substitute for my intended letter. Wish I had let C. write last week. Here, however, is the sum of my reasons for writing at all, for writing so tardily, for writing so meagrely, and for writing so prolixly about almost nothing. Your great goodness deserved a worthier acknowledgment. Your first inquiry, however, is virtually answered. That obstinate second attack of bronchitis gave way two or three weeks ago; but God's great plague of "east wind" supervening (latterly aggravated by "His rough wind") has brought me asthma instead, with physical excitability and prolonged imprisonment. "He hath done all things well." *This is my sincere, profound, adoring sentiment;* but, apart from weariness, I cannot bring myself to speak more *of* myself (as an invalid), even so far as to tell you, my kind and understanding friend, of *His* mercies and manifestations to my soul, in my comparative seclusion before Christmas, *more* than in my total abstraction from preaching and visiting since. (I wish *your* soul would now and then *speak up* in the notes with which you favour me.) Much less will I egotize—although I fancy my egotisms amuse you sometimes in a dull half-hour—about the numberless *books*, big and little, that I have sat coughing over in all this time;

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the pamphlets and MSS. annotated (Mr. Arthur's last piece on India, anonym., nearly *killed* me with its piercing statements and mighty suggestions, when my chest was at the worst); my cares and ponderings about *Methodism* and its ministry—and about *England*, in connexion, now with India, now with Prussia, and now with France and its "great and illustrious" Emperor, and their morally degraded, braggart, brutal, and *detestably unjust* revilers, "who say that they are" Englishmen, "but are not;" or, again, the strange, undreamt-of, sometimes delightful, *sometimes admonitory*, facts of domestic life, gospel success, religious experience, &c., that reports of societies or private letters have brought to one's knowledge, *surely* not for the sole providential purpose of driving one's self mad with pent-up convictions and emotions! What a true "invisible world" do I seem destined to live in,—a soul among "souls" (as Maurice sneeringly calls them),—whereof the world of sense, both outside the Church and *very generally in* it, appears to know and to *imagine* little beyond the bodily forms they tenant, their ephemeral words and ways, and the social simulations which—some from magnanimity, and some from craftiness—they assume!

All wrong again:—broken off from this:—bed:—on awaking, still stupefied by the wonted effect of these "dreadful" east winds (as E—— calls them) on my *brain*:—asthma besides:—forced to dictate one letter to C—— for Scarborough, another to A—— for Sir Culling, before rising—only just now, two o'clock, in my organ-room—afraid of being too late even for *this* day's post. Forgive me everything; and, while I think of it, please not to "happen" to

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mention in any letter to Scarborough, or in Mr. B——'s presence, that you have heard *from* me. I have had repeated most kind letters from both, of inquiry and much more, the answer to which I have long reserved and delayed like this. *Now* I find I must go on, as during the past two months, by deputy. They *ought* not, therefore, to be perplexed or pained by knowing that I have written an epistle, and a very long one after all, "with mine own hand."

Now, *you* have heard that I was found "reading the newspaper to my father." How *true*, and how unjust! One morning last week, on a sudden summons from the beloved old man, to come and see him *die*, I did, after much hesitation on my wife's part, wrap myself up, and venture in a close carriage (at the calculated risk of not following him to his grave, except *for good*) to Myddelton Square. We spent more than an hour with him, receiving his truly affecting dying testimony to the "righteousness of God by *faith*" (and "nothing for it now but a *naked* faith"), comforting him as well as we were able, and I reading picked hymns to him out of Dr. Rippon's charming Selection. He brightened up: his strength, indeed, had already rallied wonderfully, as often before (could I know or help that?); and at length, to join the doctor in reassuring him, I took a penny newspaper out of my brother's hand, and read him, more in pleasantry than aught else, the list of the new ministry. The doctor left, told Dr. Hoole with the usual enlargement, and Dr. H. told you. I returned home, and, after being severely blamed for going, have not been there or elsewhere since. But enough.

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2. You ask me, secondly, "Will you *please* us by preaching the closing sermon at Acton, April 11th?" Answer: I am afraid *not*—though it is for yourselves, rather than for me, to say whether you are pleased with the sermon, and that, when you have heard it. All I can say is, that, if I am as well, please GOD, as I hope to be by that time (for I am now nursing myself for my appointments in the City Road Circuit in the interval), I *will* preach your *closing opening* sermon,—and that, because I understand you to imply a wish to that effect, and because I always look upon Acton Methodism, school, chapel, and all, as specially and personally *yours* under GOD.

I wish you had condescended to give us *some* account of your own and Mr. and Mrs. Farmer's health (that troublesome throat of yours, especially in these blessed winds); as also of your dear sister's, and Mr. W—— at Scarborough. Oh for a good drink of *their* east winds!

Mrs. B. and my daughter join me in sincerest love and esteem to yourself; and in pious duty to your father and mother, not less sincere, if less ardent and presuming,

Believe me, my dear Miss Farmer,
Ever and very affectionately yours,
W. M. BUNTING.

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To the REV. ALFRED BARRETT.

HIGHGATE RISE, *March* 25, 1858.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I throw myself on your mercy. H—— will have told you why I could not write before; how it pleased GOD to prolong and vary my affliction and my bodily misery by the easterly winds; how dependent I was for months—from October to March—on herself and sister for the writing of my numberless inevitable letters. I must write to you "with mine own hand," and have waited till I was able. But even now my strength is ill recovered from the shock, or rather the wear of many weeks' confinement between bedroom and organ-room, and from the effect of the vile poisons, depressing henbane and morphia, which were inevitable to keep down the spasmodic excitement of the system. And since I got abroad (preaching at dear City Road on Sunday week for the first time since Covenant Sunday), my old three-headed oppressor, Multitude, Distance, Hurry, has harassed me daily, and deprived me of all quiet without and within, for letter-writing, and for all but Bible-reading. You really cannot imagine the number and strange diversity of "peoples" and businesses with which I was obliged to deal mentally most of the time that I was ill, and which have hurried me to and fro over long distances in opposite directions since I returned to the itinerancy. Some of these have been congenial and not unfriendly to one's own soul, such as vernacular education, Havelock scholarships, and other catholic conspiracies against heathenism in India; correcting and putting notes to good Mrs. ——'s (monotonous and

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highly excisable) Diary, to please ——; and so on. . . . This . . . simply to bespeak your forbearance and sympathy in respect of my numerous defalcations and non-appearances in public. My hands and brains are evermore full of the cares and cases of unperfected Christians—discharged into my bosom, doubtless, as being supposed to be more tolerant of the weaknesses and anxieties with which consciousness has made it familiar. I can imagine of such a man as Angell James, or any other household pastor of one large congregation, himself not thus harassed as *from* himself, how unwelcomely such cases of *social* conflict, or *soul*-conflict, will, as they transpire, press upon him; what a wild, romantic, painful, often fearful life many of his world-entangled charge will lead him (*mentally*, that is); what solicitude he must feel as to the effect on the Church's collective life, even when the causes of injury to it are sacred secrets between himself and individual members, and as to the effect, sometimes, on their very hope of salvation; and yet, how compensating must be the actual weekly and daily effect on the spirit, point, and reach of his own ministry, and on the tenderness and earnestness of his "supplications" (especially in his closet and "on his bed"—the *great* secret means of equally great, equally unseen, and unappreciated pulpit success) "for all saints"! Forgive this long sentence out of the way—one of my "meanderings," as A. T. reverently calls them.

Well, thus it is with my humble self just at present. . . . Are you not mentally remarking, my wise and gentle friend (of whom, GOD knows, I feel myself vilely unworthy), how much these and other extra-personal cares and com-

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motions seem to fill and to exercise a soul, which a long sickness has just been speeding towards its own eternity? It is very much the case. I own it with pain, yet not altogether with self-upbraiding; but rather with a daily struggle (for I own it daily to myself) to *submit* to the desultory and distracting life apparently allotted to me; and with the conviction that it is possible, though very hard for *me*, by getting grace, to go through all "in righteousness," and, at the same time, "in true holiness," to prove that "in all these things," as well as in the happier experiences of the sick-room and of the sanctuary, "is the life of *my soul*."

I desired C—— to say emphatically how much the kindness of your first letter, and especially the assurance of, I think, your *family* prayers for us, went through my heart. I remember getting almost immediately up on my knees in bed, and to "The Lord be with you!" responding, "And with your spirits!" Not that the response was confined to that one gush, or to that one occasion, not by a great many. But what I would add now is, that few texts of blessed Scripture occur to me so often in my perplexed and tumultuous thinking about life, the ministry, the revolution in religious tastes and habits, my own discouragements, my grievous faults and failures in the attempt to amend, the versatile Tempter, other people's communicated trials and jars, the chess-playing of sects, the universal arrogance and much mischief-making of the newspaper craft, the provocations of private life, one's family, with their various ways and prospects, money and mendicants and rascals (especially religious ones), with an ever-

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unrolling scroll of problems in practical theology and moral politics—a world-wide Apocalypse, half revelation, half mystery—no text much oftener comes to me, and turns to faith and prayer, than that of *yours*, with your once-reported sermon on it, "If any man lack wisdom, &c.," always afresh annotated and enlarged upon by the suggestions of my own experience. Asking you to entreat GOD for me, that He may deign to vouchsafe, if not a very large, a *saving* measure of that "all-comprising gift" to one who assuredly lacks it more than most men,—I must break off here. It is past midnight. I am frail, and early to-morrow I must hie to town. . . .

After doing business at Exeter Hall, at the "Vernacular" committee-room, I got up home in time to attend a Lent service and lecture at St. Anne's, the first I have attended this year. The lecture or sermon was by ——, most earnest, homely, pre-Raphaelite in depicting scenes from the Gospels and *from London streets by night*, tender, arresting, full of humanity, full of the name of "Jesus," and full of the most undisguised (save by the use of every phrase in Evangelic terminology) and intense and deadly Maurician heterodoxy! There's for you! H—— had a turn with our excellent clergyman about another sermon from the same stranger, in one of his long, kind visits to me. He promises me, by a very kind, long note, another visit in a day or two; and *won't* I have this Lenten High Church and low doctrine, ascetico-socinianism, out with him! Its motley forms, and its wide spread among the religious sophs and gentilities of this generation, are most shocking. I have no patience with ——'s dainty and

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"liberal" treatment of its divines of various shades, and I have told him so. Oh for a return of Pauline "intellectual preaching"! Oh for a great outpouring of Christian common sense upon preachers and people! Oh for Horsley and Magee, Wardlaw and Winter Hamilton, and Richard Watson from the dead! Mr. S—— has lent me *Archer Butler's Sermons*, and I am reading them with an interest, a thrill, a state of feeling compounded of admiration, delight, solemnity (so searching are they), and painful regret at their Hook-ism here, and their Hare-ism there—though fundamentably orthodox and evangelical, too—which it makes me pant for breath to describe even. Do try to get hold of them. The —— —— lauds them (as does Dr. Vaughan) unboundedly; but *its* reviewers on theology and literature want more sharply looking after themselves.

This morning, exhausted (I am now excusing two days' more delay in finishing this *olla podrida*); could not sit to my portfolio before dinner. But now,—hear! [Here follows an account of a visit paid by Mr. Bunting to a sick friend in the neighbourhood; to whom, in a very brief interview, it occurred to him to speak of the possibly fatal termination of his illness, and from whom there was thus elicited a clear expression of Christian faith. Within four hours afterwards, the good man suddenly died.] I cannot make any comment on this event; but with the awe of it on my spirit (yet with some envy of his "sure and certain hope" in dying, and his great reward, as well as deep rest in heaven's bright antechamber now, and likewise with much

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thankfulness that I was permitted to minister the last consolations in life), I again break off my palaver with you, and retire for the night.

Monday, March 29.—Once more, and finally, my beloved brother,—and as fast as I can.

I had no appointment yesterday. . . . Well, after a sweet and profitable service at St. Anne's, which three of us found it essentially convenient to attend yesterday forenoon, wife and I went up to inquire after the new-made widow at ——. I went in and saw her, and her four very bright and lovely little children in a lower room. The baby, slight and pale, however, and more other-world-like, and more reminding both wife and self of your supernatural Irene than any we have seen. The sorrow above, and the unconscious mirth below, equally pathetic and moving. Thence to ——. I went to visit a lamb of the flock—a fine baby-boy there, who has had inflammation of the lungs, in consequence of his mother bringing him to see and refresh *me* in my late sickness. Alas! what a Moloch have I been in my time! Thence to my dear old father, with whom I spent the evening. In a word, though I could tell to *you*, had I time, much of his *spiritual* unfoldings in this supposed mortal crisis, which would comfort you in dejection, and establish your heart with grace; but, *bodily*, he has rallied marvellously in general health, and yet his pain from rheumatism and neuralgia in the left arm is unremovable, almost constant, and grievously severe. And this, with a helpless dependence on Mrs. B—— and E——, his only acceptable nurses, has gone on for most of a twelvemonth. Their support, as

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much as his, is from on high, and really marvellous in our sight. He looks well, and comely as he did fifteen years ago; *will* sit up (in his bedroom wholly since November) commonly fourteen hours a day, and is now again full of intelligent and interested attention, if not of talk, on all the great questions of the day.

Among a multitude of marked and signal mercies that have companied with me throughout my own affliction, help me to praise GOD for His loving kindness in not taking my father home at a time when I could not have answered a summons to receive his deathbed blessing, nor have followed his reverend remains to the grave. . . .

Your kind question about my state of mind during this long confinement has been virtually answered in great part. I would willingly go into the interior of the matter with *you* if I had not already been so tiresome, and also if I were not afraid of being overlooked, and in consequence molested, by the great enemy. I will simply say that my first illness, from October to January (though I was able to get through a good deal of work and reading that time, and to keep all my preaching appointments in the far East by using a closed private carriage), was indeed, and memorably, a "season of grace and sweet delight;" but that in the first ten weeks of the present year my mind has been too often tumultuously exercised by public and social matters, and has not gathered to the same degree, from my second affliction, "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." Yet I must speak good of the name of the Lord, and adore Him for granting me victory, even when not repose. My communings with our holy and merciful

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Saviour, with my own heart, with my most kind and deeply beloved wife, and with numberless spirits of the just, in the Bible and good books, would (like your own, doubtless) fill volumes. The result, on the whole, blessed be GOD, is good. "It is good for me that I have been afflicted;" though this affliction, as my beloved tells me, has turned "her jo's" hair grey, as she sees it in the light, and has sensibly made a deeper impression than most before on the strength of my life and limbs. I would fain seek relief in sea-air and bathing; but, for the present, am shut up in London. . . .

Here endeth, probably and I hope, the last palaver of anything like this Atlantic-cable length,[1] and of the same stupid autobiographical vein, which I shall ever inflict on you.

For, to turn to one of the principal topics in your last letter, weighty and precious, as pure as unbeaten gold, GOD willing, you are coming to Richmond. If I live, our intercourse will be no more through *this* miserable medium, at once exhausting and unsatisfying. . . . But more absolutely, more solemnly, I hope more calmly and resignedly, than ever, have I lately learned to leave my own and my friends' life-long future—every step (there may be but one, or there may be many an one) between each of us and death—with the only wise GOD. Oh, may not even I—I am sure *you* may—humbly trust to be guided with His counsel, and afterwards received to glory?

Your picture, which now hangs close to my eye, and which has repeatedly startled me with its glance, while scribbling to you, now warns me that it is family-prayer

[1] The entire letter covers sixty-three pages of ordinary note-paper.—ED.

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time, and that I really must cease to try your eyesight and your patience. Well, I will. . . .

Believe me, my dear Friend,
Ever most faithfully yours,
W. M. BUNTING.

I feel as if I could not send away a letter of such length, in Passion-week, without just testifying that the Bleeding Lamb is all my salvation and all my desire.

To the REV. THOMAS WAUGH.

HIGHGATE RISE, *November* 19, 1855.

. . . . You see, then, my honoured friend, in what regions of thought and feeling I have been, even daily, both before and since I received *your* memento, and the pathetic few lines which accompanied it. Amidst so much mortality and mourning, I could not but think of you; no, nor in the knowledge of your tender nature —more like that of the Son of man, *physically*, than the nature of many of His followers—nor in the knowledge of your peculiar endearment for Mrs. Waugh, which has always seemed to me, from your manner of speaking of her, that of a *life-long lover*, as well as of a truly Christian husband, could I fail to feel *deeply* for you and with you. I am not, much to my regret, in circumstances perfectly to appreciate the blessing you have lost; but I can and do sympathise with you in your sense of loss, from conceiving what would be my own, were the same affliction to befall

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me! Your brief note kindly prays, that this calamity (which GOD *may* spare me altogether) may, at least, be long postponed. My response to the prayer is, May the Holy Spirit heal and comfort the heart, from whose wounds such tender anxieties and benevolences flow! And my dearest wife being now mentally present at your summons, let her say, through me, that she must ever cherish Mr. Waugh's friendship as one of the Christian prizes of the present life, and one of the foretastes of life and love hereafter: that *she* also "suffers with" you in your all-surpassing sorrow; and that, in every prayer of mine for its alleviation, she joins with affectionate fervour. I speak of my *prayers:* do not understand me as herein pretending to anything save affection, with just a grain of faith in GOD, as *your* GOD rather than as mine. I *must* pray for my friends; "and for all saints," whom, as such, I am forced to *love*, though not meet to be called one of them. Such exercises are commanded to us all: and, indeed, they are the instinctive resource and self-relief of those who, finding themselves strangely but responsibly linked by various relations and sympathies to eminent goodness and heaven-taught wisdom, and painfully unable to "minister unto" them by *counsel*, or by the encouragements of an *experience* at all approximate to their own, have but this simple mode—quick though circuitous—from Highgate Rise to Bandon, for instance, *round by Heaven*—of doing them any manner of good whatever. I often feel that it needs less grace—I mean, embodied in personal goodness—to win one's way to the heart of Infinite kindness, than to convey a consolatory or instruc-

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tive thought, at least with the *savour* of it, into the mind of saint or sinner. "Evil" though they be, our "heavenly Father giveth the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." If for themselves, "while they are *yet* sinners," why not for others, who are, at least, in a higher state of salvation? Surely, a doubt on this point betrays the thought, that the prayer of a righteous man availeth "according to his righteousness," and that "GOD heareth not sinners." This I cannot believe. Nevertheless I desire to confess myself *unworthy* to intercede for the saints, or to call sinners to repentance, or even to carry Christ's charity and promises to the sick and sorrowful. And all my confidence in the use of prayer, personal or intercessory, is built on the two thoughts, that "we have a great High Priest" ever employed and ever prevailing for suppliants, of all classes and characters *in common;* and that, while the most sinful *may*, and the most sanctified *must, first* "obtain mercy," ere they are accepted in asking anything more, all else that they *can* ask for themselves or others is pure, glorious "*grace*," as free, and therefore as sure, to one as to another of those who *believe in* JESUS, and give the praise to *Him*. I wish I had but enough of this humble faith, to bring down a heaven of blessings on your soul.

If this rambling letter reach you by Friday next, please to ask for *me*, on that day, all-forgiving mercy and all-hallowing grace. I shall then complete—not without deep feelings of wonder and humiliation—my fiftieth year; and my most dear and reverend father (on the whole, beautifully well), with all our tribe that are in London, will (D.V.) meet at my fireside. We have no right to expect

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it often; but, when you can, remember me and mine, while you have the mercy-seat in full view, and the all-prevailing name on your lips.

Do you know, I have just been fancying, that our spiritual and friendly interest in your trial, in your hopes, and even in your beloved, need not be very much affected by the fact of our not having known her. May we not, rather, share with you the "comfort of love;" and the *benefit* of the visitation, which has warningly put out the light in *another* dwelling of our Israel; and the *joy* of thinking that it has been added, as a new star, to the firmament of our future heaven, not to be lost even in the light of the Lamb; nay, and the *animation* of her *pattern*, beheld through the medium of testimony; without the bitterness of feeling, as, alas! you do, a once-sensible and familiar delight, an angel in our own shape, long domiciled in our tent, for ever gone hence? I seem to "*remember*" Mrs. Waugh, from having had her pictured again and again before my mind, in the same *way* that I remember Jesus and His "words." I seem to have a fragrant and refreshing *sense* of her excellence, her love-worthiness, her integral value in the kingdom of Christ, her having been a positive blessing to the world I live in, and her being now a living and by us inestimable tributary to Christ's and His people's joy through all eternity; although I had no more knowledge of her in the body than of Sarah or Elizabeth, Susannah Wesley or Mary Fletcher, or any one of some thousands of worthies, who, in the Bible or out of it, have obtained a good report, and become, at different times, known and dear to my soul. Faith in the com-

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memorated characteristics and experiences of the saints, like faith in the human history of our Lord; and in their present unseen delights, as in His invisible, heavenly royalty and mediation, does carry one a long way in the love of them, as of Him, and into the sphere of their moral, as of His mediatorial and saving, influence. And should I ever—GOD grant I may!—behold your dear Mrs. Waugh in resurrection-beauty and immortal youth, and range, now and then, at your side and hers, "the happy plains," I shall not grieve never to have known her in a form less lovely, in robes less white, or with a spirit less radiant with the likeness of GOD!

And another thought, that I have been thinking, relates to GOD's emphatic mercy to yourself in one respect. Has not "light arisen" to your own eyes, "in the darkness" of your memorable affliction of 1853—sufficient perhaps to disperse it? Was it not "mercy all," since some such personal affliction was, for wise and holy ends, decreed to you, that it anticipated the removal of your mate? For, first, did not Infinite Tenderness thus secure to you the incomparable nursing, and companionship, and midnight prayers, and morning welcome back to light and life, of its best human representative? I mean, of course, its best *now* on earth—a Christian wife. Did not that terrible "accident," with its immediate and its long-lingering consequences, elicit and give scope for such gushes of her love, esteem, and solicitude—"poured forth," like "the love of GOD," sensibly and abundantly, "into *your* heart"—as "make it a well," even amidst the desert of your present lonely lot, and will be a great part of your consolation till

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you meet again? And besides, were you not—do you not feel, my dear Sir, that you were gently and skilfully prepared, both of you, by the solemn apprehensions, the perhaps unuttered griefs, the heavenward thoughts and yearnings, the blissful spiritual manifestations, the all-subduing grace, which marked that season of danger, for the actual dissolving, by a different event, of all fragile earthly ties, and for your union, ere long, in that world, whose characteristics of "glory, honour, and *immortality*" are otherwise expressed by the Apostle as "glory, honour, and *peace*"? Ah! only when there is immortality, is there perfect peace! So long as there is death, whether in presence or in prospect, there must needs be "sorrow and crying." But, methinks, it will have graciously softened the intervening sorrow, and brought near the eventual joy, to have been *twice* lately made familiar with both: and when your time comes really to die, you will probably find that you have drained life's bitterest cup before; yea, that the very bitterness of death, even naturally considered, is past; and that, on the other hand, your best spiritual consolations have been kept by the master of the feast, for your last hour.

But—*but*—if it please Him, may that time yet be some years distant! Don't, I beseech you, be in a selfish, unapostolic hurry. I know the dispensation, which has taken your companion into heaven, has left you standing and waiting, in thought and spirit, only just outside. But, albeit on the topmast round of Jacob's ladder (not now for the first time), do be a *good* angel, and willing, like those in the Patriarch's vision, to descend and ascend a few

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times more, for the comfort of wayfarers below, and the glory of GOD above, ere you "vanish in light."

Believe me, my dear and reverend Friend,

Your unworthy, but ever-affectionate,

W. M. BUNTING.

To the late MISS FARMER.

HIGHGATE RISE, *April* 6, 1858.

MY DEAR MISS FARMER,—My wife thanks you for your kind note, and for your enlarged offer of hospitality next week. But, as her movements depend on mine, she leaves the duty of replying in my hands. We shall make, I assure you, a grievous sacrifice in not hearing and meeting our old friend, James Hamilton, in your chapel, and in the village where Baxter held catholic communion with Sir Matthew Hale. But, for two inexorable reasons, of which I will only produce one "at this present," we cannot be there before Tuesday evening. That is to say, *I* am "a feeble thing of naught," and wholly incapable of supporting the excitement of the morning service, and the racket and distraction of "interminable company and everlasting clack" throughout the afternoon. It would destroy my peace and strength for evening worship. We shall be delighted to join your circle at supper that night, and (if I can only get you down in time) at breakfast next morning.

We trust you are all better—dear Miss Elizabeth especially—or well, these withering easterly winds not-

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withstanding. I cannot recall your beautiful *last* letter,—so congenial, I assure you, in and about *every*thing,—"ugly square boxes," "lime trees," and all,—without a very fervent wish heavenward, that, both at the first and at a thousand future services in the new sanctuary, your preachers may be clothed with righteousness, and *you* (through your *sister's* tuneful throat) constrained to sing for joy!

My dear Mrs. B. complains of many infirmities just now. The girls are both "runagates" to Brother Arthur's bazaar (that successful merchant with other men's money), and are likely to find themselves "left in scarceness" when all is over. But A., and *B.* too, are really so generous with *their own*, that I grudge the immolation of my children *less* at their throne than at almost any other. I was much disappointed for myself not to hear Mr. Punshon. But I was suddenly and very unwell that morning. Indeed, I have never yet rallied my strength from the shock, or *wear* rather, of my late long illness. And since I began to go abroad, *what a life* hath mine been, among believers fighting (with each other), or red-republicanizing, or worrying one with impracticable or imprudent new schemes,—*or*, much more "blessedly," and comfortingly too, "*dying* in the Lord," or "showing forth His virtues" in sickness or in sudden and bitter bereavement! Such scenes and excitements as these last, with Paschal services on Friday and Sunday, and some wild-weather journeys, and letter-writing (one as long as *a Life*, to Mr. Barrett), and Archer Butler's marvellously thinking sermons, and other reading, have come in as a flood, and left me with a palpitating heart and nerves unstrung. Yet—when I think of all that

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I *have* thought lately, and all that I have "said unto GOD," and all that *He* has spoken to my soul—I marvel at what my poor mother once confessed in family prayer, in the name of us all—"the buoyancy, volatility, and elasticity of" my *animal spirits*, after a few hours of repose. *Will* you kindly give our love to "Dr." Hamilton, and represent to him this frail state of my health, and my dread of the drain on nervous energy by the causes mentioned above, as the *true* philosophy of the phenomenon of our absence from his gracious ministry on Tuesday morning? And, dear Miss Farmer, for the love of *the man* and of *his Master*, don't embarrass Dr. H. by hanging your head like a bulrush under his sensitive eye, because he *reads* his sermon! Look away from the *evening* preacher, and welcome: *he had much rather that you would.*—Our best regards, with deep respect, to your right noble father, and to Mrs. F. and Miss E. The chapel is *his* gift, after all—a love-gift to Christ *in your name.* He long since gave *you* "to the King of glory;" and I look upon *this* as a part of your sacred dowry.

To the Same.

EAST WINDIA, *Tuesday*, 11 P.M., 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I fear you have been expecting to receive from me some days ere this some answer to one or two questions and innuendoes in your last kind and unkind note. Believe me, I have been absolutely disabled by a return of my old intimately connected irritations of brain

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and bronchia. The desperate cold I took on that Exeter Hall platform has been, of course, stereotyped by the east winds that blow day and night into my bedroom and study. I can scarcely get on with this scrawl for violent coughing, my henbane dose notwithstanding. Then, we have had a "round world" of company, obdurately robust, and exactingly eloquent (none of them—save dear deep-voiced and deep-souled Dixon, and my most dear but pathetically exhausted and "humble" father—so *gentle* and agreeable as our Gunnersbury guests last evening, who did me nothing but good); and we have had communications, questions, businesses, anxieties, in the course of this last week,—and I, solitary communings with a *supposed* departing spirit, intensely exciting to thought and prayer, which have held mine eyes waking at night, my mind wandering in conversation, and my cough going at a killing rate, until yesterday, when *I* killed *it*, for a time, by poison. Writing is in these states of mind and body, with me, impossible—or destructive; and for a week I have answered no letters, except by deputy or dictation, until this present. Even a sketch of his father as a preacher, which our friend J. R. asked of me, and which I was beginning to limn mentally *con amore*, I was forced to decline under present pressures, and in prospect of bronchitis, *or* bereavement, *or* interminable company, for some time to come. To your three delicate lancet-cuts, O "*Lady*" (for you were baptized Sarah—*not* Sarai, which, *some* say, means "quarrelsome")—to your assumed surprise when my Alla[1] conveyed my message of love to you at the *soirée*—to your threatened mode of

[1] The pet name of his elder daughter.—ED.

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punishing my playfulness on the "Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington" way, in which you had first intimated your disfavour, and afterwards flung me a pardon as you would have flung me a penny,—and, unkindest cut of all, to your signing yourself mine "always *humbly*," as if *I* had been presumptuous enough to exact such a sentiment from *you*, or had *seriously* resented your momentary *hauteur*,—to all these my answer and requital are very simple, and seem to be in place just here. "Walking in the midst of trouble" and perplexity, through much of the past week, and not always able to command the aid of my sweet mate, I have again and again (as last winter) *wished*, absurdly of course, that, of all other folks, male or female, Miss Farmer might walk into my study, sit still (if a descendant of Mr. Stocks within the tenth generation be ever capable of doing so) for three good hours, and talk to me and with me about "the things of a man" and "the things of God." After hearing and *reading* her, I always feel as if I could get out of her, in the way of appreciating and suggestive intelligence, as much as I could out of almost any superior *man*, *without* the frostiness, or the severity, or the captiousness, or finally the desire to shine, which mars so much virtue, good mind, and good social discourse in men. Such is my quiet and constant estimate of that compound of penetration, "sweet-*heart*"-edness, seriousness, fun, frankness, freedom from pretension, diligence in good works, and liking for my wife and me (as many would think, a phenomenon and a paradox), which expands, O "Princess," from the apex of your brow downward to the majestic circumference of your crinoline! And so momentary on *my* part was the grief for having

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grieved *you*, which sought to disperse itself in the light "sarcastic" humours of which you complain. So, "*no more of this*, an' thou lovest me"—ugh! ugh! ugh! ugh! (Had I put this cough down on paper as often as it has broken me off, it would have filled three sheets by itself.)

May 11*th*, 1858.

WEST WINDIA, *Monday Night, May* 24.

I WROTE the above nearly a fortnight ago, in my study, a terrific east wind showering its poisoned shafts upon me right through the unstained oriel. I write *this* (having written nothing between) in my organ-room, into which the west wind, by way of antiphony, has been pouring icy gusts, hail-storms, and other vernal music, for several days past.

From one quarter or the other, the wind has been blowing, night and day, during this whole interval; and I have been coughing, or panting, or protecting myself by changes of posture, &c., during most of the time; reading restrainedly, thinking hurtfully (to myself) but helplessly, and praying much in fragments and gasps, in solitude, or in the company of sleepers. I suppose we must be some hundred feet higher in the air than you at Gunnersbury; and I have often felt as if I were a sick and wingless crow, swinging with the wind in a crazy nest, at the top of one of Miss Coutts's elms, on the other side of the lane. Then I have had hours of inevitable and cough-exasperating talk with my womankind —have I not! And this, after three successive days, in

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which B——, from Scarborough, and honest S—— from Winnenden, came to see me, and my father's seventy-ninth birthday constrained me to go and see him. After *that*, I was *slain*—took refuge in my curtained tent, and have not quitted it since, save for a few Sabbath hours, until this evening. Amidst all, I testify, first, that my wife and C—— have nursed me most tenderly, especially in my dread morning paroxysms; while Alla has relieved me of many a mental burden, by writing all my letters.

* * * * * *

I want, to testify, for my sick and sinful self, secondly—before this unconquered cough, and that fast melting inch of candle, drive me back to bed—that in all my afflictions and anxieties, *this* time, GOD our Father, Saviour, and Comforter has been condescendingly near, and mercifully kind. He only knows the complicated pain I feel in resigning my dearest duties week after week—were that *all;* City Road last night; first and last days of District Meeting, especially this year; "these sheep" bleeding and bleating so that I can see and hear them where I lie; my sinking and beseeching father (*so* tender and self-sacrificing as he was in looking after me in *my* sicknesses as long as he could crawl about); and several recent callers from London and the country, whom it was *more* than disappointing to friendship not to be able to see. I might mention other anxious matters in which I am forced to remain "one wanted," but not forthcoming: but enough. He, who *knows* both our circumstances and our sensibilities, *meets* them with wondrous wisdom and kindness. For me He hath done all things well, given me substitutes

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better than myself, or judges often kinder than my own heart and conscience,—compensated me by "seasons of grace and sweet delight,"—above all taught me many spirit-chastening lessons out of His law, and made many new and unregarded portions of His word vocal and thrilling to my heart. But I am always astonished, on emerging from such dispensations, to find myself so foolish and faulty after all. Give thanks with me; but please to pray for me—*seriously* as for a *very* needy soul. Indeed, I wish you could persuade such of your fine friends as are addicted to personal criticism (generally adverse), to suspend it for twelve months, except in very conspicuous and grave cases of offence, and to substitute *secret brotherly intercessions.* Were such substitutions general, this would be a Revival year over all Christendom.

* * * * * *

This day fortnight (for it is now Tuesday morning, and my fire out), I meant to conclude by entreating dear Miss E—— and yourself to spend the following Monday (to which we were shut up) *here* and *hereabouts*, for we really have some beautiful lane walks and panoramic views. All this, I mourn to say, has been "cut off," and must be for—GOD only can say how long. May it please Him soon to mollify the weather, &c., and to heal my irritable throat and chest; and then we shall not despair of enjoying your society for a few hours ere you go down into Yorkshire. Surely you *won't* go until warm weather fairly sets in. Indeed, Mrs. B. (who entreats me to convey her love to you, "in the kindest words I can invent," but I can say nothing kinder, than simply to report her saying) was so touched by your

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mother's account of your drooping and sensitive state of health, a fortnight ago, that she was minded to make boldly up to you, and ask if you *could possibly* be comfortable at Highgate Rise for a week, hoping the mere change of air would be serviceable to you. Just then, however, I became a burden on her hands; and, still worse, we got alarming news of Mrs. Bentley's health, which, though mended by the last two posts, may yet make it her duty to go down to Lockwood for a few days. On the whole, we are constrained to postpone our gratification. Mrs. B. herself is sadly out of sorts.

Now, I charge it on your friendship and honour, to show or read this discreditable compilation of odds and ends, inspired by morphia, and a hundred times interrupted by coughing, *to no one;* and to burn it when you have read it. You may *extract* and report any incident or remark which you think will interest or amuse your true-hearted sister, or even the too-indulgent elders, without demeaning your correspondent. You *may* show, if you like, a new adaptation of Miss E——'s song which I scribbled in pencil at our dinner-table two or three weeks ago, above the original words, and retaining many of them. I was too tired to transcribe them for the next post, but will send them (unless I repent of the folly in an intervening paroxysm of severe coughing) by to-morrow's. Envelope our love to yourself (including that, "always humbly," of my two country girls) in a large parcel of the same kind of thing, with a certain becoming variety, for presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Farmer and to *our* dear sister E—— (so said that American Mufti in your drawing-room, and I almost wish

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she *were* mine as well as yours—I should be a lucky wight); and believe me *verily*,

My dear Miss Farmer,

Yours ever, with warm fraternal friendship,

W. M. BUNTING.

To the REV. J. P. DOBSON, *Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance.*

HIGHGATE RISE, *November* 17, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—It was with extreme surprise, and with unfeigned humility, that, on my return from the far North, I received your friendly letter,—announcing to me, that certain of my brethren had been pleased to nominate, and the Council, on that nomination, to appoint me, to fill the office of an Honorary Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, in the room of my lamented father.

You will doubtless expect some answer from me in time for the meeting on Friday. It shall be a straightforward one; but it would seem ill considered, or unbecomingly abrupt in expression, were I not to allow my thoughts and my heart free speech for a moment.

I receive the appointment of the Council with respectful gratitude.

The office which it confers, while *simply* honorary, is felt by me to be a very high Christian distinction. It imposes, as I understand, no new duties, but such as any one of us, who, lacking wisdom and strength in himself, will *there-*

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fore "lean upon his Helper, GOD," may reconcile with a constant press of other engagements and with fluctuating health. Were it otherwise, it would be imprudent and improper in *me* to assume its responsibilities. But neither as a mark of kind appreciation and acceptance of anything *in the past* could I presume to appropriate it, at any risk of misinterpreting or exaggerating its significance in *my own* case. In me personally the brethren can have recognized no ground for the distinction, save one—that of an unwavering and zealous loyalty to the principles and cause of the Evangelical Alliance, as well through evil as through good report. This has been, not my boast, but my blessedness and my duty. I have an instinctive apprehension, however, that this honour has been suffered to light on me *chiefly* for the sake of the departed, whose name I inherit; and that it expresses the affectionate desire of those who concurred in the nomination, that *his* name and signature should not too suddenly or *entirely* disappear from the public documents of the Alliance. His services and example would thus be recalled to mind, and hallowed memories be quickened, haply, into still holier impulses and resolves. Such an influence is felt to linger in the names of Havelock, Bickersteth, and many others, when simply *signed* by their less eminent sons. As my father's name is now committed, in some sort, to my keeping, I can bear all the disadvantage of inevitable comparisons, sooner than I could restrain his friends from doing all the honour to it, and all the good with it, that they can.

I beg to conclude by quoting, and affixing my first signature (in a somewhat new capacity) to a part of *his own*

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confession of faith and feeling, delivered before an assembly exclusively Wesleyan, several years ago. Having been kindly congratulated as a servant, not merely of Methodism, but of the Church of Christ, Dr. Bunting replied: "That is a feeling which I have always cherished. *I am a decided Methodist, and I think I have a right to be so; but I am more a Christian than I am a denominational Methodist or a denominational anything.* 'Grace, mercy, and peace be to all them who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity!'"

These sentiments are cordially subscribed to by

Your faithful Servant,

WILLIAM M. BUNTING.

I *must* add, that, if the "Alliance" is really going to "go down,"—as some say, from faulty construction, others, from overlading, or a collision, or the broadsides of pirates, —I rejoice that I can now *claim*, as one of its officers, to be among the very last to leave the good ship. But that catastrophe won't occur, please God, in my time.

To the late MISS FARMER.

HIGHGATE RISE, *May* 5, 1859.

MY DEAR MISS FARMER,—I felt it *very* kind of you to think of me at such a time as this; and to concern yourself with the question of my present relations with that literal "power of the air," of which I have sometimes been

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tempted to fancy that Satan had been suffered for a season to usurp the princedom. At any rate, it is the most terrible of scourges to a sensitive frame like mine, though wielded by a friendly and unerring Hand. Indeed, I have been, and still am, so utterly ill (from the effect of the east wind, *&c.*, on more than one part of my organization), that I can only refer you for the satisfaction of your kind inquiries to a letter which I wrote to your mother on Saturday, and must ask you to excuse me *this* time from my usual epistolary outpourings.

Having so little to say,—no: I mean, being *unable* to say more than that we are *all* alive and ill,—I would have said it on Monday, but that I had a faint hope of getting to the Freemasons' Hall meeting the next evening, and saluting you, as a member of another branch of the one Church (Young Methodism, as I believe your people call it) there. They sent orders from Adam Street that I was to read and *expound*, of all chapters in the Holy Book, the 8th of 2nd Corinthians, for the enlightenment of the bishop,—who is an Irishman, and therefore very benighted on all questions of the acquisition and disbursement of money,—and for the stimulation of the Corinthians at Gunnersbury, as well as the Macedonians at Highgate Rise, to help the poor saints at Arras. (By the way, I was interested by that case, and especially by brother London's catholic-spirited application to our "Alliance" to take it up; and had pleasure in meeting him and this same brother Down and Connor at a tea and supper party about it,—and gave them a guinea,—and my neighbour, Miss C., out of the abundance of her deep poverty, five.) Well, in looking over the

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chapter on Monday night, I was struck with the true *point* of verse 21, as interpreted by verse 20 ; and, ill as I was, miserable in every posture but that of lying, or that of stooping almost rectangularly as I stood, I wished and meant to go on Tuesday, and thrust that point into certain official sides. But, alas ! I was myself so handled and lacerated by the east wind next morning, that I was forced to succumb once more, to write to Mr. Cardell recommending him to try Mr. Noel for an off-hand exposition, and to keep my bed (for the first time since my father's death) during the next two days. So, I missed *you ;* if even you had the good taste to prefer the less gay and would-be worldly assembly to the other. Dr. Jobson did, and says it was an excellent meeting. To-day I have been relieved by a bedroom fire and a higher temperature in the air. But in the midst of my morning prayers Dr. Jobson is announced ; and I *must* admit him to my bedside for a long talk about family affairs, with which my father's confidence and his own faithful and generous friendship have long made him as intimate as ourselves. Then broke out the cough—that preternatural, spasmodic cough of mine—enough sometimes to shake every pin of "this tabernacle" out of its holding-place. After dinner I crept to my sofa-bed in the organ-room—solely that I may write to you ; but a succession of visitors, and, last of all, a two hours' talk with my good mother-in-law (very much like one of those of your good father's, which always please me more than aught else he says, or even *does*, as revelations of *the Christian man*) kept me till far on in the evening, and left me with another outbreak of cough. Handing over all other letters for the

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day to my ever-willing and expert secretary in crinoline, H—— W——, I have scribbled you one of my crinkeldom-cum-crankeldom *notes*, with a hand shaken most of the time, like my whole frame, by this sad cough. I have said *nothing* —I have done you no good—and it is much if the persistent provocation of my cough do not bring me to grief in the night: but I *have shown myself alive to your kindness.*

As I have hinted, we are all under the rod—all save my daughter aforesaid. Mrs. Bentley took cold in coming; and for two hours on Sunday morning was so ill, and so suddenly and singularly blessed in her soul, that she thought she was surely going to lay her bones in Highgate Cemetery. On Monday evening our sweet C. was brought, in a state of hysteria bordering on syncope, to an easy-chair in my study, and carried thence to bed; whence she rose this morning only to keep Grandmamma company on the sofa. Her doctor can only keep the life in her by large doses of wine and brandy. And my poor dear white slave of a wife—*very* white indeed—is all this time suffering from a sore throat, which cries out if she speak above a whisper, and from distraction, heaviness, and debility. I am not *murmuring*, observe,—only stating facts, for the *satisfaction* of a friendly inquirer. I must just add, that we have at last got two nice servants,—through mercy, neither of them literary, but both knowing and minding their proper duties *varry much better nor some as is.*

This reminds me: if you have not read "Adam Bede," *do so.* Its ultra-philanthropy and its often-suspicious theology—looking Kingsley's way, though stopping considerably short of his extreme—will not impose upon *you;*

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and its many moral beauties and pictures of country life in and out of doors will delight you, and most of all the plentiful sprinklings of Mrs. Poyser's wit.

Spite of caveats of coughing, I have struggled through twelve pages of "egoism,"—which, after all, I take to be the principal element of an acceptable letter on either side. You are a ravenous fireside critic; and, without a drop of gall in your veins or your ink-bottle, do dearly love something personal, confessed or reported, a bit of family experience, or a bit of character in the manner of telling it, that you can pick to pieces, or twist into something grotesque, for the amusement, duteous daughter-like, of your venerable parents in their respective chimney-corners. And their and your distinguished services, both to the rising and the setting generation, with the many delectations which you have ministered to particular friends and their families, entitle you to this little contribution to your pleasures in return. I often wish I could send you some of the extraordinary letters that come to me, or some account of extraordinary rencontres and experiences that happen to me indoors and out. My own life, however, has, for very many months past, been prevailingly of a grave, troublous, unrevealable cast. This note—which I could not have written but to one whom I equally love and *trust* —is almost the first bit of epistolary *play* in which I have indulged myself for all that time; and clumsy and dull enough it is.

On *my* side, I like my friends to tell me all they will please to do about *themselves*, better than anything else,—perhaps from a rather different feeling to yours. I thank

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you much for a couple of pages of *your* ego, but wish you had quintupled them. *Why* could you not tell us how your throat replies to these rude winds—and how the various ailments of mother, sister, and sire? And how *all* your sisters, nieces and nephews, birds and other charity children, are? Your father's talk at Exeter Hall touched me very much. I have a cheerful hope in GOD that He will see many more meetings of the kind (though, were I as rich as he, *I* would spend March, April, and May of every coming year among the saints and sinners in Torquay, and never attend a "May meeting" again till they had it put off into June, and let this fearful vernal simoon pass fairly over and away). Nevertheless, it may wean his soul, and keep him low, to cherish the chastening *thought* from year to year.

Our kindest respects to all—for 'Lisbeth waits to post my scrawl—and my thanks to dear *Miss* 'Lisbeth for her unexpected note.

Pray, dear Miss Farmer, for your ever-affectionate Friend,

W. M. BUNTING.

To the Same.

HIGHGATE RISE, NEAR LONDON,
August 16, 1859.

O DEAR Miss Farmer, how good and comforting you are! You *cannot* need to be assured by any words of mine, that this last letter, instead of being felt intrusive,

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has proved, as my wife in passing it to me said it would, "a cordial" to my soul. It contains a little—only too little—of every sort of thing that can minister refreshment to one of my temperament, and in my present circumstances. I will but specify that which *best* pleased, and did me most good—the good word for *Christ*, prompted by your own fresh-flowing love and joy; and the good word which, I feel blissfully sure from what you say, you now and then speak for *me* in His ear. I cannot tell you how thankful I am for this confidence. It was the GOD of all comfort that caused you to inspire me with it, by the "breathing sincerity" (as some one says, in your book, of Mr. Job's preaching) of your language on the subject. It is an answer, and more than an answer, to my own frequent and especial prayer, for some months past, that He would compassionately spare, and draw to me and mine, in our "time of need," a *few of the few* devout friends, of the *realness* of whose friendship, and of whose intercessions, we have been wont to feel assured. Thankful to be allowed to reckon *you* among them, I shall probably *always* think of you, and pause mentally at your name and case (as far as I know it), when invoking, as a grateful heart has long prompted me daily to do, the best of blessings upon these best of friends.

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To the REV. Dr. JOBSON.

(*Sick-pallet in Organ-room. Alone.*)

HIGHGATE RISE, *December* 9, 1859, 3.30 A.M.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Confined to bed, afraid of a relapse in this mild weather, and disabled from writing with comfort or much propriety, I have yet been constrained to scrawl, even in the greatest heat of this affliction, a multitude of letters of business, of sympathy, and one or two of grateful acknowledgment. Of the last kind, one is now due to you, but such an one as I frankly confess myself utterly powerless to indite. Had I the physical energy, sadly diminished as it was, which I possessed at the beginning of this long illness, I should delight to pour out my mind and soul (in the intervals of its severer paroxysms) in response to all the generous kindness and affection, and in sympathy with the deep and solemn religious sentiment, which inspire, throughout, your most unexpected, most gratefully appreciated communication. But the disease (a complex one), its poisonous remedies, five weeks' confinement, day and night, to one room, with but one change, absolute sleeplessness, for the last three weeks, between midnight and nine o'clock, poorly compensated by snatches of slumber in the daytime, and those very supervening burdens of care and *sorrow* (both my "own" and "those of others"), which, during three weeks, have entailed, chiefly in those nine sleepless and solitary hours, a varied and exciting correspondence upon me, have

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completely exhausted that modicum of strength, and made it a hard task at length to sit up on my couch, even for a meal or an ablution. I know, therefore, that you will tenderly excuse me from saying more than that I deeply feel the kindness, and *rely on the availingness* before GOD, of your own and dear Mrs. Jobson's prayers for me; that those of the congregation (among whom survive so few, alas! on whom the friendship or ministrations of other days could give me any claim) it *startled*, abased, melted, and almost pained as much as it made me thankful to hear of; and this one thing more, that in those "things of the Spirit," eternity and our own souls' state, which you touch upon, my heart has understood and answered to yours for some years past, much before our dear father's death; ever and anon in hearing you preach, or pray, or in reading certain of your letters, in the course of that prolonged discipline of personal or domestic affliction, to which, not without our needing it, our heavenly Father has subjected *each* of us, in his own separate lot. I can only add,—for I am just going to take a long-delayed composing draught, to quiet my system—my chest being entirely relieved—for two days' preparation to preach on Sunday night (if I can only keep my invitation secret from my good wife),—*continue* in prayer for us, dear friends and true! But, most of all, ask for our souls the renewed and daily purifying of the water and the blood; and further, the superhuman wisdom, the power of "behaving and quieting ourselves," and the very "*peace of* GOD," which our trials, old and new (new since I lay here), make more needful than I can tell you! It is the least of them, that

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just now, my wife and both our children, with one of our servants, are obliged to succumb to sickness. No burden of mine, I am thankful to say—for I have suffered no one to lose a night's rest for me since I crept into this corner, doing everything for myself; but I suppose the changeable and chilling weather has enfeebled them, and driven them all in turns to bed. But I trust it is transient. . . . . I would hope to spend Christmas at dear Lockwood, and hear you preach and pray at watch-night and covenant service! Indeed, I ought to be at Southport or Liverpool, on important family business, at this moment.

With our united, grateful friendship to you both, and with "*blessing for blessing*,"

I am, ever yours,

W. M. BUNTING.

To the REV. W. BURT.

HIGHGATE RISE, *July* 15, 1858.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—I have only just time, amidst such a whirlpool of occupations as you can scarcely imagine, to write one sentence in reply to each point in your most kind letter.

Among the numberless expressions of sympathy received, not one is more grateful to me personally than these few friendly words from one whom I had quietly observed, and learned to revere, long years before I knew that he had

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bequeathed his name to *W. B. Pope*,[1]—as belonging to a class of Methodist ministers, in the body of the Conference, for whom I am sure that I only inherit my *blessed father's* peculiar and grateful regard.

The mark of respect to his memory in all your chapels, continued for so long a time, will befittingly distinguish the Conference towns from most others: and I can only wish, secretly, that the President's[2] funeral sermon, and masterly sketch before the Irish Conference, could have been repeated in presence of the English. But the cupidinous newspaper press, as usual, has forestalled the latter, and spoilt all.

My health is overborne,—especially after many days and nights of watching over the body and soul of the dearest of fathers, yet, latterly, the least of little children,—and, worse still, my thoughts are rudely scattered, and my very heart stunned, by the strange work, of duly burying the Dead, and then keeping alive his name before "the public." You are right in supposing that my great relief is in work of another sort—"the" great "work of GOD"—the chief calling of my great Sire, and the only one in which I was honoured to be allied with him. I have found sacred refreshment, this week, in "the word of GOD and prayer," in visiting the afflicted, and "baptizing for the dead." So—though I expect I am a fool in this particular compliance, and that you will find out, in good time, *your* temporary obscuration when you asked me—I will endeavour, contingently on the continuance of my

[1] The present theological tutor at Didsbury.—ED.

[2] The late Rev. Francis A. West.—ED.

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frail health, to supply the place of my beloved friend Methley. . . . .

Finally, thank you for kind accommodation provided; though I sorrowfully recognize the reasons of family affliction in other and old homes, which place me, this time, among friendly strangers. But I shall not forget, if permitted to visit Hull, those who entertained my father or myself, or both, in sunnier days.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Ever affectionately yours,
W. M. BUNTING.

To MRS. M. A. EVERETT GREEN.

ORGAN ROOM, SICK PALLET,
Nov. 1859, *Thursday Night.*

MY DEAR MRS. GREEN,—As you could not leave me to assume your continued goodwill and pity for my affliction without some fresh token of them, I cannot suffer my gratitude to keep silence. Silent before GOD, indeed, it will never be, probably until this daily dying of mine, called life, comes to its close. As His own Word authorizes such analogies for illustration, I may say without irreverence that your loving kindness, like *His* is, at least in sickness and all through my long, lonely night-*watches, ever before mine eyes.* There are a very few old friends, whose tokens (the night-lamp from one, the Pictorial Prayer-book from another, a special Bible, a particular Greek Testament,

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a precious hymn-book or two, and, more *constantly* than any, the eider-down coverlet, *your* birthday gift) surround me in one or other of my night-visions, recall and endear my friends themselves, and *many a time*, in the last-mentioned case, have kindled the grateful prayer, "GOD bless and comfort Mrs. Green." To Mrs. Green *herself* (for those solitary benedictions are not meant for *her* ear, but for His only Who only can fulfil them) I feel it useless to say more about yesterday's kind compliments than I have said about previous ones. The gift is beautiful and welcome; the motive, mysterious as ever. More mysterious than ever, since the commencement of *the eider-down* era, inasmuch as all spiritual ministry of mine to *you* (to you, but not "for" you) has from that period ceased—more probably than not, never to be, save in the rarest possible circumstances, renewed.

Your inkstand *cannot* tempt me, alas! to any unaccustomed infraction of the medical interdict. The last six or eight weeks have made such wide and mournful havoc among my old friends and flocks by death, dangerous sickness, and other kinds of sorrow, that my pen, distressingly enough to my own disability, has been intensely employed in answering the numberless demands on my sympathy. At this moment I am most anxiously exercised, and involved in a considerable correspondence in endeavouring to succour and comfort a pious family, dear to me, and dear to a large portion of Christ's Church, especially in the Church of England, and in procuring congregational and private intercession for the life of other beloved sick. Then the private correspondence belonging to public life and the

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kingdom of GOD. You would not have apologized for your inkstand as strange, had you seen my table at my bedside yesterday, strewn with papers, black-edged letters, and *cartes!* along with physic bottles, and all that! Nevertheless yours is no vulgar ink-dish for use, but a most superb piece of the pure pride of life; and I think of converting it into a glass for green pickle, with a ready-made tray for pickle knife and fork, that, like a silver bread-basket, it may stand mostly on the dinner-table, and catch the eye and command the admiration of all present company—alas! what trifling for a miserable like me! I have had another sad day of it, and expect a worse night. If you knew how bitterly I am suffering in several ways, you would *really* pray for me. But GOD is upright; "He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in Him."

Ever affectionately yours,

W. M. BUNTING.

Thursday midnight.

Kind regards to your circle. I should have called on you since my return from Brighton, though I have done so twice at least since you called here; once by the appointment of others, to champion and encourage you in the writing of that memoir[1] (which *you know* that I did to your face, though you do *not* know how much I and mine did the same behind your back); and once, more dead than alive, to bless you, had my blessing been wanted, or worth anything, in your still holier and more honourable task of

[1] The allusion is to a memoir of the late excellent Rev. Robert Wood, Mrs. Green's father.—ED.

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tending a dying sister in Christ. I should have called on you yet again, had my ever-dangerous state of health permitted me to make a single call, in all that time, of mere compliment or friendship. But I have never been out, save a few times in close carriage to preach or worship —thrice at very important meetings of the Evangelical Alliance, once at Mrs. Dr. Bunting's and at my solicitor's on executors' business, and once on a sudden summons, straight out of my sick-bed, to a certain hospital, on a certain sad case—a dark romance, a marvellous dramatic complication vitally affecting two scions of pious families in the far North and West of England. It is a secret of the confessional, which, with many more, must be buried in my grave; but could I disclose it, together with two others that have come to me within a week, what lessons of warning would they all read to other "pious" parents (pious *in* the fashion that is) as to the allocation and disposal of their sons!

To the Same.

Tuesday, 9 A.M., 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I wonder *who* blabs, in direct violation of my bargain with Mr. R. Surely he did not *himself* announce more on Sunday evening than that *he* could *not* be in his own pulpit on Wednesday! If he did, he is a "covenant-breaker," and no mistake. My general dislike of *all* personal announcements on ordinary occasions, and to a mere *home* congregation, has, I own, an intensely spe-

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cial application to my own name. I have a conscientious objection to anybody being driven away, and, on the other hand, a carnal and feeble-minded fear of being *thought silly* enough to expect *to attract* anybody thereby. In short, I would fain on all occasions be *felt*, without being thought of, in the pulpit, and forgotten without being positively disliked, out of it. Don't you feel grateful to the preacher (I do) who allows your mind *occasionally* to wander from himself to the Truth he is unfolding? But moreover, as my father used to say, "I hate to be *bound*" by an announcement, because of the pitiable uncertainty of my health, and the talk which explodes on every failure. So I told Brother R., and undertook only to bind or find; and *voilà* what has happened! After four delicious weeks of perfect healthful sensations, happy activity, ease in everything, long journeys, all on winged feet, prayer-meetings, and arrangements therefor, and a strong back to bear fresh burdens, I took a bad cold on Friday morning on my own door-step, in talking over long and grievously with a Ranter, in the face of a north-east wind. I have been laid up with a *very* bad attack on the chest ever since. Yesterday I despaired of being fit for my place to-morrow, or even on Sunday next; and though my dear wife's nursing, and never-failing remedy (a good rubbing of croton oil), together with doses of morphia and squill, and a steady refusal to see the doctor when he called yesterday, have made me feel much better this morning, my preaching at Great Queen Street to-morrow night is, as yet, wholly uncertain. If I *should* come, it must needs be straight from my pallet to the reading-desk; and I may not there-

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fore have the pleasure of calling at Gower Street on my way.

Now, then, let me counsel you to "go out" as far as Queen Street to-morrow evening, "for to see" *whatever* GOD may send you, and to welcome it for His name's sake—whether he be "a prophet, or more than a prophet" (according to the estimate of the runagate multitude, who will not turn in on a week-night for aught but the brilliant "more than a prophet"), or whether a reed shaken by the wind in the person of,

Your ever affectionate Friend,

W. M. BUNTING.

To the Same.

HIGHGATE RISE, *November* 25, 1864.

MY VERY GOOD FRIEND,—I write half asleep, having *not* slept a wink last night until past six this morning, *and then* not two hours, *and this* after six nights or mornings in succession nearly as sleepless. Apart from catarrh and cough, and the irritation of a chest blistered with croton oil (under Providence, my salvation "in deaths oft"), I have been restlessly tossed on the billows of anxious *thought* and strong emotion, agitated to a suffering degree —as is always the case with me when sickness shuts me up to *reading* and *reflection*—by all sorts of facts, sentiments of other men, reminiscences of my own, contemplations of eternity and the things of GOD, and so on, which

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come to or return upon me by Bible-searching, hymns, magazines, memoirs (*Raffles's* life this week, the leading events in which I can *identify* by my own vivid and deeply affecting recollections, year by year, from the drowning of Spencer, whose last sermon I *hear* and *see* at this moment, and whose corpse I saw in its shroud a few days after, down to Raffles's last visit to London, just *half a century*), as also by letters, which always *swarm* just when I dare not put pen to paper in reply; by startling announcements auricularly conveyed to me, particularly of persons dead or dangerously ill in my own neighbourhood, or of deceases in which my own may naturally culminate; by *Reports of Evangelizing Societies and movements*, especially in that great Hades, in the shadow of which *you* live, the hiding-place of some hundreds of thousands of (I have long thought) the most miserable, and therefore most compassionable, sinners on the earth—that "hell" of lost but recoverable souls, "our Lord's descent into" which, by the agency of His ministers and missionaries, both men and women, *I do* intensely believe and rejoice in, and daily long to follow with my poor prayers and helps, as the most merciful of all the enterprises of our day; and to conclude this short sentence (you remember St. Paul's "I have written a letter unto you *in few words*," at the close of the 13*th chapter* of his Epistle to the Hebrews), by the —— and —— newspapers,—the former, happily hebdomadal only, provocative in an inordinate degree, *now*—as by its letter from P., and its reviews of Pusey and Stanley—of love and good works, and *anon* of a desperate itching in one's own fingers to have knocked the pens out of those of the

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silly writers, and blurted the filthy fluid over foolscap and fool's pate simultaneously; the second, the —— newspaper! it is not to be described! *it* moves me, mostly, to a suffering anger, by records and reviews alike of what it condemns and of what it applauds, upholds, or wickedly slurs over,—it is, in most of its revealings of society and the public tastes, and of its own habitual sentiments on religion, and *often on morality*, a perpetual capricious creation or commotion of "fire and hail, snow and vapour, dragons, and all deeps" of "earthly, sensual, and devilish" wisdom.

Now I draw breath and go to sleep, being unable to keep my eyes open any longer.

Past post time: have had a refreshing nap—resume. But the whole drift of the foregoing rhapsody (extorted from frozen ink and an ugly old hag of a pen with a very wide slit between its only two front teeth) is to certify and explain to you, *ma chère dame*, this utter enervation and exhaustion, which makes me liable to a dangerous relapse from the slightest contact with the frosty air, *so that I dare not join your party to-night.* Thank GOD, my malady is subdued much sooner than I had any reason to hope; but I now feel it more than ever my *duty* to forego during the winter all pleasure-parties and other sorts of æsthetic and intellectual gratifications from home, and to nurse my strength for impending pulpit engagements and purely Christian visitation. A "grand" *soirée* at Stamford Hill, and an annual *guinea dinner* (I was, once only, wicked enough to send the guinea but gave the dinner the go-by), to celebrate the 302nd anniversary of my old school at St. Saviour's,

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both, I believe, for this very week, were declined on these grounds of prudence and duty. My sudden attack barred my purposed calls of sympathy on poor Mrs. W. on Thursday, and on my "pet Margerie," twice blessed and twice bereaved, on Friday; but, please GOD, I have them both in view, as soon as I dare go anywhere. And now, within this week, besides two deaths of adults interesting to numbers, my *tenderest* sympathy has been evoked by Mr. McA.'s sudden loss of his *last* surviving child, and yesterday by our kind neighbour Mr. M.'s bereavement of his youngest child, a sprightly little maid of nine, who was frisking in the garden on Saturday—strangled by that ruthless infanticidal Thug, diphtheria (this is speaking *à la* Carlyle—*we "perceive that the Lord had* called the child"). Mrs. B. and Carrie attended the bleak burial of the former "lovely boy" (so your *gentle-hearted* super, who buried him, says he was), in nearly the next grave to my mamma's, yesterday afternoon; and just after they returned, Mr. S., the sculptor, who had been here only on Monday about a monument for our own lost one—*dearly beloved and longed for!*—Jesus sought her long, where *He alone* could find her, in the far mountain wilds; *our heart* now "goeth after" her *daily*, in good hope of one day finding her (first seen of a countless flock, *somewhere very near* her much-loving and much-loved Shepherd) in the safe "fold above" —I was going to say, Mr. S. called to get directions for an epitaph on Mrs. C.'s tomb at H., and to say that he had just taken a cast of the fair face and head of Mr. M.'s dead darling; also told them that *Mr. C.'s* only daughter was in scarlatina, and all her brothers sent away from the house.

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After these hints of a week full of associations of sickness, death, sepulture, you won't wonder at my saying—First, *be careful* of the health of my three baptizees in these perilous times and climes—for goodness' sake, *do!* and put *some* common sense, motherly restraint on the winter pastimes and expeditions of that rather too precocious and fearless professor of muscular Christianity, R. W. May GOD have you all, and not *your* wise and careful mother alone, in His holy keeping. And secondly, you won't think it strange, uncourteous, ungrateful, churlish, that *I* should lack courage for the outdoor exposure, and even spirits for the large company this evening? I should be *really much* grieved if my failure, even after a promise, should grieve you only a little; but I don't believe that, after these explanations, it will.

Only last evening, Carrie brought me a parcel which she had discerned on my study table, and had taken the freedom (quite usual with my womankind) to open. The elegant thing it enclosed, and the apparent handwriting of the only superscription they could find, convinced C. and her mamma that *you* had left the parcel when you went away. They would not bring it to me then; but as two days have passed, and you have neither called nor sent for it, we are almost constrained to conclude that, Wednesday having been the 23rd of the month, and *that* date a connecting link between some sad memory of yours and a solemn, rather than a very festive, anniversary of mine, this beautiful book was meant for a token, not the first by several, of your looking not exclusively on your own things, but, most generously, on the things of another. If

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in plain English—for everybody now-a-days can talk in so many languages, that there is danger of our forgetting our mother tongue—if we are mistaken in supposing this album for photographs to be a birthday gift from you to me, pray tell me so, and you will *greatly relieve* my embarrassing sense of enlarged obligation and more hopeless insolvency. If otherwise, then all I can say is, that (D.V.) I will surrender myself some fine day to my compassionate creditor at No. 7, who, after imprisoning me for an hour in very agreeable lodgings and company, will find I have nothing to pay, save "good words," and will frankly forgive me all. Believe me, with love to your circle, in all seriousness and sincerity, dear Mrs. Green,

Your grateful Friend,

W. M. BUNTING.

To the late MISS FARMER.

HIGHGATE RISE, *Friday evening.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Three days of this week, one after the other, have I dedicated to the felt duty of visiting the sick at Gunnersbury.

> "But wisest Fate said, No,
> It must not yet be so."

On the two first days, the dismal weather imprisoned me altogether. This morning, deceived by appearances, I rose earlier than usual; soon found, even in dressing, that the plague of the N.E. wind was in the air; persevered, never-

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theless, and ploughed my way through it to the station; and, within ten yards of it, saw the train careering over my head! I could not have mounted the stairs in time to spring into it, but at the risk of a *life* which dear, affectionate folks are wont to tell me, in the vestries, *before* preaching, and in piteous deprecation of a long sermon, is "*so* precious to the Church," &c. This was a quarter to one o'clock. At first I thought I would wait for the next arrival; but, after walking up and down for half-an-hour, I felt the air so chilly, and saw the fog thickening so ominously, that I "thought better of it," and wended my toilsome way home again. I rejoined my wife, who had solemnly warned me against the journey *on such a day* (though she had fervently "*wished*," a week ago, she "*could* go with me, and see poor dear Miss F.").

After this last baulk, and with all the preachings, children's prayer-meetings (you *should* have been *there*), Calvin-memorial meetings, &c., that I have before me, I must now despair of getting to see and soothe the sick lamb of my Acton flock, before, as I trust, said lamb will be well again, and disporting herself in silken fleece, but never out of sight of the complacent and jealous ewe, in the boundless meadows of *May*. I am right thankful that the mother *is* so jealous, now-a-days, on the subject of her nursling's health. I have really been very uneasy, of late, to observe that you are getting into the practice of catching cold and bringing on an attack of bronchitis *periodically*, in the early part of the year. It is a very bad habit (with all deference), and I wish to goodness you would break it off. In the gloomy light of many recent examples, which

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have gone to my very heart, and *one* of which has pierced it through and through, I see certainly, what I had for some long time previously believed on the testimony and forewarning of medical men, that bronchitis, or any other form of acute disease in or about the lungs, *supervening* on valvular disease—*or*, indeed (which is, I hope, more to my *present* purpose), on a generally feeble action—of the *heart*, is a very common ending of all disease and life together, and in paroxysms of fourfold distressfulness. And now that you are, by GOD'S mercy, well through another of these hybernal attacks, I shall tell you, my dear young friend (as that fine, hale old lady at Ellerker House calls my C.), that one, two, or three *recoveries* from as many visitations of the sort—experienced generally about the same time of the year, and from the same avoidable or greatly guard-against-able causes—are apt to inspire "masculine minds" in delicate female frames, in the county of Middlesex, with ideas of almost indefinite impunity, or elasticity of constitution, in *their* distinguished persons, and to fortify them in a lofty defiance of danger, and even of periodical and temporary disease. "'Tis like the annual tax-gatherer; 'twill come and go, in the early spring, for many a long year to come. We'll have plenty of vital power to spare and to spend on autumnal chapel-openings and foundations, and Christmas festivities, and Young Men's Associations, before it comes, and on Volunteer reviews, Missionary Meetings, the glorious summer ramble, and the Au*gust* assembly of Wesleyan divines, long after it has gone." But *I* have seen several instances lately, in which the third or fourth visitation of this grim extortioner

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has proved suddenly fatal to poor life-holders, with but slender and oft-diminished means, and broken up the house for good. Let me once more beseech you to be careful, especially against draughts and the night air. I *meant* to have gone on in the strain of admonition and counsel—in the name, not only of friendship, but of the Lord Christ Himself, and of Methodism, His greatest work in the world. But W. A. has sent me one of the most extraordinary of all the extraordinary things *I* ever have lately met with, and I have been interrupted by him till just post time. I must leave *you*, dear friend, by daily prayer, in "the good hand of the Lord for good."

* * * * * *

"I can no more." Love to Mrs. and Miss L., as well as to yourself, from all here, and not least from your sympathising and ever-affectionate Friend,

W. M. BUNTING.

To the Same.

HIGHGATE RISE, *Thursday.*[1]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I trust your note, skilful and tempting as it is, was not meant for a bait to catch a *letter* from me. Alas! I cannot *rise* to it. I am brought very low—literally overwhelmed with the surprising kindness, in all ways, of people of all sorts *and sects* (many clergymen or their ladies included, who might demur to *their* being so assisted), but utterly *unnerved* by the

[1] Shortly after his daughter's death.—ED.

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labours of love which it continues to impose upon me. From upwards of 140 letters, I have felt myself bound to give distinct, appropriate, and very careful responses to a great many; to answer numerous inquiries from *her* old pastors and other warm friends; to touch again and again on her "*suffering* of death," and on that calm, yet reverential and submissive endurance, generally speaking, which sometimes absolutely *overawed* me; and to glorify the sovereign grace of GOD, without dishonouring or lowering His law. The very *thought* which these tasks, and meanwhile every familiar object around me, and every fireside talk with my poor sweet wife, have set in motion, and sometimes forced into conflict, day by day, for now some five weeks past, have seemed at last nearly to wear out my brain, and seriously to injure some of the organs which sympathise with it. I have *no child* now! Never *shall* have such a secretary, or envoy, or living handbook on *every* subject, as the child I have lost. C. is at Scarborough, with her aunt; nursing, *Dorcasing* for the society there; attending class-meetings, and prayer-meetings, and jubilee meetings, and public worship; taking long walks, getting strength, and loving and getting herself loved by every living thing. When it came to the point of parting with Mrs. B., no companion having been at that time found, and she very timid and weak withal, I *could* not leave her; and happy watchnight, and private covenant-service (after my public one at K. T.), and Sabbath "evenings at home," have we had. But, though she has been downstairs and about the house for three weeks, and rallied considerably her strength and spirits, and, with

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my encouragement, "lien among the pots" and pails a good deal in the way of superintendence, and been busily, with GOD'S blessing, re-"covering her wings," anon, "with silver and yellow gold" from the Three per Cents. and other quarters (*moulting* again, though, with deplorable rapidity, —or, rather, submitting to be plucked by the *bills* of other birds),—yet, I do *not* permit her to waste her nerves and eyesight, as she has heretofore done, in *letter-writing* to her interminable Yorkshire relations, nor to anybody else; so that I get no help from *her* in this department. Indeed, the question and care of *her health*, after the fearful double shock it has suffered, are another addition to my own anxieties and oppressions. My noble, wayward, wilful *falcon*[1] has flown away, alas! and will never return; and this makes me all the more nervously anxious to restrain the flights of my silver-winged *dove*, aforesaid, within a comfortable distance of her "windows." She has rather *revelled* for ten months past in the gloomy and troubled *lower* skies, between the heaven she cannot yet reach and the earthly home which, I trust in GOD, she will help much to make a heavenly and happy one for many a year to come. Her thoughts have dwelt on past scenes of suffering, embittered, while yet sweetened, by pathetic speeches and incidents, and by passionate endearments,— and, of course, on irrevocably lost opportunities (though a more *diligently* duteous daughter and mother never lived); and on a thousand (almost literally, at Lockwood) associated relics; and on cemeteries (why have we not one or more *Wesleyan* burying-grounds for all London, with

[1] His lately deceased elder daughter.—ED.

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chapels in the centre of them?), rejoicing that she can just see the pinnacles of *our* cemetery gateway from her bedroom window; and on monuments, of which she has actually *three* on her hands or in her mind at this moment —two, in conjunction with her sisters, for Mrs. Bentley, and one, of course, for my own "dearly beloved and longed for." For these reasons, though "the sorrows of *my* heart are *enlarged*" with each day's thoughts (even upon *God's* Bible "thoughts"—*but* my consolations also), I pour them out *mostly* in the solitude of His secret presence; or turn them, when in conversation with *her*, (*truthfully*) into elements of mutual *consolation*, in one view if not in another. For the same reasons—to come now to the practical point in your kind note — I very much wish Mrs. B. could and would avail herself of your friendly offer of change and cheerful society for a few days. But at present, I am sorry to say, it may not be. As thus:—We want our C. home; and she will not return without my going for her. I *think* I shall not go before next Sunday: the good and liberal Bishop of Mauritius is to preach at our church for his Madagascar Mission; and I feel a great desire to hear and help him.

* * * * * *

But believe us more sensible than it is in our power to express of the various sympathising attentions which the whole *House of Gunnersbury* has bestowed upon us through all this great trial,—and, most valuably of all, by helping us, with the prayer of faith, to lay our suffering and penitent child at the Saviour's feet. We shall never cease to love, and care, and pray for *them*, whether in tribulation

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or in health. I must say also, that, although I cannot promote my wife's elopement at this time with dear Miss Elizabeth—*very dear indeed* for her affectionate appreciation of what was interesting, and at the same time moving to *Christian* pity, in our poor H. W.—she or yourself, or, of course, your ever-cheering mamma, or, indeed, any of "that ilk," will always be a welcome visitor to my wife; and when you do come, may I always be in the way! We *did* expect yourself, certainly, some day or other in the beginning of the new year; but, of course, acquitted you of any "lightness" in regard to your promise, when you came not. I am really and gravely concerned to learn that you have made a "familiar" acquaintance with bronchitis! You did not see my child wrestle with that fell disease, and mournfully, though meekly, succumb to its power,—with a manifest feeling, which it pitied us to see, that she was dying *before her time*, in consequence of her own course of resistance to parental and professional warnings against imprudent exertions and exposures. She sacrificed to others (I mean, to the impulses of friendship, admiration, or benevolent pity for others, far more than even to intellectual self-gratification, and *never* to self-*display*, which she shrank from and despised) everything but *self-will;* and of *that*, in more respects than one, she bitterly, but practically, repented in her last illness—vainly, alas! for this life; but savingly, through Christ's mercy, for life eternal. *You* did not witness all this, my dear friend; but *I* did; and I now earnestly admonish you,—as being, like my child, a great *goer about* to do good, and to *get* good too,—yea, and to find pleasure, and gratify taste, and make

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fun, and criticise lectures and orations, and worship great preachers, and worry small ones (the *last* totally *un*like *my* poor Madeline, or mad-ling, who *never* let fall in *my* hearing a word about *any* minister that he would not have been pleased to hear himself,—like her great-grandfather again),—I say, I *warn* you, my fine friend, not to expose that delicate chest of yours to this fatal winter atmosphere, especially after sunset. Think of near 400 deaths from bronchitis last week in London alone! . . . .

You might well use this proverb, in return for all my affectionate and sincere admonitions, "Physician, heal *thyself*." I *fear* I am destroying myself; but how *am* I to help it? Think of all that this sad event has imposed on me—far beyond interminable letter-writing. Then of the week of prayer—three Millenarian meetings (*forced* to them, and very good meetings too)—the blessed united Communion—several public ministrations of my own—visits to cemetery—visits to sick and dying—mortal weather —standing about streets—daily asthma—three attacks of rheumatism in face—a plague of *poetry*—MSS. to look after from Yankeeland, with calls, correspondence, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.,—and consequent forced upsittings every night—wife and self—till one and two A.M. Oh! but the Missionary Lovefeast at Liverpool Road! All fog below but *glory* from above. Good bye. GOD bless you all.

With our united love and gratitude!

Thine, respected Friend, ever kindly affectioned,

W. M. BUNTING.

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To the Same.

Monday Noon [*December* 20, 1864].

DENSE fog, desperate frost, asthma and tremblings, difficulty in writing, and uncertainty when this may be fortunate enough to reach you, my good and dear friend. Yet I feel I must send one line at a venture, to explain, with courteous formality, what doubtless you have infallibly surmised already, the cause which *compelled* my failure last evening. Simply the sudden culmiuation of the freezing snow-storm, which in its setting-in on Saturday I foolishly defied, *or* trusted to abate, and the absolute impracticability of the roads as well as the atmosphere to all but the very strongest limbs and lungs. Up to yesterday morning I was resolved to risk it; although, on better consideration after writing you on Friday, I felt the journey from hence to Acton would be awkward and even hazardous *after dark*, and therefore determined to accomplish it between three and four o'clock, and walk as far as Mrs. Arthur's for a cup of tea and a morsel of Sabbath talk, and a walk back to the station in time to meet your carriage. My pulpit preparations were earnestly commenced, as usual, on Friday evening; and "my heart was full of Christ" and some special aspects of His manhood, up to one o'clock on Sunday morning, when I went to rest for the night.

* * * * * *

Well, when we awoke and looked out on the morning—! earth, air, and lower skies were ice-bound—one huge iceberg—and suffocated with fast-falling snow. Everything

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and everybody at a standstill. My wife said, it was "impossible to exaggerate the state of matters out of doors," as seen and as reported; *my* reaching the railway, Mr. Arthur's, &c., "out of the question;" was sure Acton would not expect me, and *almost* sure your horse could not, or would not, meet me at the station. I *submitted;* with the enclosed telegram, in doubt of your getting it at the *chapel,* and bribed a servant to take it to Camden office. "No telegraph on Sunday, except from Lothbury or Charing Cross." The poor girl *could* not risk her neck *that* far, and walked back; for the omnibus people dared not and did not run, neither could a fly be had, so that none of *us* got out to chapel or even church all day. The few people out were tumbling on the road in every direction. This is all I have to say; except that I am verily afflicted to have missed my preaching engagement, and shall be still more so if it turns out, by any chance, that there was anybody at the chapel to hear, and nobody to preach for me, and most of all, perhaps, if your mother *should* have kindly sent for me to the station. *Providence* saw good to baffle me at every turn, and I am sure she will forgive. Your bishop will never again press me to take a plan at Acton in the *winter.* I am in great haste. *We* have been preparing and waiting dinner for two promised lady guests, and they have *just* sent word by post that they cannot keep their engagement. No omnibus has been seen on our road this morning, as far as I can learn.

With all love and duty to all to whom love is acceptable and duty due, Yours, ever affectionately,

W. M. BUNTING.

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I yearn to see dear Mr. and Mrs. M. and their little ones ere they go to Jersey, but almost despair. GOD bless and comfort and preserve them—and the A.'s—and *you* and yours also—in this portentous weather.

Kindly explain and excuse me (or rather "assert eternal *Providence*, and vindicate the ways," &c.) to the church at Acton, with the bishops and deacons. Say in one line what you did on Sunday evening.

To HENRY FOWLER, ESQ., *Wolverhampton.*

BRIGHTON, *July* 20, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. FOWLER,—I was just about to write to you, when Mrs. Fowler's most kind letter to my wife reached me in a packet of enclosures from home. In answer to that, and to several previous invitations to visit you during the time of Conference, it is with real pain—more pain than I can express—that I find myself compelled to inform you, that no hope of such a privilege remains to me, with regard either to Mrs. B. or myself.

* * * * * *

Even if Mrs. Bunting could possibly have been ready to accompany me, I should not dare—it would be madness, and, not improbably, death—to encounter, in my present state, the excitement of Conference by day, and of company and conversation at night; the hurrying from place to place, the walks to and from stations, the mounting of railway steps and drawing-room stairs, &c. &c.

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As it is, my grievous malady (spasmodic asthma) grows daily upon me, is excited by the least exertion in walking, by any discussion that interests me, by almost any emotion pleasurable or painful; rouses me regularly from 4 to 5 A.M., *and chains me to bed till noon;* returns almost as regularly in the early evening, after any long writing, reading, or other considerable mental exertion, and is, in short, as a body of death, attached *sensibly*, most of the twenty-four hours, to my living and proper body. I am generally quiet when sitting still, and when calmly engaged; and when fairly in the pulpit, if not exhausted by previous over-study, can preach with ease, vigour, and delight: only last Saturday week I went to London, to preach at Pimlico, and did so with much comfort, and some "fruit." But other sorts of excitement I cannot bear, nor can I walk fifty yards, without stopping to recover breath. I have said enough to prove to you how impossible and hopeless the visit to Summerfield at this time. "How it will go with me," or what my Great Master *means* by this severer handling of my poor "sinful body," He only knows. "Let Him do unto me as seemeth Him good." I yearn and sigh to be made *so meet*, as I do not feel to be yet, for the society of my best-loved earthly friends and brethren—such as *your father*,[1] ——, ——, Jonathan Crowther, James Methley, ——, and many others, *of all Christian churches*, and different nations, besides my own *most* dearest kin—in the kingdom and presence of the Lamb.

[1] The late Rev. Joseph Fowler. The other names are also those of eminent Wesleyan Methodist ministers, some of whom "remain unto this present."—ED.

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POETRY.

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HYMNS.

RENEWING THE COVENANT.

O God! how often hath Thine ear
To me in willing mercy bow'd!
While worshipping Thine altar near,
Lowly I wept, and strongly vow'd
But ah! the feebleness of man!
Have I not vow'd and wept in vain?

Return, O Lord of Hosts, return!
Behold Thy servant in distress;
My faithlessness again I mourn;
Again forgive my faithlessness;
And to Thine arms my spirit take,
And bless me for the Saviour's sake.

In pity of the soul Thou lov'st,
Now bid the sin Thou hat'st expire;
Let me desire what Thou approv'st,—
Thou dost approve what I desire;
And Thou wilt deign to call me Thine,
And I will dare to call Thee mine.

This day the Covenant I sign,
The bond of sure and promised peace
Nor can I doubt its power divine,
Since seal'd with Jesu's blood it is.
That blood I take, that blood alone,
And make the cov'nant peace my own

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But, that my faith no more may know
Or change, or interval, or end,
Help me in all Thy paths to go,
And now, as e'er, my voice attend;
And gladden me with answers mild,
And commune, Father, with Thy child!

[The history of the above hymn has been already given in the Biographical Introduction. In a carefully annotated copy of the Wesleyan Methodist Hymn Book, Mr. Bunting has signed this composition, "W. M. B., puer." In 1842 he contributed a portion of it, with many others, to the volume of Original Hymns, edited by the late Dr. Leifchild.

The annotated hymn book just named contains several alterations, as suggested by the severer taste of the writer's more advanced years; but it has been thought that it would have more interest as given here in its first form. The principal alterations are, in the fourth verse, reading—

This day Thy covenant I sign,
The bond of mercy, grace, and peace;
Nor can I doubt its truth divine,
Since sealed with Jesu's blood it is:
That blood I trust, that blood alone,
And make the cov'nant peace my own.

And in the fifth verse, the fourth line is made to read—

And evermore my voice attend.

The service called the *Renewal of the Covenant* is held among the Methodists on the first Sunday in each year, when they unite in a solemn form of personal dedication to God, and afterwards partake together of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Those of the following hymns which were contributed to Dr. Leifchild's book, are here given with Mr. Bunting's subsequent corrections.—ED.]

ELOHIM.

HYMN TO THE HOLY TRINITY, FOR TRINITY SUNDAY.

"*He that cometh to God must believe that He is.*"—Heb. xi. 6.

FATHER, with th' Incarnate Son,
And th' Indwelling Spirit, One—
Friend, Redeemer, Paraclete!
See Thy churches at Thy feet;
Overwhelm'd with creature-awe,
Freely subject to Thy law,
Bent beneath Thy weight of grace,
Suppliant seekers of Thy face.

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Who shall not revere the Name,
Miracles of might proclaim?
Who on earth can slight the Throne,
Heaven, and Hell, and Hades own?
Who of saints, below, above,
Rich in Thine experienced love,
Seeks not his sufficiency,
All-sufficient God, in Thee?

But Thou only art, to these,
In th' adored HYPOSTASES:
Simply as "Our Father" sought,
Something veils Thee from our thought!
SIRE ETERNAL! on us shine
Through the SON and SPIRIT Divine;
Cause Thy rays in us to meet,
Friend, Redeemer, Paraclete!

SING A SAVIOUR!

SING a Saviour! He is sent
To fulfil Heaven's high intent;
Seers proclaim Him; signs are strowed,
Regal-like, along His road.

Sing a Saviour! He is born,
Star of our Redemption-morn;
Clouds of wrath its light o'ercast,
But the storm from *us* hath passed.

Sing a Saviour! He is risen;
Justice hath unbarred His prison,
And our faithful Surety freed,
Life to claim, and blood to plead.

Sing a Saviour! now He reigns;
Shivered are ten thousand chains,
Soothed is sorrow, quelled is strife,
Death is swallowed up in life.

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Sing a Saviour! *me* He saved,
Love's triumphal banner waved
O'er His conquered captive, me:
Welcome this captivity!

Sing a Saviour! speak His fame,
Spread the virtue of His name;
Saved ones, your success repeat,
Bring your fellows to His feet.

Sing a Saviour! lo, they come—
At the first glad tidings some,
Others after long delays;
Nations come, the world obeys!

Oh, whene'er a wretch I see
All but vile as God saw me,
Sinfulest of sinful men,
I will sing a Saviour then.

When on death's lone bed I lie,
Languishing in peace to die,
May some spirit, hovering near,
Sing a Saviour in mine ear.

When He comes our Judge to be,
Whom Himself hath saved, may we,
Waking, wondering, worshipping,
Our eternal Saviour sing!

"*An High Priest—in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.*"—Heb. iv. 15.

Yet without sin—good Lord,
Holy as good Thou art!
Oh, let this warning word
Teach my too careless heart
To walk in fear, nor rashly boast
The comfort of the Holy Ghost.

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Yet without sin—sweet sound
To a frail, fearing worm;
If sinless Thou wert found,
While suffering and infirm,
Mercy above, and grace within,
Can, though I suffer, save from sin.

Yet without sin—rich source
Whence grace and mercy rise,
Refreshing all my course,—
Thy spotless sacrifice!
Its wondrous merit cancels mine,
And makes my righteousness as Thine.

O Christ, with thoughts of Thee,
What various feelings swell!
Thy portrait when we see
And on its features dwell,
We wonder, tremble, trust, adore;
We dread—yet oh! we *love* Thee more!

"A man shall be as a hiding-place." "The man Christ Jesus."

From wrath to righteousness divine
Must I for refuge flee?
God-Man, that righteousness is Thine,
For Thou hast died for me.

Would I before the Lord appear,
From all but Him retreat?
Shrined in my nature, Thou art near,
And God in Thee I meet.

Earth's wiles escaping, do I pine
For purity within?
Thy nature, mystically mine,
Shall daily cast out sin.

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Have I my griefs? Thou claimest part,
In sympathising love;
For Thou hast borne a human heart
To God's own throne above.

Thither transported, should I die
To see Him face to face?
From the pure splendours of His eye
Thou art my hiding-place.

A glory of Thine own hast Thou,
Incarnated I AM!
What radiance crowns that thorn-scarred brow!
Who may behold—the Lamb?

I where Thou art, through grace, shall be,
And 'neath my veiling wing,
The glorious Man Christ Jesus see,
The Man Christ Jesus sing.

A HYMN TO CHRIST AS THE RESTORER OF THE WORLD.

We love to call creation Thine,
Who twice hast given it birth:—
Fair as the heavens that o'er it shine,
This blest and blooming earth.

'Tis Thine; for, with the Father one,
By Thee the worlds He made,—
And thence to His eternal Son,
His rightful Heir, conveyed.

But lo! 'tis Thine, as, "with a price,"
Won from the Cherub's sword;
Who formed one world, one paradise,
Hath paradise restored.

Creator-Christ! Redeemer-God!
What heart would Thee exclude
From scenes Thy hallowing feet have trod,
Thy very blood bedewed?

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'Tis like the dew on herbs and flowers,
Mown grass, and budding leaves,
Which, blessing all, through meads and bowers,
Their fragrant thanks receives.

Earth, bless'd by Thee, still seems Thy haunt;
Her music is Thy praise;
And all the charms her votaries vaunt,
To us reflect Thy rays.

And oh! ere long, we trust in Thee
'Mid scenes so bright to wake,
That thence reviewed, e'en *these* shall be
Dim stars at morning-break!

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Blest Spirit! from the Eternal Sire
And Son proceeding; promised; sent!
'Tis Thine the first good thoughts t' inspire,
By Thee the reprobate repent,
The penitent by Thee believe,
The saints Thy sanctity receive.

Thy deity the saints adore,
Thy offices of mercy bless,
Thy help in utmost need implore,
Thy all-sufficiency confess;
Without Thee, wretched, poor, and blind;
Health, wisdom, joy, in Thee they find.

If e'er to forms of truth I gave
The homage due, great Lord, to Thee,
E'er dreamed the Cross could, spell-like, save,
While yet Thou dwelledst not in me,
Reprove my folly, but forgive,
And make me understand, and live.

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Thou gav'st the word, and must apply ;
Thou know'st the Son, and must make known ;
In vain He died, and rose on high,
And stoops, beseeching, from His throne,
Till Thou this alien heart prepare,
And gain for Christ an entrance there.

Oh ! could I always know Thee near,
'Midst means and ministries of grace ;
Thy footsteps in my closet hear,
Thy finger on my Bible trace !
My God ! here find, here grant, Thy rest,
Pleased inmate of my peaceful breast !

Nor me alone instruct, rejoice ;
All souls are Thine—teach, comfort all !
Let each soon recognise Thy voice
In every evangelic call ;
Then feel Thy halcyon rest within,
Calming the storms of dread and sin.

Thus, searching the deep things of God,
And witnessing His mind to us,
Where'er peace dwells, or truth hath trod,
Reveal Thy glorious person thus !
And, with all majesty divine,
All praise, Blest Spirit, shall be Thine.

SPIRITUAL SIN.

"*Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.*"—Ephes. iv. 30.

Holy Spirit ! pity me,
Pierced with grief for grieving Thee ;
Present, though I "mourn apart,"
Listen to a wailing heart.

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Sins unnumbered I confess,
Of exceeding sinfulness;
Sins against Thyself alone,
Only to Omniscience known:

Deafness to Thy whispered calls;
Rashness 'midst remembered falls;
Transient fears beneath the rod,
Treach'rous trifling with my God;

Tasting that the Lord is good,
Pining then for poison'd food;
At the fountains of the skies
Craving creaturely supplies!

Worldly cares at worship-time;
Grovelling aims in works sublime;
Pride, when God is passing by!
Sloth, when souls in darkness die!

Voiceless vows, whose breath awoke
In Thy courts no echo—*broke;*
Viewless failures—steps astray,
Languors in a once-loved way:

Chilled devotions, changed desires,
Quench'd corruption's earlier fires;—
Sins like these my heart deceive,
Thee, its sole Familiar, grieve!

Oft how lightly have I slept,
With Thy daily wrongs unwept!
Sought Thy chidings to defer,
Shunn'd the wounded Comforter!

Woke to holy labours fresh,
With the plague-spot in my flesh;
Angel seemed to human sight,
Stood a leper in Thy sight!

Still Thy comforts do not fail,
Still Thy healing aids avail;
Patient Inmate of my breast,
Thou art grieved, yet I am blest.

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O, be merciful to me,
Now in bitterness for Thee!
Father, pardon, through Thy Son,
Sins against Thy Spirit done!

A PSALM, MASCHIL, FOR THE FESTIVALS OF OUR REDEMPTION.

"Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—Titus ii. 14.

SOURCE of all our consolations,
Ever since our woes began;
Light of Israel and the nations;
Seed of David, Son of Man!
Sin abolish,
Eden's blight and Sinai's ban!

By the Cross, where Love unsleeping
Shrines the blood for sinners spilt—
By the sword, which, wondering, weeping,
Faith sees crimson'd to its hilt—
Sin abolish!
Slay the power, efface the guilt!

Pride, and appetite, and passion
Be by love for Love allayed;
Charms of pomp, and fame, and fashion,
Calvary! in thy vision fade;
Sorrow's deluge
Round thine Ararat be stayed.

Be the blood-bought grateful, holy,
Loyal to the Son of GOD,—
Tender, self-renouncing, lowly,
Like Him when their path He trod,—
Patient, peaceful,
'Neath the yoke, the cross, the rod.

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As Jehovah's chosen nation
  Now be Christ's own Israel:
Festivals of consecration
  Light the *hearts* where He doth dwell;
    Blended blisses
  Into one deep gladness swell!

Sabbath, break on *this* life's even,
  Sun of worldly glare, go down!
Paschal Feast, on Bread of heaven—
  Pentecost, with new renown—
    Life-long Jubilee—
  Let them all Redemption crown!

"*Wilt Thou not receive us again?*"—Psalm lxxxv. 6.

Oh for the all-reviving grace,
  The quickening power divine,
This deadness from our souls to chase,
  But chiefly, Lord, from mine!

We, we, the people of Thy love,
  Why cleave we to the dust,
Neglect our glorious hopes above,
  And trifle with our trust?

Thy nature and Thy law we know,
  Severely righteous still;
And yet how slothful and how slow
  Our progress in Thy will!

We tread the very edge of doom,
  And worlds of woe or bliss
O'erhang the other side our tomb;
  And yet we sport on *this!*

Hell's hosts conspire against our weal,
  Our burden angels bear;
Yet, oh, we seem but half to feel
  Our own eternal care.

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Almighty Spirit, ere Thou make
The long-dead world alive,
Thy living Church from slumber wake,
Thy work in *us* revive.

"I will in no wise cast out."—St. John vi. 37.

"In *no* wise"—anchor of our faith!
What more can sinners need?
Sinners, believe what Jesus saith,
And then *with* Jesus plead.

Here drink the promise as it came
Fresh from the lips of love;
Then, bending at the fountain, claim
The *blessing* from above.

Doth conscience make you falter there,
And dread to be cast out?
But what more wretched than despair?
Or what more wrong than doubt?

With all that Thou hast done to win
Affiance, Lord, from me,
My one unpardonable sin
Were, not to trust in Thee.

While I am yet a-coming, lo!
Legions of terrors meet;
But vainly strive to seal my woe,
Or fright me from Thy feet.

Thou cam'st to give my conscience rest,
I to receive it come;
And while Thy promise cheers my breast,
It strikes the demons dumb.

Now, in the midst of sinners, Lord,
Of sinners save the chief;
And by Thy wondrous work and word,
O'erpower *their* unbelief!

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"*They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced.*"—Zech. xii. 10.

It comes! the promised grace is poured,
Like rain, upon this hardened heart;
God of the saints, by saints adored,
My God, a sinner's God, Thou art!

"No smiling promise looks tow'rds me,"
I said; and turned from Christ, accursed;
At length, I look on Him, and see
Hope for the hardest, guiltiest, worst.

What makes the first relenting thought,
What but the Spirit from above?
Who e'er sought Him, till by Him sought?
Or whom doth He not *freely* love?

And Thou hast made th' unfeeling feel,
Dread Sufferer, and the prayerless pray;
Where Jews in mockery knelt, I kneel,
To weep my sinful self away.

Laws writ on stone appeal in vain
To fallen hearts more stony still;
But symboll'd in Thy wounds again,
They charm my passions, powers, and will.

Can I condemned that just One, see,
Nor fear the final doom of guilt;
Nor blush for Christ, a curse for me;
Nor bleed for crimes *His* blood that spilt?

Conviction, dread, and shame, and grief,
Here have their sources and their scope;
Yet here love meets me with relief,
And whispers thankfulness and hope.

While yet the Crucified I view,
Priest on the throne to which He rose,
The heart, my sins had pierced anew,
A fountain for my cleansing flows!

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I looked, and mourned: but now I gaze
In faith, and faith brings sudden bliss;
The Lamb, the Lamb as slain, I praise;—
Who, less than God, e'er loved like this?

To Thee, whose blood hath purged my stains,
And made my stricken conscience whole,
Be glory, from my ceaseless strains,
Dominion o'er my willing soul!

"*God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us.*"—1 John iv. 12.

PERFECT in me Thy love, O Lord,
Worst of a sinful race;
By all but clemency abhorred,
Unsoftened but by grace.

Why did Thy Son among us come,
Stoop to His creature's fall,
And spend a life of love with some,
And die in love for all?

He would Thy rebels reconcile,
And melt their enmity,
And free the world from strife and guile,
By likening man to Thee.

Perfect in me that love!—complete
Each just and dear design;
Let all in my experience meet,
Or in my temper shine.

LOVE in His own light let me see,
Through Thy good Spirit feel;
Then, loving God, who first loved me,
God in my life reveal!

From faith shall sweet affections flow,
Delight in things above;
Benevolence to things below,
Divine, devoted love.

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And while like Christ on earth I live,
No dread my hope shall mar;
Learnt at His cross, this grace shall give
Boldness before His bar.

Then welcome Christ's and my reward,
In heaven's eternity:
Is that Thy love's last triumph, Lord?
So perfect it in me.

"*Forgetting those things which are behind.*"—Phil. iii. 13.

We *do* forget; contrition fain
Would act the mournful past again,
When, captive to our sins and fears,
We sought the Lord with secret tears;—
But He hath heard our meek request,
And given us liberty and rest:
Here, then, we end our mourning days,
Forget to weep, and live to praise!

We *would* forget; our highest joys
The word of promise now employs:
Of Him we think who made us thus—
Lord, Thou hast done great things for us!
But these are "small things" in our eye,
Compared with faith's futurity;
Fain would we leave "the things behind,"
And heaven on earth in Jesus find.

We *shall* forget; there is a realm—
The thought all thoughts may well o'erwhelm—
Where both the griefs and joys of this
Are lost in one full tide of bliss:
Heaven after earth! the former things,
Earth's hopes, desires, imaginings,
We shall forget them all above,
Save, Lord, that Thou wert always Love.

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POVERTY OF SPIRIT FOSTERED BY MATURING HOLINESS.

THE least, O Lord, of all Thy saints,
I blush beneath Thy smile:
As grace with Thee my soul acquaints,
I seem to be more vile.

Thy gift, enriching, makes me poor;
Since, *freely* sanctified,
And only in Thy strength secure,
I have no plea for pride.

And what though love hath root within;
How little fruit I bear!
Thy promise shames each lingering sin,
And bows me down in prayer.

Ev'n for my goodness, I confess,
Thy Son had need t' atone;
The law, which claims *my* righteousness,
Accepts *my Lord's* alone.

So fill me with entire distrust,
Jesus, of all but Thee;
And, having humbled me in dust,
Humble Thyself to me.

If saints Thy presence prostrate own,
And seraphs hide their face,
Before the cross, beneath the throne,
Must be the sinner's place.

Ah! tread not on a wounded worm,
Nor crush th' encumbering clod;
But spare th' offending, help th' infirm,
And raise the meek to God.

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"*Shall we sin because we are under grace? God forbid.*"—Rom. vi. 15.

GRACE tempt my soul to grieve again
Its reconciling Lord?
His peace, the purchase of His pain,
With enmity reward?

No, Saviour! if I love Thee less,
Flag in the heavenward race,
And feel all dead to holiness,
I must be dead to grace.

From wrath through Thine obedience freed,
How could I spurn control;
Or for my sloth and trifling, plead
The travail of Thy soul?

Why gav'st Thou blood? oh, was it spilt,
And has it sprinkled been,
To deepen—or to blot, my guilt,
To excuse—or make me clean

By grace for ever unexcused,
Reproved, impelled, I pray;
Let grace, no more to sin abused,
Take my whole curse away.

Curse of a nature prone afresh
To break through bonds like Thine!
Thou didst condemn it in Thy flesh,
Now slay it, Lord, in mine.

Sin struggles; would it were the throe
Of its expiring hour,
This moment fatal to my foe
Thy death's immortal power!

Dust cleaves to dust,—oh! quicken me,
As by Thy dying word;
Then, with the might which raised up Thee,
My quickened spirit gird.

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Faith fails,—appear as once Thou didst,
The crucified I AM!
Hope pines,—re-open heaven, and 'midst
The throne unveil the Lamb!

Love glows not,—with a live-coal touch
From off Thine altar-cross,
Till like Thee, for Thee, loving much,
I count all things but loss.

Grace! let me feel its charm, my God;
And, stirring up Thy gift,
I'll rush where Calvary's hosts have trod,
And high its standard lift:

Thy hated foes, around, within,
Strong in Thy strength, defy;
Nail to its cross my felon sin,
And watch it, till it die.

With Thy loved enemies I'll wield
The sword which conquered *me*,
And bear the wounded on my shield,
My shield of faith,—to Thee.

So shall I win a brighter crown,
To cast before Thy throne;
Then, with the least of saints, fall down,
And sing of grace alone!

"*The world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.*"—1 John ii. 17.

THE world eludes my fond desire,
And memory mocks my pain;
But while the scenes of sense retire,
The joys of faith remain.

Jesus, my changeless God Thou art,
My changeless Saviour Thou;
O fill this torn and lonely heart
With Thy pure presence now.

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Thy steps have long enchanted earth;
And now from earth to die,
Were but a pang to mark my birth
To Thine own home on high.

If bright the world where Thou canst deign,
Though veiled, to visit me—
If glows the temple with Thy train,
What must the Holiest be!

THE CHRISTIAN'S CHAMBER.

"*He came out, and went, as He was wont, to the mount of Olives; . . . and being in an agony He prayed more earnestly.*"—St. Luke xxii. 39, 44.

Oh never could my Master seek
The hour of lonely prayer,
But troubles, more than sighs could speak,
Would haunt His vision there:
He felt the chill o'ershadowing awe
Which warns of storms to be;
And in the place of prayer foresaw
The scene of agony.

But when the dreaded hour drew nigh
On that frequented spot,
Blest answers came to many a sigh,
By all but God forgot;
And angel comforters had leave
To gather many a tear,
Which e'en the breathless, listening eve
Failed, when they fell, to hear.

Thy follower, Jesus, would I be
Where'er Thy feet have trod!
And dear, like Thine, have been to me
My lonelier hours with God:
Him in my chamber oft I seek,
Him on my bed desire;
And when of death my tremors speak,
His words new trust inspire.

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Yet, if the foe should find me here,
And traitor-doubts intrude,
Angel Jehovah ! Thou wilt cheer
My soul's dread solitude.
And while the future beams on me,
The past this balm shall bear,—
The scene of mortal agony
Was long the place of prayer.

"GIVE ME THINE HEART."

Could heavenly claims constrain the heart,
Or charms celestial win,
Lord ! I should give Thee mine,—and part,
This moment, from my sin.

Could weeping eye, entreating Truth,
Or bleeding Mercy, melt,
These yearnings for the heart of youth,
Lord ! not in vain were felt.

Thou hast a right to youngest souls—
From whom their being beam'd,
Whose "endless life" their life controls,
Whose precious death redeem'd.

Thou art all-worthy—Source, and Rest,
Of pure perfection Thou !
Thy smile can make the sufferer blest,
Thy rod the rebel bow.

Earth's sorcerers in Thy presence cease,
Nor right, nor worth, have they ;
Nor can they make the sinner's peace,
Nor take the saint's away.

Then, what diverts my hope, or awe,
From Thee and things above ?
A mind not subject to Thy law,
Not conquer'd by Thy love !

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"Born of the flesh," 'tis fleshly still;
And holy power from high
Must touch its conscience, turn its will,
Or I must sin, and die!

And yet to *yield* it to Thy power
I feel I ought, and may;
Lo, there Thou hast Thine own, this hour;
Seal, seal it Thine, this day!

SONGS IN THE NIGHT-SEASON.

I.

"That Thou shouldest visit him every morning." "He hath done all things well."

THOU doest all things well,
God only wise and true!
My days and nights alternate tell
Of mercies always new.

With sacred toils o'er-pressed,
I sink in welcome sleep;
I wake in darkness and unrest,
Yet patient vigil keep.

Soon finds each fever'd day,
And each chill night, its bourn;
Nor zeal need droop, nor hope decay,
Ere rest, or light, return.

But be the night-watch long,
And sore the chastening rod,—
Thou art my Health, my Sun—my Song,
My Glory, and my GOD!

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Thy smiling face lights mine;—
If, veiled, it makes me sad,
Even tears in darkness, star-like, shine,
And morning *finds* me glad!

For weeping, wakeful eyes
Instinctive look above;
And catch, through openings in the skies,
Thy beams, unslumbering LOVE!

Hours spent with pain and Thee
Lost hours have never seem'd;
No, those are lost, which but *might* be
From earth, for heaven, redeem'd!

Its limit—its relief—
Its hallow'd issues—tell,
That, though Thou cause Thy servant grief,
Thou doest all things well!

II.

"I saw in the visions of my head upon my bed, and, behold, a Watcher, and an Holy One came down from heaven."

BUT who is this, that bends
O'er objects none will own,—
To wayside, homeless souls attends,—
And watches with the lone?

HE, who His own self bore
A burden'd human heart,
'Midst temple-courts and crowds—but more
"In deserts," and "apart."

To human instincts true,
Divinely human, He,
Whom no man ministered unto,
Doth minister to me!

. . . . . Thee *Woman* half denied,
Lord, at the fountain's brink;—
While I "sit thus" Thy springs beside,
Thou givest me to drink!

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To watch with Thee, in gloom,
Thy first disciples failed ;—
Ah ! ne'er was one, like-tempted, whom
Thy love so ill availed ! *

Thee, doom'd to bitter death,
They all forsook, and fled ;—
But Thy true love embosometh
The dying—and the dead !

Dear Watcher o'er the earth,
Thou cam'st from heaven to save !
Love sprang *incarnate* from Thy birth,
Immortal from Thy grave !

Its mysteries none can show,
Nor all its meanings spell ;
But it hath made even me to know,
THOU doest all things well !

"*Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.*"—1 Cor. i. 30.

SAVIOUR of men ! I know Thee mine,
By God the Father given to me ;
And only wait for power Divine,
To fix my heart and hope on Thee.

Now let Thy wisdom's tempering light,
The truth and radiance of Thy grace,
Reflect to faith's undazzled sight
The brightness of Jehovah's face.

Cause me Thy merits to partake,
With all Thy death's fruition bless ;
Absolve me by Thy sufferings ; make
Me righteous through Thy righteousness.

* "He found them sleeping *for sorrow*,"—the sign of an intense, but of a frail and, in this case, unserviceable sympathy.

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Nor let me, reconciled, remain
Beneath my fallen nature's curse:
Thy love my nature cleanse, constrain,
And to celestial vigour nurse.

My mind and passions sanctified,
Spare the frail frame,—then bid my dust,
Sealed for redemption, sure abide
The resurrection of the just.

So save me to the uttermost!
And, in Thy right and strength secure,
No lesser claim or power I boast,
None other confidence endure.

In God,—who made Thee all to me,
When hope hung trembling on His nod,
And stablishes my soul on Thee,—
My soul shall glory in my God!

"*Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.*"—St. Matt. v. 8.

Blessed are the pure in heart!
They have learned the angel art,
While on earth in heaven to be,
God, by sense unseen, to see.

Cleansed from sin's offensive stain,
Fellowship with Him they gain;
Nearness, likeness, to their Lord,
Their exceeding great reward.

Worshipping in spirit now,
In His inner court they bow,
Bow before the brightening veil,
God's own radiance through it hail.

Serious, simple of intent,
Teachably intelligent;
Rapt, they search the written word,
Till His very voice is heard.

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In creation Him they own,
Meet Him in its haunts, alone;
Most amidst its sabbath calm,
Morning light, and evening balm.

Him they still, through busier life,
Trust, in pain, and care, and strife;
These, like clouds o'er noontide blaze,
Temper, not conceal, His rays.

Hallowed thus their every breath,
Dying they shall not "*see* death;"
Ere the mortal bourn be trod,
Heaven begun, they see but God.

With the Lord in paradise,
Till, like His, their bodies rise,
Nearer than the seraphim,
In their flesh shall saints see Him:

Christ, the saint's salvation, see,
Christ, the sinner's sanctity;
With the Father, in the Son,
Through the Spirit, ever one!

Teacher, Saviour of mankind,
Write the mystery in my mind,
Put it in mine inward part,
Blessed are the pure in heart!

"*Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.*"—Rom. viii. 21.

To Thee, who hast absolved my guilt,
A sinner still, I kneel;
Assured Thou canst, whene'er Thou wilt,
My full redemption seal.

Digitized by Google

Thy cross hath crucified the flesh,
  Thy love constraineth mine;
But passion oft profanes afresh
  Thy Spirit's frailest shrine.

My best affections faintly glow,
  Pent in this lamp of clay;
And when the blasts of trial blow,
  Seem flickering away.

Oh! when shall all this storm and strife
  Be quieted within?
When shall the law of heavenly life
  Break the last bond of sin?

When shall my love be unrestrained,
  My zeal without a chill,
And endless victory attained
  O'er all that mocks Thy will?

Lord, if corruption's latent power
  Thy perfect will defeat,
The resurrection's glorious hour
  Thy triumph shall complete.

My soul, from this vile body freed,
  And clothed with one more pure,
Shall know no sin, no cleansing need,
  All holy, all secure.

Then, when its refuge it hath found
  Beneath Thy throne above,
No change shall mar, no measure bound,
  Its portion in Thy love.

How gladly could I yield my breath
  For such a hope as this!
Life strangely perfected through death,
  The grave my path to bliss!

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DOUBTFUL SORROWS CARRIED TO THE CROSS.

"*Why go I mourning?*"—Ps. xlii. 9.

"*We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.*—Heb. iv. 15.

SUFFERER Divine! uplifted Lord!
Thou cross-enthroned! impaled—adored!
In a tempestuous hour,
I run beneath the storm-struck tree,
And, in that sign of weakness, see
The instrument of power.

I have a deep-felt, doubtful pain,
Which Thou canst with a glance explain,
Then banish as Thou wilt;
Oh! guide me, with Thine eye, to know
Whence comes this gloom, this weight, this woe—
From frailty or from guilt.

If guilt, let thorn, and spear, and nail,
Pierce it to death: if aught more frail,
Then let them probe, to cure;
And may that gushing blood of Thine
Blot the offence, or—Balm Divine—
Ease to the wound ensure.

Dread are the myst'ries of my heart;
Yet, 'midst the tempter's various art,
Each torture, each device,
The virtue of Thy Cross remains;
My griefs Thy sympathy sustains,
My sins Thy sacrifice.

CHRISTIAN RESOURCES IN AFFLICTION.

'MIDST much affliction, Lord, I think,—
Thus suffer all mankind their due;
Nor need I 'neath the surges sink,
Thy saints have all passed safely through.

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And though my path from out the flood
But lead into the fiercer flame,
He, who can pity flesh and blood,
The fire shall temper to my frame.

Nay, out of measure should it gain,
And press beyond my present strength,
Thy grace, increasing with my pain,
Shall surely bring me through at length.

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved." "Behold the Lamb of God."
Isaiah xlv. 22; St. John i. 29.

When, at the voice of pardoning love,
Which woos the guilty wanderer home,
My trembling *feet* refuse to move,
And cannot to the Saviour come:

And when my powerless *hand* is stayed,
Just as it would the grace receive:
And when my *lips* in dust are laid,
And dare not whisper, "I believe:"

Oh, could I then but raise mine *eye*
To Him, that liveth and hath died,
That *look* should lift my soul on high,
And God pronounce me justified!

A PENITENT'S PRAYER TO CHRIST IN SICKNESS.

Close to the rocks by passion tost,
Nor safer on the sea,
Helpless, and desolate, and lost,
Clings my last hope to Thee!

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That hope I *dare* not now forego;
  But trembling, trusting, wait
Till Thou Thyself my Saviour show,
  Divinely good and great.

O haste the guilty to forgive,
  The vile to sanctify,—
Who dreads unsanctified to live,
  Or unforgiven to die.

These waves, till lengthened life is o'er,
  To roll in peace command;
Or wreck me on heaven's *nearest* shore—
  So I come safe to land.

THE SABBATH.

"*My sabbaths ye shall keep: for it is a sign between Me and you.*"
Exod. xxxi. 13.

Dear is the day which God hath made,
Signal of peace to earth displayed;
Its light the rainbow of the seven,
Its atmosphere the air of heaven.

The gay, who rest nor worship prize,
Jehovah's changeless sign despise:
Still stand it to our eye alone,
With claims and blessing all its own.

The suffering scarce, alas! can know
This from the other days of woe;
May we the worth of Sabbaths learn,
Before we suffer in our turn!

The blest no sun save Jesus see,
No sabbath save eternity;
May our brief Sabbaths melt away
In the clear light of endless day.

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Lord of the Sabbath, 'tis Thy will
These hours to hallow ; bless them still,
Send down Thy Spirit's sevenfold powers,
And make Thy rest and gladness ours !

HYMN AFTER SERMON ON SABBATH EVENING.

O BLESSED, blessed sounds of grace
Still echoing in my ear ;
Glad is the hour, and loved the place,—
But whence my sudden fear ?

What if a sternly righteous doom
Have sealed this call my last !
Before me, sickness, death, the tomb—
Behind, th' unpardoned past ?

My Sabbath suns may all have set,
My Sabbath scenes be o'er,
The place, at least, where we are met
May know my steps no more.

The prophet of the cross may ne'er
Again preach peace to me ;
The voice of interceding prayer
A farewell voice may be.

But, Saviour, canst *Thou* say farewell,
Or, Holy Spirit, Thou ?
Or must I leave Thy house for hell ?
Oh, save me, save me *now !*

While yet the life-proclaiming word
Doth through my conscience thrill,
Breathe life ; and lo, divinely stirred,
I can repent, I will.

Thou that a will in me hast wrought,
Haste, work in me to do ;
And, lest the purpose leave my thought,
Now my whole heart renew.

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Dying Redeemer, to Thy breast,
A dying wretch, I flee;
Bid me be reconciled, and blest,
And born of God, through Thee.

Lord, I am lost if Thou refuse,
Dying or living, lost;
I live, Thy further grace t' abuse,
Or die, t' endure the cost.

Grant me Thy mercy's lowliest lot;
And mark this solemn even,
Whether my last on earth or not,
First on the roll of heaven.

THE LORD'S DAY.

2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

O SEVENFOLD bright Redemption-day;
When He, who dead and buried lay,
Was made alive, and rose again,
To give eternal life to men!

We were all dead in guilt and doom,
And buried in corruption's tomb:
He rose, to breathe our names on high,
Then breathe our life-word from the sky.

That word revives me, but reminds,
That grace my soul redeems, but binds:—
Life-giver! of Thine own I give,
And live to Thee, by whom I live.

O be each First-Day, to Thy praise,
A fresh "beginning of my days,"—
Bless'd as Thy Spirit loves to bless,
And *hallowed* by heart-holiness!

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BAPTISMAL HYMN.

"*One Lord, one faith, one baptism.*"—Ephes. iv. 5.
"*And was baptized, he and all his.*"—Acts xvi. 33.

O CRUCIFIED, triumphant Lord!
Thy sceptre and Thy cross we own;
And, taught by Thine Apostle's word,
Repose our faith on Thee alone.

The sign of faith ordained by Thee,
Thy confessors, we scorn to shun;
All men our fellowship shall see,—
Our Lord, our faith, our symbol, one.

Nor only for ourselves we claim
The blessings of Thy brotherhood;
The promise to our children came,
Theirs is the water, and the blood.

Who hath these little ones "despised"?
Who "those that brought them" dare condemn?
Oh who, in Jesu's name baptized,
Would blush to put that name on them?

Let sprinkled water write them *now*
The heirs of all-redeeming grace;
The Truth, thus symboll'd on the brow,
Thy Spirit on the heart shall trace!

Lord, spare them, till their lives and tongues
The heart-taught truth have well confess'd,
That who to us, to Thee belongs,
Early believing, ever bless'd.

A PARENTAL PRAYER AT THE BAPTISM OF AN INFANT.

FATHER, our child we place
Where we, Thy children, kneel;
For Thou hast made the sign of grace
To him, to us, the seal.

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Thine own, a moment, claim,
Then lend it to our love,
Mark'd as thine own,—and bid the name
Be registered above.

Rites cannot change the heart,
Undo the evil done,
Or, with the uttered Name, impart
The Spirit, of Thy Son.

To meet our desperate want
There gushed a crimson flood:
Oh! from His heart's o'erflowing font
Baptize this soul with blood!

Be grace from Christ our Lord,
And love from God supreme,
By the communing Spirit poured
In a perpetual stream.

So cleanse our offering;
Then will we, at Thy call,
This pledge accepted, daily bring
Ourselves, our house, our all.

HYMNS FOR HOLY COMMUNION.

"What mean ye by this service?"

THIS service? With my heart it pleads,
Lord, to "remember" Thee,—
Ah! faithless heart, that it must needs
Thus "oft" *reminded* be!
Would the impression might remain
Of mine eternal debt!
Sure I remember Thee in vain,
When I so soon forget!

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While holy hands these rites dispense,
Again the Spirit saith,—
"My will ordains them signs to sense,
And seals to suppliant faith:"
The sufferings whence redemption came,
Here signified, I own;
And here Thou sealest, on my claim,
My pardon from Thy throne.

Yet once again, the bread and wine,
Broken, outpour'd, I "take;"
And learn, Thou didst, to nourish mine,
Thy soul an offering make!
And now, even now, while it believes
In Thy blest flesh and blood,
My spirit "tastes"—my faith perceives—
That Thou the Lord art good!

Memorials, signs, and seals of grace—
And channels too—I see:
Nor would I fail the part to trace
This service puts on *me;*
With all Thy members I commune—
Thy death show forth to men—
And, grateful for the covenant-boon,
Subscribe the bond again.

"*The Lord Jesus the same night in which He was betrayed took bread.*"
1 Cor. xi. 23.

He knew Himself *by man* betrayed;
Yet blessed *for man* the mystic bread;—
Then died devoted, in the place
Of all that traitor's guilty race.

Our *sins* betrayed the Lord to death;
He brands them not with dying breath,
Nor saith to us, "Remember" them,
But "*Me,* who save when all condemn."

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Oh! strange requital of our crime,
Sin's soft reproof, love's art sublime!
Ev'n me these dear memorials move
To die to sin, and live for love!

BEFORE THE ADMINISTRATION.

THE bread is *broken*—type of Him,
Torn on the cross each sacred limb,
Whose spirit, when He undertook
Our ransom, broke at God's rebuke.

The wine is *poured*—oh! could not He,
His heart the fount of charity,
By living pulses speak its worth,
But it must pour its fulness forth?

No, dying Lord! that torturing death
Told more than life's benignest breath;
Thou lovedst us of old—but *how*,
Was never known till *then*, till now.

THE FORM OF ADMINISTRATION PARAPHRASED.

THE flesh of our Lord Jesus Christ,
Which once was given for me,
Preserve my body and my soul
To immortality!

This eating—that for me He died,
I solemnly confess;
And feed on Him within my heart,
By faith, with thankfulness.

The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ,
Which once was shed for me,
Preserve my body and my soul
To immortality.

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This drinking—for my sins, I own,
His very blood was shed;
And still with new thanksgivings wreathe
The Victim's hallowed head!

A PRAYER FOR MINISTERS BEFORE PREACHING.

Happy we! devoutly found
Waiting for the joyful sound;
Spirit of our present Lord,
Utter in our hearts His word!

Minister of God on high,
Speak by mortal ministry!
Let the lips, that framed our prayer,
Answers of acceptance bear.

Then Thy servant's witness be,
Witnessing, O Christ, for Thee;
Then the grace effectual give,
Make us hear, and, hearing, live.

PLEADING FOR OUR COUNTRY.

Bowed down before Thy throne,
Beneath our country's care,
Thy goodness, and her guilt, we own:
Lord! hear our patriot-prayer.

We blush for Britain's shame,
O'er Britain's misery bleed;
Holy her nation but in name,
A favoured, faithless seed.

The remnant Thou hast left,
Thy chosen witness-band,
In sackcloth, as of joy bereft,
Go sighing through her land.

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Her haunts of sin abound
Where saints and prophets dwell,
And vice with sanctity confound,
And paradise with hell!

Lord, is the time not yet?
Hath prayer no power on high?
Where interceding saints are met,
Must dying sinners—die?

Oh! while we importune
The soul-converting grace,
Let all our kindreds wail, and soon
Let all the people praise.

For Him their crimes have slain
Mourn every house apart;
Till burst the hallelujah-strain,
As from a nation's heart!

FOR A CHURCH, OR A FAMILY, AT ITS FIRST SABBATH-MEETING AFTER A BEREAVEMENT.

WHY should our songs in sighings cease?
Yon heavenly lyres, which lulled to peace,
Now challenge us to join again;
We paused awhile, to drink their tone,—
How sweet! but now we grasp our own,
And strike them to a louder strain.

Another of our band is safe!
No terrors haunt, no breezes chafe,
No billows rock his spirit more;
Our Pilot, Who the Land unknown
Once reached, through seas of wrath, *alone*,
Hath guided him unharmed to shore.

That guide is ours; that guide is God!
The womb, the world, the cross, the clod,
He consecrated, for our aid;
United in Himself His saints;
And, 'midst bereavement's meek complaints,
Their fellowship immortal made.

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Thus songs our common hope attest
With all safe-harboured in His breast,
And blend with gladder music there!
Yea, e'en our Saviour's heavenward sighs,
Like wailing winds when storms arise,
May waft a song with every prayer.

His name we sing! Th' unsinning host
No Saviour need, no Saviour boast,
Yet laud the infinite I AM;
But ransomed souls, on earth, above,
Sing, Glory to the God of love,
And, Glory glory to the Lamb!

Thrice blest the Name that makes us one;
And happy they, who, hasting on,
Have reached the rest to pilgrims given;
Dear Lord! on us, who thither tend,
Let heaven, whene'er we sing, descend,
Till we are raised, in turn, to heaven!

FOR A CHRISTIAN SEEKING TO BE USFEUL.

OH for my Master's generous mind
That I might live to bless mankind,
A selfish quietude contemn,
And serve the Lord by serving them;
Nor all in secret joy expend
The gifts which on my soul descend.

Too well I love to glide unseen,
With twilight, through some lone ravine,—
Where earth, o'erhanging high, hath bent
An interposing firmament,
And flowers, along its brink that glow,
Are stars to that still world below.

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But 'tis a nobler joy to move
In open tracks, with life, and love,
And scattering blessings in my train,
Receive them in new bliss again;
Earth's broidered robe beneath me spread,
Heaven fondly brightening o'er my head!

I covet years in duty spent,
Unspotted, useful, and content;
The Christian home, the crowded shrine,
The paths of charity divine,—
And, like the last my Master trod,
A death-bed witnessing for God.

DOXOLOGY.

To Him Whose pangs our peace have bought,
A Saviour's crown belongs,
Our holiest passion, loftiest thought,
And most celestial songs.

And blest is He, who, like a dove,
The pledge of peace conveys;
The grace that seals Jehovah's love
Shall share Jehovah's praise.

And Thou, whose Son the Saviour is,
Whose Spirit the Comforter;
Thou art the fount of all the bliss
Those God-like gifts confer.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
In essence and in counsel one,
Sing all the ransomed host!

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DOMESTIC.

TO MY MOTHER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

For her, on the morn of her birth,
Who fondly exulted at mine,
For tenderness, wisdom, and worth,
A wreath of remembrance I twine:
She heard me when "Mother" was all
These infantile lips could essay;
And hers is my tribute, though small,
And she is the light of my lay.

My mother! Ah! say if there be
A charm in that exquisite sound,
Which e'er must be hidden from me,
And only a mother hath found?
A mother's indulgence I crave,
If that charm I weaken in aught;
Forgive me, wherever I have,
And smile on me, when I have not.

The day that has wakened my praise
Be doubly, delightfully blest!
And blessed be each of thy days,
Mine earliest guardian confest!
And if I must witness the last,
Oh! oft to thy chamber I'll steal,
My tears on thy coffin to cast,
For those on my cradle that fell!

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There is something, I may not define,
That whispers—It never shall be,—
That wretchedness shall not be mine,
The summons is first unto *me.*
But if, with thyself and the saints,
A lot everlasting be given,
Farewell to the hour of complaints,
And we shall be born into heaven!

[The above is not improbably the earliest of Mr. Bunting's compositions still in existence.—ED.]

INSCRIBED TO MY DARLING FIRST-BORN ON HER FIRST BIRTHDAY.

"ABBA"[1] my babe! how feebly liken they
Thy charms to charms of angel-infancy!
Oh! to thy father, could a cherub's lay
Equal the first, sweet song he heard from thee?
(For such thy every accent seems to me,
Song to my ear, and music to my heart):
Melodious truth! though now unconsciously
From tongue untuned by mortal skill it start—
"My father!" Yes, and thou my first-born, first-bless'd art!

That blessing's virtue thou ere long shalt own,
And from thy heart send forth the fond appeal;
May God but spare thee, child, till thou have known
The name thou lispest, and the love I feel!
And—if one mercy more my bliss might seal—
Me may He spare to feel thy love's return,
Soothing, should ere its frailties on me steal,
My second childhood; till bereavement stern
Call thee to watch and weep o'er my sepulchral urn!

[1] The child's first word-like utterance.

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But wilt thou, when I die—no, while I live,—
To Him, who dies not, "Abba, Father," say?
Will He the witness of His favour give,
To guide and cheer thee on thy tombward way?
Then, doubly bless'd, like dews of early day,
Thy youth shall drink heaven's dawn, and earth's perfume;
Then, doubly blessing, shall thy crescent ray
Reflected lustre shed o'er earthly gloom,
And with a grateful light its native heaven illume!

TO MY DEAREST FIRST-BORN, ON HER FOURTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

—"*Of whom I travail in birth, until Christ be formed in you.*"

It strikes! Thy fourteen years expire!
But thou, my child, art newly born;
And this marked midnight to thy sire
Seems brighter than the common morn.

Thou sleepest: but he wakes for thee,—
As thy good angel did, who bare
Thy burden on her nursing knee,—
Like her, he watches unto prayer.

'Tis fitting: for who told the hour,
The signal of this welcome day?
Voices from yonder temple-tower,
That ever call to praise and pray.

Hadst thou been royal, they had rung
Glad peals to celebrate thy birth;
Hadst thou been dead, they might have sung
Thy mournful welcome to the earth:

But sweet the tone I lately heard,
Their simple, time-accenting tone,
So cheerful, joy must needs be stirred,
So grave, it stirs not joy alone.

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That tone shall vibrate in my breast,
"Prayer with thanksgiving" tune my strain:
The Lord, who spares my child, be bless'd!—
But grant she be not spared in vain!

'Twas rash to say thy years could die;
Their record and their impulse live,—
Their record to the Court on high,
Their impulse to thyself, they give.

What, then, the tale those years have told?
Ah! who, self-warned, could wish to see
The history of a heart unroll'd,
From childhood to eternity?

Wait, till the Judgment-scroll shall show
No blots, save one of pardoning Blood!
But shrink not from thy soul to know
Its hopes and aims for womanhood.

Yet, no: these may not reach their goal;
Graves lurk, like pitfalls, oft between;
Search the great secret of thy soul,
Its prospects for the Life Unseen.

Soon as thy years had number'd seven,
Assurance faltered, doubt began:
Thy claim in Christ, thy right to heaven,
Were things my faith had ceased to scan.

The mystic cycle forms again!
Those doubts are gone; yet doubt I still;
Thy moral power I questioned then,
But now, thy wisdom and thy will.

O use Heaven's succours! Ask for more:
Win Christ: and grasp eternal life!
Assurance to my heart restore,
And peace from passion's tenderest strife!

The dove, on thy baptismal ark,
Told me, thou couldst not perish *there:*
Would God, some heavenly sign might mark
My first-born *now* my fellow-heir!

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"My daughter even now is dead;"
Life-giving Lord, Thy gift confer!
No death compared with this I dread;
No life like thine I prize for her.

"Good for" her she "had not been born,"
If ne'er for glory born again:
What of the resurrection morn?
Lord, shall we bless her birth-star *then?*

Love's womb Thou wouldst not make her grave;
But grant her from the womb of earth—
Its vast, convulsed, sepulchral cave—
At that dread day, a deathless birth!

ON THE BIRTH OF MY YOUNGEST.

Mother of my second-born!
Daughter of my first-belov'd!
From my heart, on this dread morn,
Months of care ye have removed;
To my hope, in this glad hour,
Years of comfort have ye brought;—
May but God, that hope's "high tower,"
Perfect what Himself hath wrought

What, had Heaven, in nature's strife,
Won thee, cherub, from thy mother?
What, couldst thou have bought one life,
Angel! only with another?
What, if to my trembling prayer
Both had been at once denied?
"Lord! if Thou hadst" not "been there,"
Mother, babe—and hope had died!

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Double boon! a life so dear
Given, and one more dear renew'd,—
Each enhanced by previous fear
To my future gratitude;
Babe, I bless thee for a living
Look of her, I *would* recall,—
Thee, love, for the likeness giving,—
God for all, for all, for all!

IN A BIBLE.

TO OUR OWN DEAR CAROLINE BENTLEY,
THIS HOLY BIBLE,
AND THE TRULY SCRIPTURAL PRAYER-BOOK, AND HYMN BOOK,
WHICH ARE BOUND UP WITH IT,
ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY PRESENTED,
IN THE
JUBILEE YEAR OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY, A.D. 1853,
BY W. M. B. AND H. B.

"*Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom: teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.*"—Col. iii. 16.

THOU art thy mother's child—and I
Will claim thee, too, for mine:
But the keen soul so few descry,
Within its fragile shrine,
Was music-born, and to a thirst
For heavenly numbers early nurst,
And harmonies divine.

This heaven-framed instrument, for thee,
God with His breath hath filled!
Its compass sweep, from key to key—
All sounds distracting still'd—
Till o'er thee gush melodious air,
And all thy soul be thrill'd.

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TO MY DEAR WIFE.

WRITTEN ON A JOURNEY.

THE loftiest hill that bounds thy view,
Has faded long from mine;
And a new landscape's shadowy hue
Reflects the day's decline.
But when I turn from scenes below,
To yon bright orbs above,
It cheers my home-born heart to know
We *both* can watch them, love!

And thus I think, though we enjoy
Gleams of earth's bliss apart,
When heavenly things our thoughts employ,
With me thou ever art!
O Earth! how many a love-bound spirit
Thy severing power hath tried!
O Heaven! the hearts who thee inherit,
Distance nor death divide!

THOUGHTS FOR A BIRTHDAY GATHERING.

"*Shall keep it unto life eternal.*"—St. John xii. 25.

AH! who can say if scenes like this
Have more of sunshine or of shade?
Spared life, and circling love, are bliss;
But it is pain to watch them fade!
While yet our garlands wreathe the brow
Of the completed year, it dies:
And most who meet as we meet now
Mourn missing friends and broken ties.

Yet *all* is bright, serene, sublime,
In presence of eternity:
Hope sees eternity in time,
In life long past, a life to be:
With those who live, through grace, aright,
Each year is freighted for the skies,
Nor e'er is wreck'd, though lost to sight,
But onward to its haven flies.

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O brother! let us meekly strive
For worlds enduring evermore;
Where past in future joys revive,—
Not left behind, but gone before.
To seal the blessings of our birth,
To fix the friendships God hath given,
T' illumine all the life of earth,
Dear brother, let us live for heaven!

A FAMILY SONG.

On my Sister's Wedding-day.

Again with songs and smiles we meet,
With minstrelsy and mirth,
A Bride, our own first Bride, to greet,—
But ah! we're met *on earth*,
Where every smile but lights a tear,
And mid the song the sigh we hear!

On Eden, forfeited by man,
The curse of sin alighted:
And when restored him, by that ban
Its flowers were all found *blighted:*
Who now can painless bliss ensure?
Eden was Earth in miniature:

It hath its beauty, sunshine, bloom,
Gay scenes and happy hours;
But over all some sudden gloom,
Some heart-cloud, ever lowers;
Home to our breasts we never woo
A joy, but comes a sorrow too.

The day must needs be one of gladness,
Mary, since thou art glad;
Yet, Mary, oh! it hath a sadness
No past one ever had;
This new link in love's chain we prize,
But loosen'd are the olden ties!

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At length we yield thee to another,
Whom we have lived to know
More dear to thee than Sire or Brother—
But can we bear it so?
'Twere hard for one who loves like me,
To brook an Angel's rivalry.

We have embraced the far-come stranger
Who won thy troth so well;
But can we give up thee to danger,
To ocean's stormy swell,
To climes untried, and shores unknown,
Till thou feel strangely towards *thine own?*

We hail thy dawning womanhood,
Sweet summer of thy life;
Nor doubt, that one so true and good
Will grace the name of wife:
But not for those, who nursed erewhile
The blossoms, will the fruitage smile.

* * * * *

When farewell looks are towards her cast,
And farewell words are spoken,
And fond arms form a chain so fast,
To yield, it must be broken,—
Say to her soul—and let Thy will
Hush it into a heaven—"Be still!"

* * * * *

Still, saddening recollections steal
Across my cheerful strain;
Who meet on earth, I feel, I feel,
May ne'er meet all again,—
Betwixt us the entombing wave,
Before us, that "great gulf," the grave!

We must, awhile, divided roam,
With undivided heart;
And even in the grave's lone home
We may repose apart:
Join, dear ones, then, my crowning lay,
The blessing of this Bridal-day:—

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May our next meeting be on earth,
  But, oh! our last, above,
Where painless bliss shall have its birth,
  And undistracted love:
On earth be many *meetings* given;
But let our home, O GOD, be heaven!

FRAGMENTS OF A MARRIAGE SONG.

MY Brother, and my Brother's Bride!
  I hail you from my heart,
  And wish you, ere we part,
All GOD can give—save what were best denied.
I wish your marriage-morn, though bright, may prove
But a dim shadow of that solemn dawn,
Which, breaking through the curtains closely drawn—
Ay of your death-beds—soon shall summon you above:
And wherefore? Would I beckon death to you?
  No; but if *that* day dawn on you *as this*,
And wedded life but seem, in calm review,
  As seems it now in prospect, full of bliss—
Wedded or widow'd, suff'ring or at rest,
Living or dying, ye are surely blest!
Yet sleep not out your years without a sigh,
In selfish ease and languid luxury:
  Better, methinks, the ocean's restless roll,
Its fresh'ning ebb and flow, its filt'ring waves
  (Ev'n with its storms, when warning thunders toll,
While busy whirlwinds dig wide wat'ry graves),
Better than that which scarce a breeze can break,
The stagnant torpor of a tideless lake:
And so I wish that needful change and chast'ning,
Dear ones! may rouse you to be Homeward hast'ning.
When joy is given, I pray it may be heighten'd
By holy hope, by Christian gladness brighten'd:

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For oh! earth's greenest groves are depths of gloom,
Dull solitude and sullen night embowering,
Save where heaven's sunshine, through their foliage showering,
Or its rich full-moon rays, those verdant groves illume!
Where sorrow's deluge swells, I pray, its waves,
Like those on which the Ark triumphant rode,
May lift your souls from earth, and up to GOD;
For whom it overwhelms not, sorrow *saves*—
Higher and higher, as its waters rise,
Aspire our buoyant spirits to the skies.
If young ye die, the death shall be forgiven,
That leads you by a *nearer* road to heaven!
If age e'er crown you, its white hairs shall be
But blossoms of your immortality!
And when your lives have reach'd their destined bound—
As when a harp-string breaks, at first the sound,
Reverb'rated by every neighbouring chord,
Is dissonant and sad, but afterward,
In a low, sweet, and soothing cadence dies,—
So brother, sister, break at last away;
And though the shock of rudely ruptured ties
Untune, oh! many a heart for many a day,
Yet when harsh tones are hush'd, and grief is dumb,
Then the soft music of your memories
Shall lingering as delightful be,
And vibrate through the years to come,
And wake the echoes of eternity.

THOU, who, for love of Adam's rebel race,
Did'st leave Thy home and kindred in the sky,
And to Thy Godhead's glorious embrace
Benignly woo our mean Humanity!
Thy Church's Husband Thou,
By many a blood-seal'd covenant-vow
Engaged to cherish and defend
Thy Chosen to the end;
If, when Thou wouldst deliver man
From God's eternal ban

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Welcome was woman's womb,
And felon's cross, and stranger's tomb;
If, when Thou wouldst Thy weak ones save
From fears that round the grave
Lag, like a fun'ral group,
Thou couldst thyself to dying stoop;
Oh! with a love as lowly,
Redeemer, Mighty, Holy,
Attend our call,
And crown our not unhallow'd festival!
Earth's joy but lights the look, or tunes the voice—
Come, LORD of hearts, and bid our *hearts* rejoice!
So shall the blessing of this hour illume
The future's shadowy years, and clothe its wastes with bloom.
Yet ah! to fondest eyes *that* bloom but covers
The pathway to the burial-rest of lovers!
There our once-warm and wedded hearts must moulder—
None lonelier, colder!
And are the spirits of the just
Divided with their coffin'd dust?
Or, oh! shall death for ever
Those troth-joined hands dissever,
That once have felt (as hath been felt this hour)
The magic of *that* bright, light link of gold,
Fit emblem of a soul-enchaining power—
These hands, whose every touch hath told
So many a tale of tender feeling,
The lips had faltered in revealing,
And struck so many a theme of bliss
Through all our nature's nameless sympathies,—
Shall death for ever
These bands dissever?
Hush human tones, and hide familiar faces,
Change *all we were*, and blot the latest traces
Of a glad, stirring, social scene like this?
No—blest be "JESUS, and the Resurrection,"
And that "New Earth," the home of pure affection!
"MAN on the Throne!" if *Thou* be Lord above,
Our being, and our bliss, shall still be Love;

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And *this* earth's hallow'd charms and charities,
Earthly no more, shall flourish in the skies.
Then, Holy Lamb, we meekly pray,
Remember us on *Thy* great Bridal-day!
Now, now, by some sweet spirit-token,
Betroth us each to each, and all to Thee;
Nor let the pledge be broken,
Till, in eternity,
The Bridal Home we share, Thy Bridal Beauty see!

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MEMORIAL.

NOVEMBER 23RD, 1835.

My Birth-morn—and the mother
Who birth, and, under God, its blessing gave,
Mine only one—I ne'er can have another—
Sleeps in her grave.

The mother absent?—None
With prompter welcome, or with kindlier,
Had met her first-born, could this festal sun
Have wakened her.

But, if its beams had played—
She the survivor—on my burial-rest,
Ah! what a midnight had those sunbeams made
Within her breast!

'Tis well; I needs must mourn
To feel my *joys* by her no longer *shared;*
But, haply, heavier pangs than mine hath borne
Her spirit is spared.

God gave; He takes away,
But sends the balsam with the sev'ring blow;
Bleed many hearts, but one more torn than they
Hath done with woe.

Till to her arms restored,—
Not "Abraham's bosom" could so gently bear
My spirit to the footstool of its Lord,—
I'll weep in prayer:—

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And in my heart shall chime
Sad tones with joyous—But my powerless song
On griefs so deep, and raptures so sublime,
Lingers too long.

My mother's own-born bard,
I've strayed, scarce conscious, to her dear grave-side,
Yes! dear the *grave*, where, with an Angel-guard,
Her bones abide.

And while its very hush,
"She is not here!" breathes voice-like, through my breast,
Sweet sounds, as from *thy* harp, my Mother, gush—
"I am at rest."

WRITTEN FOR THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF JANE GREY GINGER'S DEATH, AT REQUEST OF HER MOTHER. 1841.

"*She goeth unto the grave, to weep there.*"—St. John xi. 31.

"*Ye are come . . . . to an innumerable company of angels, . . . and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant.*"—Hebrews xii. 22, 24.

THY birth-star once I blessed;
Hence shall thy death-day be
Remembered—like the Holy Rest—
Grief's anniversary:
The very grave for thought hath charms,
With thee, my angel, in its arms!

Love cannot quit her hold
Of what once clung to love:
'Tis true, my angel doth behold
The face of God above;
Still, while I hail that heavenlier birth,
I joy to know thee "of the earth."

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Though vanish'd in one hour
The casket and the gem—
Heaven caught the fragrance, death the flower
Snatched from this heart's lone stem—
Death! Heaven! the treasure is not thine!
Thy gift, O God, hath made it mine!

Yon moon, pale prophetess,
Twelve times hath "filled her horn"
Since, 'midst my struggles and distress,
Thy soul to bliss was borne.
But should it not the past endear,
That thou wast born to *being* here?

Cherubs my cherub own,
And to their chorus call;
But hast thou not already known
Thy sister from them all;[1]
And range not ye the Happy Land,
With glances *hither*, hand in hand?

Glorious is your employ,
With all the ransomed throng,
To sing the Fountain of your joy.
But think—that sweetest song,
Ere thou hadst formed high fellowships,
Thou learned'st from thy mother's lips.

The way found but by few
Thy feet have safely trod—
Thine, rather, was the wing that flew,
Too swift for love, to GOD!
But showed not she the heavenward way?
Back mightest thou, one moment, stray!

Thou bearest God's new name;
Thou dwellest near His throne;
And mortal love might fear to claim
Old kindred with its own,
Or court communion;—but that thought
Kind memories to mine aid hath brought.

[1] The reference is to a sister, who died before the subject of these verses.—ED.

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Angels, I know, have leave
To cheer this realm of night,
Nor, as its clouds their pinions cleave,
E'er lose the Throne from sight;
Oh! and their King once trod that road,
And, still "in heaven," on earth abode!

He came, a spotless child,
Lay on a breast like this,
And from its fountain undefiled
Drew life, and love, and bliss;
But oh! the stream His own heart gave,
Our guilty, outcast race to save!

"God ever bless'd," adored,
Incarnate, crucified,
Ascended, interceding Lord!
He for my dead hath died.
Yes, ye who may, approach and gaze,
Then strike your harps, and sound His praise!

Ye own the song, the sight,
The station, to His cross;
And I, my heavenly hope and right,
The solace of my loss;—
That cross links child to cherubim,
Me to mine own, and all to Him!

The Spirit—sprinkling Blood,
Always "as newly" shed—
Baptizeth to your brotherhood
Souls of the Christian dead!
Thus "spirit" dear, I "come to" thee
More "perfect," not more "just" than we.

Righteous in Christ, as thou,
His hosts on earth rejoice;
And when in praise and prayer we bow,
Haply a mother's voice
May steal distinct on angel-ears,
Nor fall unseen her contrite tears.

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Tears? Canst thou see me weep?
Ah! guilt wrings some from me;
But these, I own, mine eyelids steep
For sorrow and for *thee!*
Lord, suffer, and forbid them not;
Or sprinkle Blood, their stain to blot!

Hoping thou lov'st me still,
My holy, happy child!
Pitiest, like GOD, my weaker will,
Nor deem'st these struggles wild,
Hoping thou sometimes hoverest near—
Permitted—with fond eye and ear.

My stricken heart, this once,
Bleeds, breathes, as thou wert by,
Nor asks, unpromised, one response,
But only leave to sigh:—
And might these gushings of my woe
To God a pure libation flow!

Thou art remembered, Jane;
And loved not less, but more,
That we may look to meet again,
And commune as before;—
Our souls shall then together dwell;
If all apart till then, 'tis well.

Should'st thou ere come to me,
And make thy presence felt,
I'll search not of Heaven's mystery
More than my faith hath spelt;
No message with mine angel trust,
But pray to God through Christ the Just.

No idol will I frame
Of "things in heaven above;"
One in my heart the worshipped "Name,"
But oh! that Name is Love!
Hence, lose we, mine own cherubim,
Each other and ourselves *in Him!*

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EPITAPH.

HER orphan child, her pastors, and her friends—
Nay, each poor neighbour o'er her tomb that bends,
This record, copied from his heart, shall see,
"A SUCCOURER OF MANY—AND OF ME."

FOUR STANZAS

IN MEMORY OF A LADY, A POETESS, WHO DIED ONLY TEN MONTHS AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

MY lonely lyre had long in silence slept,
Nor to the call of love or death awoke,
Save once,[1] when such a gust of passion swept
Across its chords, that all it bent, it broke.
Nor me alone that "hour
Of darkness" did o'erpower;
How many mourn'd, how few their weight of sorrow spoke.

'Twas whisper'd thou wert gone; and then there gush'd
A tide of tenderer feeling o'er my strings,
To think, to think that thine lay tuneless, hush'd,
And cast aside among decaying things.
Departed poet's name
May poet's honours claim:
Thou sweetest child of song, thy meed the meanest brings.

Yet, long as thou hast lived with angel-choirs,
(Oh! days in heaven must seem eternities!)
Dost thou remember earth? Could all its lyres
Allure thee from the music of the skies?
No, not the double spell
Of mortal voice and shell;
No, not thine own hush'd harp's rewaken'd melodies.

[1] The reference is to the death of the Rev. Richard Watson.

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But there is One, self-bless'd, yet so benign,
That though surrounded with seraphic praise,
He can His condescending ear incline,
To catch the swell of earth's adoring lays;
And if mine elegy
Him glorify in thee,
Thyself shall stoop to hear the strain I strive to raise.

* * * * * *

Like minstrel by his theme inspired, oppress'd,
Who knows not on what kindred chord to dwell,
So hangs his harp where to stray winds its breast,
With sighs melodious, may responsive swell:
Thus swells my heart for thee,
With the wild melody
Of feelings undefined, and thoughts unspeakable.

* * * * * *

Death, with thine aid, how much remembrance gleans
From life! what light thou flashest on the past!
To long-fled pleasures, and their ling'ring scenes,
Sending a new and more impressive cast!
Knew we how soon the living
Must die, how fond, forgiving,
Assiduous were our loves; so briefly might they last!

Lamented lady, in bereavement's light
We read thy history as ne'er before;
And if we ere did read thy heart aright,
We can but now regret we knew no more.
But what all this to thee?
What for eternity?
God asks what fruit to Him thy being's blossoms bore.

Why hide it?—Born a sinner, form'd a saint;
Sin marr'd, but grace divinely moulded, thee;
Dread power, that could so many virtues taint!
Blest power, that such an ill could remedy!
And though thy doom was death,
Lo, He who ransometh
His prisoners from the pit, shall thy Redeemer be.

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Thou art already welcom'd to His breast,
Thou that wert always dovelike, fluttering;
And now, methinks, assuredly at rest,
Thou art ashamed of thy once timid wing.
I may not, would not chide
A spirit glorified;
But let me learn to trust, since thou art triumphing.

Dear be his name,[1] whose strengthening ministry
So oft rewinged thy faith 'midst storms and gloom.
Ah! favour'd dove! an eagle cherish'd thee,
Allured thee to the sky, your common home,
And, just before thee, rose
To unconfined repose,
Where ye shall fearless range, but never restless roam.

* * * * *

Lord of the quick and dead! the strain accept,
Which, e'en from unstrung harps and hearts, we raise:
For her, "through faith unto salvation kept;"
For all who track her steps through mortal maze;
For joys in this world given,
And hopes laid up in heaven,
Amidst our deepest grief, accept our highest praise.

TO THE MEMORY OF A DEPARTED MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

THY name the Lamb hath register'd in light,
For thou hadst blessed interest with Him;
Thy spirit lingereth ever, where invite
The emulous choirs of sister-seraphim:
Ah! comes too late to thee
This earthly melody;
Too far thy flight from worlds where all is drear and dim.

The Rev. Richard Watson, who died little more than a month b
her.

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Canst thou not stoop to wretchedness and me,
Nor to my call thy wonted ear incline?
Come, then, my desolate heart! I'll tune for thee,
Some plaintive chord in unison with thine:
And, as a burial-stone,
Which evening weeps upon,
My Mother's epitaph on moisten'd page shall shine.

My sainted Mother! art thou mine no more?
Is not my sanctuary yet thy breast?
Heard I those lips their parting music pour?
And have I laid thee evermore to rest?
Shadows of childhood fled!
Flowers of my spring-tide—dead!
Most blest of beings thou, and I—the loneliest!

Oh! not to angels,—when from high they stole
O'er the dark scenes that death sublimely drew,—
Nor unto Abraham,—gave we that dear soul;
But back to Him who prized and bought it too.—
I drop my sorrows here,
Hope gilds the tremulous tear;
When Jesus whispers, Come—who would not say, Adieu?

O God, I long from changing joys to part,
And with the Everlasting always be:
Thou all my treasure hast, and all Thou art:
And lo! I lodge my shatter'd heart with Thee!
And I shall soon repair,
Where dreams nor darkness are,
Nor murmur of complaint,—but light and ecstasy!

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A PASTORAL TO THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF KATE ELIZA CORDEROY.

Born May, 1850 ; died December, 1855.

"Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." For "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

"He will gather them in when they wander, gather them up when they fall," &c. (Matthew Henry *in loco.*)

I.

BUT did your ewe-lamb ever
Forsake Salvation's fold?
Could aught from sheep and Shepherd sever,
Or tempt her to the wold?
I own it is a fearful thing,
That all who live to *know*
Evil and good, go wandering
To perilous brink, and poison'd spring,—
But did your ewe-lamb so?

In yon mid-heaven are millions
Of earth-born innocents,—
"Caught up" from Luxury's soft pavilions,
Or Misery's tatter'd tents:
LOVE needed not to ingather *those*—
They never went astray;
Another caused their blameless woes—
ANOTHER foil'd their deadlier foes,
And bore them safe away!

Nor crown nor palm-branch earning,
They found a covert-place;
And, naught from camp or conflict learning,
Were "perfected" by grace:
Where many a youth the red tide braves,
They died without a stain—
Near Calvary's Banner; and their graves
Bloom in its shadow, as it waves
Wide o'er its martyr-slain.

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Awhile for good of *others*,
Blest creatures! here they roam,—
To draw forth all the heart of mothers,
And light the poor man's home;
Then soar—t' entice the passion-tost
To rest in "things above,"—
And comfort Christ—for souls twice lost!
And half requite Redemption's cost,
And swell the choir of LOVE!

II.

"'TIS well with" *yours*, ye weepers,
If *so* LOVE'S will were done;
"The child" (for 'midst those million sleepers,
Ye can but think of *one*),
The child, on waking, shall do well,
And meet you in the air!
But what if she were spared to spell
The mystery of "IMMANUEL,"
And learn of "JESUS" there?[1]

Methinks, she was. The sentence
Of death had touched her *soul;*
But o'er it dews of still repentance,
And beams of Mercy, stole:
Her fond heart would have worshipp'd *you*,
But Christ her GOD became:
She stray'd anon, as lambs will do;
But soon the Shepherd's voice she knew,
And answered to her name.

Then, as she kept with meekness
The tracks where none "need err,"
He, mindful of a weanling's weakness,
Did oft up-gather her:—
Till, lo! in other aspect seen,
A follower of His host

[1] St. Matt. i. 21—23.

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She stood "approved—in sufferings" keen [1]—
"By love—much patience"—hope serene—
Yea, "by the Holy Ghost!"

With heroes scarr'd and hoary
Your heroine held her ground:
Ah! what a battle-field for glory
Hath childhood's couch been found!
She wrestled, till life's light grew dim—
She conquer'd as she fell;
And now I hear her victory-hymn—
Saints, innocents, and seraphim
All answering, IT IS WELL!

THOUGHTS AT THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE JAMES HUNTER, ESQ., OF ISLINGTON.

"*He saith unto them, Our friend sleepeth; but I go that I may awake him out of sleep.*"—St. John xi. 11.

WHOSE friend was he not? All along to his grave,
Mute groups their remembrances blend;
Wan faces look forth on the funeral-train
From chambers his steps will ne'er gladden again;
And the multitude mourn for a friend.

Whose friend was he not? Very strangers grow friends
By *this* friendship's deep-felt accord:
Green youth, and grey years—the refined, and the wise—
This grief hath made one; while a choir in the skies
Sings, Joy to the friend of our LORD!

"Our friend"—yet, he "sleepeth;" yet, silence and groans
Both plainly declare, "he is dead!"
All vain were our prayers for the healer's health,
All spent on ourselves was that spirit's wealth,
And an angel of mercy hath fled.

[1] In her life-long suffering, her patient, self-forgetting, generous, and even *genial* spirit, amidst all, was as remarkable as her quiet devotion and her love to Jesus.

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* * * * * *

Yet *we* may not think, "If the Lord had been near,
Our friend had not tasted of death:"
For the Lord's own hand had prepared the cup;
And His holy arm held the spirit up;
And, "I go to awake him," He saith.

He hath gone to the grave—long, long ere this,
He hath gone, and gone down, to *His own;*
For Himself must needs die, the lost life to win,
And His life-blood was balm for the death-wound of sin,
And His tomb immortality's throne.

He hath gone to the grave—He hath risen, revived,
And triumphed o'er death and hell!
Jehovah is "God of the living" alone,
But *Jesus* the "Lord of the dead" we own;
Our friend, *though* he sleep, shall do well.

He comes to awake him—but not this day;
His promise is first to cast out,
The Prince of this world, and its kingdoms regain,
And throng the third heaven with the saints of His train,
And then to descend with a shout!

He comes to awake him—and "us with" him;
All, all, shall He raise and reward,
Whose friends were His own; and *twice* comforted, we,
To whom He now whispers, our friend, shall see
That friend in the joy of our Lord!

THE PANGS AND SOLACES OF BEREAVEMENT.

A Mother to her dead Child.

That I, who could have died to give
Life, under God, to thee,
Was doom'd, in wisdom doom'd, to live,
And thy last struggle see!

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That I have nursed thee for another,—
Corruption—to call son,
And for the worm, thy monster-mother,
To feed more sweetly on!

—That I, who, day and night, before,
Beside thy cradle sang,
Must change thy bed so soon, and o'er
Thy little coffin hang!
These arms, till late thy couch, must make
Thy fun'ral canopy;
I hush'd thee then, nor let thee wake;
Now, *could* I waken thee!

—That thou, whom Spring had laugh'd to find
Dancing o'er yon green graves,
Must lie below, and stay behind,
Where the dead herbage waves!
And that, amidst the freshen'd bloom,
Which spring shall soon supply,
The grass-flowers of thy very tomb
Will mock a mother's eye!

—That thou, whom well I lov'd, my boy,
Should'st scarcely live to bless me;
Requite my care, fulfil my joy,
And *all I was* confess me!
And when thy father's children meet,
All blithe, and fond, and fair,
Each other and their home to greet,
That thou wilt not be there!

These, these, are thoughts for many a tear,
If they would let me shed one;
O stunning stroke! O loss severe!
My darling little dead one!
But hark! the very hush of death
Truth to my heart hath taught;
And, softer than a spirit's breath,
Hath woke a calmer thought!

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That thou art free from death and pain,
And full of life and joy;
That these will never fail again,
And those no more annoy;
That thou canst never cause me woe,
Or disappoint my love;
And that, for less of bliss below,
We shall have more above:

—That I, who for my dead one pine,
More than for all that live,—
(Thou, who didst leave the ninety-nine,
To seek the one, forgive!),—
That I should know my missing lamb
Hath stray'd but from the wold,
The wolf, and the too-timid dam,
To the Shepherd and the fold!

—That I am following, soon to find
My child is mine for ever;
That I shall leave one less behind,
When earth and I must sever;
That I have fewer ties to earth,
And more to paradise;
That I have given an angel birth,
And nursed him for the skies!

These, these, O God, are thoughts that calm
Maternal grief to rest!
Pour Thou abundantly this balm
Into my bleeding breast!
And then, bereavement's pangs forgot,
Lasting its solaces,
Whate'er Thou change, resume, allot,
I bow, believe, and bless!

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CREED.

I own no God Most High but one,
The Triune Majesty,
The Co-eternal Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three.

I own no Advocate with God
But Christ, from God Who came;
Close to His cross Apostles trod,
And publicans the same.

I own no guide to Christ but Him,
Who from the Son proceeds;
Our strength, how frail, our sight, how dim,
Till God the Spirit leads!

I own no good in guilty man,
Nought in my flesh but ill;
I serve not, choose not, Christ, nor can
Till Christ convert my will.

I own salvation all of Grace,
Remission but by Blood,
And faith's sole power my heart to place
Beneath the cleansing Flood.

own one Body—Christ the Head;
One Spirit—through the whole,
By God, who raised *Him* from the dead,
Breathed, as a quickening soul:

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One Gospel-hope ; one Lord ; one Trust ;
  One sign of death to sin ;
One God and Father of the just,
  Above, amongst, within.

I count each Church—its symbols, songs,
  Communion, Elders—mine ;
To all, in my charm'd sight belongs
  Th' identity Divine !

A hundred banners once unfurl'd
  Show the same crown inwove :
Now, hail ! ye conquerors of the world,
  Omnipotent in love !

I own that light is shrined in Heaven,
  That, Lord, our heaven art Thou ;
That heaven is opened—Thou art given—
  In gleams and glimpses *now.*

I own that heaven-lit joy and love
  Through holy works must shine ;
But still, our right to palms above
  Is *from* above—'tis *Thine !*

Yes, this my first and final faith,
  The Gospel I profess ;
This hope in death the righteous hath—
  Thy Death-wrought Righteousness.

My thoughts may range o'er truth, or roam
  Where doubts and conflicts toss,—
But ever, as the Dove flies home,
  Light last upon the Cross.

Naked as now of human boast,
  When I have reach'd my grave,
Then, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  Me, *chief* of sinners, save !

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THE JOY OF PREACHING CHRIST.

JESUS! what pleasure to proclaim,
What transport to pronounce, Thy Name,
Or midst the Sanctuary throng,
Or in the lonelier Sabbath-song!

All sweetness gushes from the Word,
Though but by him who speaks it heard;
Such, that whoe'er in heart believes,
Confessing, instant joy receives.

'Tis sweet as harpings, ev'n more dear
To minstrel's than to listener's ear;
Sweet as their song to angels is,
Who sing the dying into bliss.

Oh! need I wait that bliss to know?
Oh! is not mine a heaven below,
If, living, I may but proclaim,
Or, dying, gasp, a Saviour's name?

ON MY FORTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY,

SPENT IN SICKNESS AND RETIREMENT.

MANHOOD'S summer cycles, teeming
With activity and bliss—
End they in a day of dreaming,
Pain, and solitude, like this?

Even thus: nor will I murmur,
So it cause a thoughtful tone—
Patience, purpose, hope, make firmer,
Lure to life with Christ alone.

Lay Thy healing hand upon me,
O most merciful and kind!
But abide till Thou hast won me
Back to health and peace of mind.

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As for all my great transgressions,
Still forbear, that I may live:
But accept this day's confessions,
And through Jesus Christ forgive.

While Thy hand the scroll is sealing
Of my seventh full week of years,
Be the signet on my feeling
Set in blessings, vows, and tears.

And the year forthcoming, make it
Pentecost of years to me;
Once begun, ne'er end, nor break it—
Mercy's heartfelt jubilee.

Mercy all! This year's beginning
Might have found me worms and dust;
With a life half spent in sinning,
To have proved Thy judgment just.

And if with the saved and saintly
Thou enrol me, Thou shalt trace
"Good and faithful"—ah! how faintly!
But how brightly—"Saved by Grace!"

MONDAY MORNING.

AN UNCORRECTED FRAGMENT.

'TIS Sabbath still in Heaven; no night lets fall
Its veil betwixt the spirit-worshippers,
In that vast temple, and the Holy Presence.
They go not out for ever. . . . . .

* * * * * *

Still in the flesh, and fleshly still in mind,
Too piningly *my* portion I contrast.
Bright day-light, type of God's Divine Revealer,
And man's High Priest, hath rent night's veil for me,

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And roused from sleep (my frailty, yet refreshment)
To week-day worship, and a week-day world!
It bids my soul to her own realm remount;
Yet, with the same material beams, it gilds
This globe anew, as if to hold her *here!*
O were I but a full-grown heir of God,—
Welcome the end of this e'er-hurrying life,
With Sabbath breaks, which, unto men of earth,
Disturbing seem and strange; and unto saints,
Brief raptures, wearisomely far between!
Welcome the end of Sabbath-severing weeks,
And all that tells of reigning sense and sin!
Welcome the dawn of *endless holy day!*

MUSINGS AND MORALIZINGS

On a Journey between Midnight and Sunrise.

Who sleep? The weary on their beds
Of down or scanty straw;
For languid limbs and aching heads
Obey a common law:
Would that no wearier feeling could molest
Noble or cotter in his place of rest?

Who wake? The wandering, shelterless,
In solitude and danger,
The world to them one wilderness,
And every man a stranger:
Ah! when shall all, who, unoffending, roam
Their *native* wilds, find e'en a midnight home

Who sleep? The gentle, by the side,
Or on the lap, of love:
The Babe, the Virgin and the Bride
Sleep soft as lamb or dove:
Slumber, light-hearted creatures, while ye may,
Ere restless nights close many a joyless day!

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Who wake? The anxious: fancy hovers
O'er them, but not in dreams;
And Students, Statesmen, Merchants, Lovers,
Grow mad with feverish schemes:
Sad, that advancing years and bounding mind
Should leave contentment, trust, and peace behind!

Who sleep? The favour'd: nursed in wealth,
By Providence caress'd,
Secure in fame, repute, and hope, and health,
They taste untroubled rest:—
Kind Hand, which all our waking comforts numbers,
And crowns them with the bliss of balmy slumbers!

Who wake? The suffering; where are seen
Their cheerless chamber-lights,
And careworn watchers o'er them lean,
Rare stars in cloudy nights:
Oh! harder than the toils of lengthen'd day,
Pain's lingering hours, and nature's dull decay!

Who sleep? The virtuous, all at peace
With self, mankind, and Heaven;
And resting, till to-morrow's lease
Of active life is given:
Their slumber is repose, a dream divine,
A nightly Sabbath—let it, Lord, be mine!

Who wake? The vicious, in their haunts
Of gaiety and guilt,
Where reeks pollution, folly flaunts,
Or blood is foully spilt:
Avenging God! let not the trumpet's blast
Give conscience its *first* warning—and its *last!*

Who sleep? The dead. The saintly dead
Shall wake no more to sin,
Nor those that, dying, forfeited
Eternal life to win;—
Ah! who can tread unawed the teeming ground,
Where *changeless* saints and sinners sleep around?

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Who wake? The deathless—though entombed
Their soul-forsaken clay;
In praise the Blest—from pain the Doomed—
They "rest not night nor day!"—
Enough; the not untimely thought I bless,
And trembling, hoping, "wake to righteousness."

A PRAYER.

AH! Lord—Thy servant, I have been
Most faithless to Thy calls and claims,
Thy vessels borne with hands unclean,
Or done Thy work with selfish aims:
I cast me on Thy mercy, Lord,
And sue for pardon—not reward.

Reward me not—by my desert;
Nor strictly mark my holiest deeds;
Thy rigorous righteousness avert;
Display the grace which sin exceeds;
And, with mine evil, plunge my good
In Thine all-expiating Blood!

Made, line by line, to fit my own thoughts and a tune which came into my mind—"Messina," in Booth's Collection—whilst H. and I were pacing the wet pavement, on Sunday night, Jan. 25, 1852, after my preaching at Milton Street, from St. John xv. 9—12.

SUGGESTED BY A PHRASE IN MR. HARRINGTON EVAN'S SERMON ON SUNDAY LAST.

"*And the books were opened.*"
"*I, for mine own name's sake, will not remember thy sins.*"

"THE pages of my life"—alas!
Of vain and vile a chequered mass,—
Or blank, or blotted, seem:
But guilt, a swoll'n and turbid flood,
Ne'er choked the fountain of Thy blood,
Nor dyed its crimson stream.

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Lord, what a history is Thine!—
Millions of mountain-sins like mine
Sunk in Thy Love's abyss!
And not a trace, a ripple, there;
Love's stirless depths my secret bear,
All, all, I've done amiss!

Jan. 22, 1845.

THE VACANT CROSS.

IN AN ALBUM, IN A PAGE FACING THE DRAWING OF AN IRRADIATED VACANT CROSS.

Woe for the vacant cross! My contrite soul
Seeks here the Crucified, and seeks in vain;
What hath the altar, whence hath ceased to roll
The cloud of sacrifice, t'assuage its pain!

Hail to the vacant cross! It points the Throne;
And sunbeams from the still-disparted sky
Seem to write round it, "He, who died t'atone,
Hath risen into heaven to justify."

Woe for the vacant cross! where oft on shrines,
And oft in lonely pilgrim-tracks, it stands,
One of a thousand unexpounded signs,
Forms without faith, in superstitious lands.

Hail to the vacant cross! Where Christ is known,
And truth beams round the symbol rude and dim;
There, like the Sacrament, He sealed His own,
Void in itself, it charms my heart to *Him.*

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MAN'S BEST ADVOCATE WITH MAN.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother. . . . When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He saith unto His mother, Woman, behold thy son!"—St. John xix. 25, 26.

"And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—St. Matthew xxv. 40.

O WHO shall the Orphan shelter or shield,
Or whence shall his pleaders come?
His friends are "his dead," and their lips are sealed;
And the grave, that 'once, yea twice,' hath appealed,
Soon closed its mouth, and was dumb.

The widow—were she but here with her own—
Pale shade of past beauty and health—
That overcast moonlight face alone,
Unenhanced by a tear, unexplained by a tone,
Would win o'er your hearts by stealth.

The wifeless—the crowd's cold presence who shuns,
Yet shudders with want to retire—
Could he ask you to spare him these daughters and sons,
Ye would weep for that man and his motherless ones,
And find him both labour and hire.

Or if ye might steal to the twice-reft hearth,
On the dead one's dark bridal-day,[1]
Ye would pity the mourners, 'midst plenty or dearth;
But the Orphan-poor, nor friends upon earth,
Nor home for the friendless, have they!

Lo! a Voice, and a Vision—welcome as when
Heaven's music and light forth broke!
But not from its bright-winged creatures again
Peals "Glory to God, and goodwill toward men!"
—'Twas the Angel Incarnate spoke.

[1] "In their death they were not divided."

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And the light, it gleams from the mingled gloom
Of His Cross and His judgment-throne;
While yet He forewarns of the world's last doom—
While Himself yet wails in the sinner's room—
Ye may catch love's tenderest tone.

He had come, with a human heart and eye,
To commune with human woes;
Man's "Comforter"[1] He was always nigh:
And not till "Another" was promised,[2] on high,
To rule and to bless us He rose.

From thence, as on earth, He pleads with His friends
For the orphan and poor each one;
For each to whom "none like-minded" extends
A "natural care"—to *thee* He bends,
And whispers, "Behold thy son.

"These least are disciples—are learning of me,
Or if not, say, whose is the shame?
Bereaved, let them find their loss in Thee;
Their prayers, in return, thy blessing be;
And all in the Master's name.

"Think of The Father, who pity took
On thee, that an alien art,
And deigns upon such a child to look:
Think of The Son, who for thee was 'forsook,'
And died with a desolate heart!

"If me thou seek with some offering of love,
I survive in my brethren;—see!
Open a home for the storm-driven dove:
And when thou shalt stand with The King above,
He will own, 'It was done unto me.'"

[1] *Paraclete*—one whom a person in need may at any moment *call to his side*, whether to counsel him, or to plead his cause.
[2] "I will not leave you *orphans*"—without a preceptor and a friend.

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Christ is the orphans' shelter and shield ;
Their Advocate speaketh from heaven :
And, Lord, at Thy call were I slow to yield
The balm, which one heart like Thine own would have
healed,
I should never be self-forgiven.

[From *Orphanhood;*—a book consisting of contributions in prose and verse, illustrated by certain artists of note, and all given gratuitously to commemorate the removal of the Orphan Working School from City Road to Haverstock Hill.—E. D.]

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A MISSIONARY'S WIFE, AND SUGGESTED BY AN ECCE HOMO ENGRAVED FROM GUIDO, ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

BEHOLD THE MAN ! and let His claims on thee
(—Ah ! read them on that thorn-imprinted brow !—)
The hallowing motive of thy labours be,
And hold thee faithful to thy mission-vow !

Behold THE MAN ! and be His love to all
Thy love's example, heroine of our host !
'Twill make thy costliest sacrifice seem small,
Nor leave thee, save in "Christ THAT DIED," a boast.

Behold THE MAN ! nor think that He can live,
Even in heaven, untouch'd by human grief ;
No, suffer but "with Him," and He will give,
With each experienced pain, its tried relief.

Behold THE MAN ! nor doubt a cross like His
Shall have its crown :—that crown ne'er fades away :
Yes, win Him souls—and, at such victories,
Its every thorn shall kindle to a ray.

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THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

"And when He was come in, He saith unto them, Why make ye this ado, and weep? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed Him to scorn."—St. Mark v. 39, 40.

O SLEEP! who, binding with thy mystic chain
Those whom nor pain nor other woes await,
Actest the long-fled moments o'er again![1]
Not unendear'd to me thy silent state,
Thy hours to bliss not seldom consecrate,
In hope's perspective, or on mem'ry's wing,
Where images of glory uncreate,
And visions of unearthly picturing,
Forth on my wakeful mind in life's own likeness spring.

But I bethink me of that deep repose,
Whose arms nor pain nor other woe can fly;
The sleep, whose magic powers recall, disclose
To torpid fancy, and its lightless eye,
No forms of being gone for ever by,
No phantoms of the future, save to faith,
Immersed in shadows of Eternity.
Such is their rest, who make their bed beneath;
It is the dreamless sleep, it is the sleep of death!

I love the sepulchre where virtue lies;
E'en Jesus knew to love a good man's grave;
Oh! soft *he* sleeps, whose soul in paradise
Smiles on the storm, *cur* souls have yet to brave.
But may not virtue's power from dying save?
Nor virtue's voice the dead to life recall?
Ah! here the funeral flowers as stilly wave,
And darkness and the earth as thickly fall
Upon the good man's grave, as on the grave of all!

Hither might sounds of sweetest music stray,
Such sounds as wont to charm the amorous ear;
Hither the maniac winds might force a way,
And make their moan to him who slumbers here;

[1] See Savage's Ode to Memory.

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And you might scatter showers of fragrance near,
And bid the noonday dash its blaze around :
Idle those sounds, that fragrance wasted were ;
Sacred, thrice sacred, is sepulchral ground,
And deeper ;—Heaven's own light no entrance yet hath found.

Not till the dawn of Resurrection glow,
And the last shades of sable midnight fly ;
Not till the trump of God and Judgment blow,
Thrill through creation, and tear up the sky ;
Not till the righteous dead spring forth on high,
And quaff the freshness of ambrosial morn ;
Then graves must be entomb'd, and Death must die,
And we, the ransom'd of the Lord, return
With songs to Sion's courts, while worlds and worldlings burn!

THE LANDSCAPE OF LIFE.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

"———*And in the garden a sepulchre.*"

LANDSCAPE of Life ! wilderness as it is,
It hath its verdant spots, its scenes of bliss ;
But they their drear reverses. Lady, here
What garden blooms without its sepulchre ?
What path of earthly pleasure canst thou tread,
With countless flowery fascinations spread,
But cross thy track, or meet thy roving eye,
The sad mementos of mortality ?

This stormy, shadowy world ! It hath no joy
By grief unmarr'd, unmingled with alloy :
E'en when we thought its fulness to possess,
How often hath it shrunk to nothingness !
Within its every rose, yet leaves the thorn ;
The smart remains, the solace from us torn ;
Youth, beauty, health are blighted, riches flown,
Loved ones laid low, and this world's all is gone!

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Why doth that unseen hand, which never errs,
Havoc our hopes, our happiest lots reverse?
Why plant the cypress where the myrtle waves,
And in our very gardens hew our graves?
Lady, these tombs point heavenward—lift thine eye
To that blest Eden of Eternity!
For if no deathless pleasures earth supplies,
It is, that we may seek them in the skies.

"Celestial fruit on earthly ground may grow,"
Celestial flowers may spring and bloom below:
Religion is unending bliss begun;
Who that embraces, *this* hath surely won.
Thine be the grace and peace by Jesus given,
And in thy hallow'd heart is open'd heaven!
Bright germs are these of amaranthine joys,
Blossoms of glory, plants of paradise.

PASSING THOUGHT ON THE CHANGE OF THE SABBATH-DAY.

O GOD! Thy SEVENTH-day Sabbath crown'd;
Thy bounty's and our labour's round;
The world was *finish'd*, Thou hadst wrought,—
And man had rest from worldly thought.

O Christ! Thy FIRST-day Sabbath came
With aspect changed, though changeless claim;
From thence the Christian weeks with man
"An endless life," with Thee, *began*.

THAT backward glances seems to cast,
Compensates, purifies, the past:
THIS points the future, and prepares
For freshen'd joys and lighten'd cares.

Each day the Last or First of seven,
Finds its full antitype in heaven;
Time's toiling course shall then be o'er:
THOU only know'st what lies before!

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A GLIMPSE OF EARLY AUTUMN

FROM THE WINDOW OF A SICK CHAMBER.

Lamentations iii. 17—34.

THOU! that hast form'd this beauteous earth,
Where even angels stray;
And chronicled each season's birth
Creation's holiday.

Thou "know'st" our spirit's fine-strung "frame,"
Attuned to all we see;
Thou know'st the spell, through years the same,
This season casts o'er me.

My fancy's raptures oft have claim'd
Expression in Thy praise;
And in Thy presence, unashamed,
I pour these plaintive lays.

Spring's last gay signals—warm farewells
From summer's lingering sun—
And the first toll of Tempest-bells—
Autumn hath all in one!

I love her chaste and blended charms,
Her thoughtful, truthful air;
"Men's hearts"—their gladness, glooms, alarms,
And hopes—are imaged there.

Her sister-seasons more may please:
But in her mien I see,
As in some half-veil'd devotee's,
Passion and piety.

Sweet time! 'Twas mine, in years gone by,
Its influence to inhale;
But now its beauties shun mine eye,
Its blights my breast assail.

Me pity, THOU, who feeling, taste,
And thought, to man hast given—
Me, forth on lone affliction's waste
From yonder garden driven!

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. . . Peace, peace, my soul! 'Tis Heaven's own deed,
To chide some fresh offence:
Had Heaven a stricter doom decreed,
I had been banish'd *hence*;—

Where neither sky nor home-hearth glows
Had made my burial-bed,
While wood-wept leaves, or early snows,
Had drifted o'er my head.

Peace! I *have* run a glorious round
Of vision and delight,
And many a paradise have found
On Eden's blasted site:

My heart hath caught Creation's mirth,—
Might all who live to tell
The "tale" of "years" but love the earth—
Yet not the world—as well!

Peace! haply I may yet resume
My voiceless intercourse
With Nature, in her glee or gloom,
Her scenery—and her SOURCE.

"Weeping endures but for a night;"
And He, who dries my tears,
May kindle soon a smile, with light
From happy future years.

Peace! sick-bed angels, while they stay,
Reveal, by patience trod,
A nearer, though a darker, way
Up to the home of God;

And promise—once ensured our birth
To realms supremely fair—
For each bright hour we lose on earth
An age of Glory there!

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A THOUGHT AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

I.

Yon mountain altars! smoking to the skies,
As with mute, reverent Nature's sacrifice!
And, lo! as erst, but now to common sight,
Propitious splendours gleam from cloud of light!
Symbols, at least, be these of acts that bind
Created to the sole-creating *mind*.
Nor is the lesson lost, dread Lord, on mine;
Which, resting on Thy Word, accepts a sign
From lesser oracles. "The sea," O God,
Oft as "the Sanctuary," Thy feet have trod:
And him Thou callest blest, who, pure in heart,
Sees Thee in all Thy ways—divinest art!
Paternal, all-pervading Deity,
Thy voiceless works invite my soul to worship Thee!

II.

Yet, on yon altars, Heaven and earth between
(Older than Salem's) are *no offerings* seen;
No slaughter-sounds the peace of ages break;
No blood-streams stain the laver of the lake.
—These unhewn piles, still smoking to the skies,
Altars of incense are, *not* sacrifice!
The Blood on Calvary's solitary mount
Hath hallowed all the earth, in Heaven's account;—
His own oblation, consummated there,
Sustains Christ's Priesthood, and creation's prayer!
Even so—The Lord is God, beside Him none;
And Christ the Mediator sole and one:
Incarnate, all-atoning Deity,
Mute Nature woos my soul to worship God through Thee!

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THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY AN ENGRAVING FROM THE MAGDALEN ALTAR-PIECE OXFORD, ON THE WALL OF A SICK-ROOM.

I.

I BLUSH—to see the PURE and GOOD
Along that dolorous track
Bearing *His* bed of naked wood
On His fresh-furrow'd back,—
The bed, whereon He may not lie,
But, hanging and exhausted, die!

Why, then, for me, with sickness faint,
Was spread this couch of rest,
Soft as Thou gav'st Thy favour'd saint,
Lord, on Thy living breast?
—That bitterness of death was Thine,
To make these balms in sickness mine.

II.

I sigh—to see yon felon-form
Beside Thee—yet, apart;
Law's lightning-stroke, and hatred's storm,
Wrecking his lonely heart!
Who'd think, to *one blest port* were bent
The SINLESS and the penitent?

Me, when outside the port I toss,
Draw after Thee, Lord, so!
Let Heaven, or man, prepare my cross,
And scourge me as I go—
Be Thou but with me at the last,
And I *with Thee* when death is past.

III.

I quake—to see yon frantic crowd
Forcing, this very hour,
The Stone the builders disallow'd
Into its place of power!
—Yet Jesus surely shall employ
That power to save them, not destroy!

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"Wonderful, Counsellor," is He!
Strong amidst mortal pain,
And merciful in majesty,
He makes *our* counsel vain,—
His cross into a throne converts,
And with His sceptre breaks our hearts!

TO THE FIRST-BORN SON OF A FRIEND, AFTER BAPTISM, WITH A BIBLE.

THE hands that ministered the sign,
Here bring the Pledge, of grace divine;
Nor more these trembling hands may dare,
Save raise themselves to heaven in prayer,
That with "the Water" and "the Word"
The "cleansing" grace may be conferred,—
That God, thy Covenant God, may be,
"In very deed," a God to thee.

Though prevalent through Christ alone,
And nerved by faith, the prayer I own,
Yet oh! 'tis love, desiring love,
That *wings* it to the courts above:
Love less to earth's than heaven's akin
Hallows, this hour, a heart of sin;
That look of thine no memory brings
Save holiest thoughts of holiest things.

It mirrors to thy poet's eye
That holiest thing—Humanity!
The form is pure as flesh can wear,
And to mine old affection fair;
But towards the *nature*, not the form,
Yearns my love's eye, my heart grows warm,—
The nature linked with mine, by ties
Which link—corruption to the skies!

Forget I cannot, while I feel
The frailties, smiles but ill conceal,—
Betraying, in thy quick, soft breath,
Man from the womb betrothed to death:

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Cherub I call thee not, but child,
E'en from the fount of life defiled;
That taint, nor mother's tears each day,
Nor this day's rite, can wash away!

What then? I think, through thee, of Him,
The Blest "Young Child," whom Cherubim
Sang into birth in times of yore,
Now "Man upon the Throne" adore;
Whose lids and lips alternate pressed,
Wearied, athirst, a woman's breast,
Nursing, for love of man alone,
The life soon lavished from His own!

Was Godhead born, to amend our loss?
Trained He His manhood for a cross?
With VIRTUE fraught which *cannot* fail,
Doth Human Blood for man prevail?
Beats there, above all thrones and powers,
A heart in sympathy with ours?
Oh! sacred to seraphic eye
Be fallen—redeemed humanity!

'Tis thus that, in the festal light
Which makes our gloomier solstice bright,—
While yet the tones of Angel-choir,[1]
And Patriarch's welcome,[2] fill mine ear,—
While yet the paling star shines on,
And birth-gifts[3] greet the Virgin's son,—
'Tis thus I think with love of thee,
And hail thy Christ-like infancy!

I hail thee, born of earth, for heaven,
To God in temple-homage given,
With blessings, like thy Lord, endowed,
And to His high alliance vowed;
Live, child! to breathe, in years long hence,
Thy Master's manlier innocence,
And, cleansed from stains He never knew,
To share His Holier Nature, too!

[1] Of the heavenly host, at the Nativity.
[2] Of Simeon, at the Circumcision.
[3] Of the Magi, at the Epiphany.

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TO D. L.,

AFTER BAPTIZING HER AT B., JANUARY 8TH, 1843.

"*The children God hath given me are for signs.*"—Isaiah viii. 18.

If all unworthy were mine hands
To draw thee by baptismal bands
Within the Covenant, closer to the Cross,—
Ah me! the heart was little meet,
Where such tumultuous pulses beat,—
Heaven grant my sin, poor babe, were not thy bane or loss!

It was not that this heart forgot
The Rite, the Grace,—the Hour, the Spot;
The vow was heeded, and the Blessing felt:
But almost while I held thee high,
For saints to bless thee too, mine eye
Saw meanings flash from thine, which fancy fain had spelt.

It saw that pale, transparent face,
Whose type in crescent moon to trace,
Or moonlight depths, was but a moment's thought;
And then it wondered, while I bent,
As o'er the lustrous element,
What gems were treasured there, what mysteries were wrought.

That loved look—is it more than look,
Than crystal lamp by light forsook,—
Owns it a *heart* like one inurned in this?
Ah! look away; "long dead" to me,
That love embalmed and buried be
"Out of my" very "sight"—remembrance all my bliss!

Or speaks thy paleness but of dread,—
Among the dying and the dead
Born as thou art, to share the mortal strife?
—Smile, pale one! Mercy hath been here,
Trod the sick-chamber, touched the bier,
In thousand words and ways proclaiming, "I am Life!"

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Or, like still waters, doth thy mien
Reflect a holier gleam serene
From orbs on high, and bedded pearls below?
Reveals it God's "good work *begun*,"
Sealing the Covenant of His Son?
That seal be deeply set! That peace for ever flow!

Why once again thy gaze meets mine,
So solemn, earnest, and benign?
Lo! "in Christ's stead," untaught, thou teachest me,
"Pastor, be *thou* 'a little child,'
Calm, humble, innocent, and mild;"
—I spell thy silent look, and learn of HIM through thee.

TO B. L.

A BAPTISMAL BLESSING, PRONOUNCED OUT OF DUE TIME.

I BLESS thee, Blanche,—for thee I loved,
(With love that hath not ceased,)
When *little* children ye were all,
And thou of three *the least:*
Methinks some memories of the time
Gleam through thy liquid eye;
Like gems astray from brighter strands,
That down in sea-pools lie!

I bless thee, Blanche,—for I have known
Nought but the child in thee;
The blushing buds of modest sense,
Sense with simplicity;
Those lowly thoughts of earthly things,
And that all-trusting mind,
Grey pilgrims, at the gate of heaven,
Grieve to have left behind.

I bless thee, Blanche,—for I have owed
The benediction long;
I'm glad thy childhood lingers so
For my baptismal song!

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From prayers laid up for thrice three years,
Win thou a richer dower;
Baptized with water, bless'd in word,
And *sanctified* by *power!*

TO A. B. S.

AUGUST 29TH, 1848.

"Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."—1 Kings xx. 11.

"Let us give thanks to Almighty God for these benefits, and with one accord make our prayers unto Him, that this child may lead the rest of his life according to this beginning."

MAY beams as lovely soothe the solemn morn
When thou to life immortal shalt be born,
As those which welcome thy baptismal birth
To heaven's exterior kingdom, here on earth.

May hearts as hopeful, faces as serene,
Grouped round the grave, as round the font be seen,
When thy trained feet triumphant shall have run
The course this day in rites and vows begun.

May whiter robes thy death-freed soul invest
Than clothe thy beauty in its transient rest;
And smiles more radiant wreathe th' ethereal brow
Than light *that* frail transparency e'en now!

May Calvary's binding symbol then be found
Deep in thy heart, with all its fibres wound,—
Thy conscience sprinkled from repented sin;
And traced the triune signature within.

The Church's SPONSOR, whom, midst tears and prayers,
Our dying KINSMAN charged with all our cares,[1]
—So He but teach, control, and succour thee,
Thine end shall even as "this beginning" be!

[1] St. John xiv. 25, 26.

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A BAPTISMAL LAY.

ADDRESSED PROPHETICALLY TO R. W. W., ON THE DAY OF HIS RECEPTION INTO THE CHURCH OF CHRIST, BY THE MINISTRY OF JABEZ BUNTING, D.D.

"*As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.*"
St. John i. 12, 13.

I.

NOT of the *blood* that fills thy veins,
Though from ennobled founts it flow:
Thy fathers, cleansed from nature's stains,
Were GOD'S own nobles here below;
For "whom He justified" by grace,
"He glorified" by holiness:
—But, while their lineal *shame* is thine,
None could transmit the Gift Divine.

II.

Not of the will of that sweet *love*,
Which, swallow-like, hath laid its young
Beside the altar,—like the dove,
Straight to its home, behold! hath sprung,
(As by the gathering storm pursued),
And hither lured its tender brood:
—Too soon may spirits free to roam
Be tempted from that altar-home!

III.

Not of the will of loving man,
Sires of a sainted multitude,
Who travail now in birth again,
Till thou art after GOD renewed:
Not by the holy hands this hour
Lifted in Promise-pleading power,
And wet with the baptismal dew,—
GOD'S "token,"[1] and His *earnest* too.

[1] Beautifully illustrated by the literal dew of the morning, which is seemingly referred to, as one of His "tokens" in *nature*, in Ps. lxv. 8—10.

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IV.

No, Child! Thy new and better birth
May not by king, or priest, be given:
All that be born to GOD on earth
Of GOD are born—baptized from heaven!
The FATHER's will must each embrace;
His SPIRIT's work confirm the grace;
But oh! the blood[1] of Christ His SON
Our freedom and adoption won!

V.

If spared, alas! to sin and fear,
Know thou *His* name, and trust in *Him!*
Old, hallowed household names revere,
But make them not thy teraphim!
Trust not thy heaven-born ancestry;
Trust not the crook that folded thee!
Believe alone on Jesu's name,
And through THE SON *thy* sonship claim.

THE EXPANSION OF A THOUGHT SUGGESTED, ON SABBATH MORNING, JUNE 18TH, 1843,

IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE BAPTISM OF PHEBE E. M. S., BY THE FOLLOWING SENTENCE IN THE FIRST LESSON:—

"*He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass.*"

DESTROYER! swiftly sweeps thy scythe
Alike o'er lawn and meadows here;
The poor and meek, the blest and blithe,
All know thee near.

Fondly on this fair spot I glance,—
Part of the field which GOD hath blessed,
The lot of His inheritance,—
—Tell *thou* the rest!

[1] Compare St. John i. 12, 13, with v. 29, and both with Gal. iv. 4, 5.

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Where are the friends I loved in turn,
When first, when last, I hither came?
Thy fingers trace on funeral-urn
Each sainted name!

The daylight in yon old sick-room,
The new-filled sanctuary-seat,
The very verdure of the tomb,
Thy tale repeat.

And ah! of all who feel thy power,
Sere spring reminds me most of *one;*
At morn she flourished as a flower,
—Ere noon, was gone!

Yet let no more your kindred wail,
No more your temple-choir be dumb;
Sing, O ye saints! The godly fail,
But Christ is come!

RESTORER! Truth's prophetic strain
Thy gentle presence brings to pass,—
"Messiah shall come down, like rain
On the *mown grass.*"

The bloody dews, Thy cross distilled,
Were type and token of the grace
That, rainlike, with rich bloom hath filled
This "pleasant place."

For every blade and every flower,
Cut down and withered day by day,
Fresh beauties cheer, each following hour,
Thy Church's way.

The lost replacing, *this* sweet bud,—
The sweeter for its olden name,—
Now thirsts for the baptismal flood,
And who can blame?

Thy blessing, with its symbol, shed!
The new-born for the dead baptize;
And crown the birth-joys of *the dead*
In yonder skies!

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TO W. H. S.

JULY 11TH, 1841.

"Thy vows are upon me, O God."—Ps. lvi. 12.
"Surely in blessing I will bless thee."—Heb. vi. 14.

By the name, which numbers thee
With a sainted ancestry;
By the word of precept, dear
To the duteous and sincere;
By the sacramental vow
Lately symboll'd on thy brow;
By the Covenant-Blood Divine,—
Own thy father's GOD for thine!

By the prayers that, night and morn,
Yearned for kindred then unborn;
By the word of promise, sure
To the trusting and the pure;
By the sacramental seal
Fraught with grace e'en babes may *feel*;
By the Covenant-Blood Divine,—
Own THY children's child for THINE!

TO ELLA,

WITH A FRIENDLY LAST WORD TO HER PARENTS ON HER BAPTISM.

WELCOME to *this* world, love,—
But only on thy way
To a safe and sinless world above!
Welcome for many a day;—
Be but thy last of earthly bliss
"Close on the verge of heaven" as this!

It seems as angel's wing
Had borne thee into life,—
Nor left so fair and frail a thing
Exposed to stain and strife,
Till he had seen thee laid to rest
On a loving and a *fearing* breast.

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Let not the angels bear
Our baby back to GOD!
No—live to climb each heavenward stair
They once, to cheer us, trod;
And may thy first free steps be found
On that bright ladder's lowest round!

TO THE DAUGHTER OF MR. JOHN COOPER,

OF CHEETHAM HILL, AFTER BAPTIZING HER AT RIDGEMONT, BEDS, MAY, 1842.

TWICE called o'er sister-babes to sigh
The worm's drear lullaby,—
When mother-like[1] to them she gave
A cradle in the grave,—
I joy the bitter task to exchange
For offices less strange,
And burial for baptismal lays,
And sympathy for praise!

I joy to exchange the crumbled clod,—
Where, like the trump of GOD
"Ashes to ashes, earth to earth,"
And "dust to dust," pealed forth,—
For water softly cast, but now,
Upon thy living brow,
While echoed from His lips there came
His own thrice-holy Name.

And I shall joy, in future years,
To see thee dry the tears
Of mother's love,—or bid them start
From her o'er-happy heart!
The triune grace thy crown to know,
"The Father," *thine* below;
"The Son," thy Saviour, trusted, tried;
"The Holy Ghost," thy Guide.

[1] "I have said to the worm, Thou art my mother."—Job. xvii. 14.

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Faith sees thee soon resprinkled, saved,
By heavenly waters laved;
Or if the ritual element
Of sorrow's floods unpent,—
"Waters of Noah"—emblem were,
Hope hails thy rainbow there:
As God is true, by rites confessed,
Baptized, thou *shalt* be blessed!

FROM

SCENES AT CALVARY.[1]

* * * *

THE clamour of the crowd is spent,
Nor aught of sound is stirring,
But of the Women's wild lament,
To long-lost joys recurring:
And *there* the loved Disciple sits,
Watching the latest light that flits
Athwart *that* shadow'd visage.

But,—where yon clouds their columns rear,—
What strange terrific vision?—
The Signet and the Hand appear,
Sealing the dread commission;
And, bearing it through middle skies,
On downward wing the Herald flies,—
He flies to execute it.—

* * * *

Heaven's myriad Host stoop wistful down,
From bolder heights of glory;
Then make in softer music known
The wonder-kindling story;
And Cherubim and Seraphim
Repeat, prolong, th' adoring hymn,
But louder, loftier swell it.—

[1] [Published in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* for March 1823.—ED.]

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That Herald whom JEHOVAH sent,
With awful signs investing,
Returns with speed benevolent,
The mystic fact attesting,—
"'Tis finish'd! Saints and men, be glad!
The Debt, the mighty Debt, is paid,
And GOD Himself hath paid it!"

* * * *

No wanderer shall He pace again
Thy streets, O Holy City!
Nor, when again He cometh, rain
O'er thee the tears of pity:
But He shall come to do thee harm,
And crush thee with His strong right arm,—
That arm, how dire its vengeance!

No more depress'd by toils and pains;
But terrible in wonder,
On fire-shod steeds, with rushing manes,
And necks enwrapped in thunder,
Calvary! o'er thy heights shall ride
Th' unconquerable Crucified,
And sweep thee into ruin!

I see Him, as of old He came
By whelming floods attested,
And as in panoply of flame
He shall return invested;—
With meteor-eye, and naked brand,
And desolation in His hand,
He comes,—prepare to meet Him!

Hasten, O CHRIST, Thy victory,
Dispread and then complete it;
And bring Thy royal advent nigh,
To such as long to greet it:—
But ne'er from this devoted heart
The mem'ry of Thy Love depart,
The mem'ry of Thy Passion!

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Thy Cross, the standard of my hopes,
Those nails, my load sustaining,
That spear, which richest fountain opes
To heal my soul's complaining,
Shall, long as life, my glorying be,
And, lasting as eternity,
The burden of my triumph!

FROM

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.[1]

* * * *

HAIL! when in stately files ye move,
Or through the illimitable rove,
Yet ever with the central THRONE in sight:
There rank the ancestry of heaven,
Who with the foe of old have striven,
Vet'rans in council and in holy fight:
Yet round their ancient diadems
Glisten no *proudly-boasted* gems;
The palms of victory they bear,
The rightful guerdon of THE VICTOR are;
Drop at His feet their trophies, spoils, and crown;
For, lo! they gat them not by might their own;
And Angels long have learn'd to lay their glory *there*.

* * * *

Thrice hail! JEHOVAH'S witnesses;
Thrice hail! ye ministers of His,
That do His pleasure and His mandates sound;
That wield His curses in your hands,
Or rain them o'er the guilty lands:
Most venerable, potent, and renown'd!
Who shall not on your wondrous ways
With no irrev'rent wonder gaze?
Who shall not think of Him, your Head?

[1] [This poem also was published in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* for November 1823.—ED.]

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So great His princes, then Himself how dread!
But are ye alway clad in terror's guise,
And, save in stern and solemn mysteries,
Have ye not e'er below your peerless pomp display'd?

When erst the weary Patriarch slept,
And wand'ring winds around him swept,
Beheld he not in dreams your countless band?
Beheld, but with no "dreamer's eye,"—
It was the glance of prophecy,—
The scroll of promise its fair page expand:
And whilst o'er scenes of distant good,
Dim specks on Time's dark-flowing flood,
Fancy could wearilessly stroll,
Your circling glories riveted his soul:—
So, when, at night-watch, Judah's honour'd seer
Deep mus'd, some kind-descending Messenger
Soft on his solitude, with news of mercy, stole.

* * * * * *

Saviour,—to whom my strain I bring,
My lowly, loyal offering,—
What excellences cluster not in Thee!
The arm to slay, the heart to bless,
Omnipotence and tenderness,
A sovereign's grandeur,—brother's sympathy!
For Thou couldst stoop with men to dwell,
Incarnate God! Immanuel!
And then for men wert crucified:
Heights! depths! to reach to finite mind denied:
O Cherubim, to *you* 'tis mystery!
O Seraphim, *ye* cannot love like me,
For whom the Prince of Love, *despis'd*, *rejected*, died!

—And lives again! my suit to plead,
To guide my steps, and guard my head,
And help and hope, and peace and power afford,
Yea! even as my need shall be
With Thy "dear might" encompass me,
Thou Angel of the Presence of the Lord!

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Then onward dauntlessly I'll press
O'er ocean, steep, or wilderness.
And ah! if Thou sustain my faith,
Haply I would with Thee descend beneath,
Where chilling airs, and mists funereal, fall,
And Midnight heaves her sombre-spreading pall,
The sepulchre of man, the noiseless vale of death.

When this poor body droops and dies,
Its strength in desolation lies,
And all is pain, and tremor, and decay,
When, as the gates of Zion ope,
These eyes to Thee are lifted up,
While their last light is languishing away;
Then send me, from Thy holy hill,
Thine Angels to befriend me still,
And—all the world's endearments fled—
Curtain, with unfurl'd wings, affliction's bed:
So be my chamber, 'neath their sweet control,
The sanctuary of a suffering soul,
Where rays of Paradise their gradual glory shed.

Then, welcome joys invisible,
Transcending thought, ineffable!
Fruition and Eternity be mine!
Welcome th' assembly of the blest,
Whose myriad voices never rest,
But in one long triumphant anthem join!
Yet, when I mingle with the throng
That to the upper church belong,
This, this my first desire shall be,—
Give me the sight of HIM, who ransom'd me!
JESU! of all the good to Angels given,
Of all the beauty and the bliss of heaven,—
Bliss, Beauty, Heaven itself,—I ask a sight of THEE!

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A THOUGHT AND A FEELING

IMPROVISED IN RHYME, JUST ON GETTING INTO BED, SUNDAY NIGHT, NOV. 22, 1857, AFTER PREACHING RATHER PASSIONATELY AT DEVONSHIRE SQUARE.

FISHERS of men, ah! why are ye content
With scant returns for all the labour spent?
Plunge your strong nets in that wide sea of souls,
Have faith—and take your prize in priceless shoals!

MY DESIRES.

BEFORE DAYLIGHT, IN UPSITTING ASTHMA, NOV. 28, 1855.

"*Lord, all my desire is before Thee.*"

A SENSE of sprinkled blood,
With grief for sin forgiven;
A gladness,—an oft-gushing flood,—
Of peace; a constant heaven:

A life of righteousness,
All holy to the Lord;
God for my Refuge in distress,—
God for my Great Reward.

ON A BRILLIANT, BUT FLARING, TAPER

(BŒOTICE, BED-CANDLE) WHICH WAS BROUGHT INTO MY SICK-ROOM, THIS STORMY 27TH NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER, 1843.

YON flame, that burns so fast and bright,
Reveals the viewless wind of night,
Its quickening,—wasting,—breath;
So doth the preternatural play
Of genius, gladness, love, betray
Th' untimely touch of death.

That dying flame, like dying youth,
Shall flash on me one beam of truth,
Then leave in pensive gloom;
May I, content with Nature's thrift,
Aspire to no transcendent gift,
The sign of early doom!

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My soul, with steadier ray serene,
Would longer cheer each lonely scene,
Like this, by anguish trod,
And when my well-burnt thread of years
In gradual darkness disappears,
Fly up in flame to God !

SUPERFICIAL PARAPHRASE OF 1 JOHN ii. 15—18.

Composed to the Air of "Love not."

Love not the world,—the things it calls its own,
Pomp, pleasure, beauty, are the fool's desire;
The passion lingers when the charm has flown,
And *that* may perish ere thyself expire !
Love not,—love not !

Love God alone,—the seraph's passion this !
The Father's love demands a meet return;
And to His saints shall yield abiding bliss,
When earth, its treasures and its ruins, burn.
Love Him,—love Him !

"ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE."

All of bliss and love
That's earthly fades for ever;
All that blooms above,
In heavenly brightness, never !
Round the Throne relit,
Or safe transplanted thither,
Stars no more their spheres shall quit,
Nor flowers in budding wither :—
All of bliss and love
That's earthly fades for ever;
But the things *above*,
With all their brightness, never !

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Who would dare repose
In charms he *may* not cherish?
Who would fail of those
That cannot pall or perish?
Better early die,
Than live to die in sadness:
Better still to seek on high
Eternal life and gladness!
Beauty, joy, and youth,
Shall fade from earth for ever;
But the word of Truth,
And Hope of Glory, never!

THE WIDOW'S NIGHT-SONG.

To the music of "How oft when watching stars grow pale."

How oft when magic slumbers seem
To charm my tears to transient smiles,
An angel-vision lights my dream,
An angel-voice beguiles!—
"O come, my Love!
Haste, haste from earth away!"
Ah! sons of song, to you
No music e'er is given
Like that with which bright beings woo,
Their widowed ones to heaven!

Then swift I mount the starry path,
By none but forms ethereal trod,
To gain the only world that hath
My husband, and my God!—
I come, my Love!
My tranced, triumphant heart would say,—
I come, my LORD!
Mine, mine through endless day!
But, ah! the vision fades,
And morn to me is night:
Oh! when shall fancy's dream-born shades
Be realized "in light!"

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AT A BAZAAR, AUGUST 1842.

AN APOLOGY, RATHER THAN AN ARGUMENT, FOR THE BAZAAR.

"Jesus saith unto them, Fill the waterpots with water."

WHY stood those water-vessels by?
A vain and formal use had they;[1]
Why bade the Master fill them high?
His glory to display.

Gentle as faithful, wise as pure,
Towards sinners mild, as stern towards sin,
He could the erring act endure,
The erring heart to win.

And thus, though higher, holier ways
Of serving Him, His followers choose,—
These earthly means to spread His praise
With heavenly aim they use.

And thus I fill *this* little urn,
As if Himself beside me stood.
May He to wine the water turn,
The vanity to good!

A CHRISTMAS WELCOME

TO DIVERS SPARROWS, WHICH PERCHED THEMSELVES ON THE BRANCHES OF A PLANE-TREE IN FRONT OF MY CASEMENT.

(*From the MS. of an old Author. Date, about* 1844.)

QUOTH Christ, No sparrow falleth to the ground
Without your Heavenly Father's sovran will:
Who guides you hither, in your sunny round?
Quoth Faith, It is my Heavenly Father still.

God sent His saint good news by carrier-dove;
God sent His seer by ravens each day's dinner;
God sends blythe sparrows, in His thoughtful love,
To sit and sing beside a downcast sinner.

[1] St. Mark vii. 3, 9.

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Ye peep into my room, as ye would say,
How fares our friend, by whom so well we fare?
Ye chirrup, Cheer up! Clouds will clear away!
Ye spring toward heaven, and bid my heart be there.

No good's too little for great Love to do:
A bird's an angel when from God it comes:
And He, who sends my cheer, wing'd mutes, by you,
Will send you soon by me your Christmas crumbs.

A CHRISTIAN PHILIPPIC,

ON SEEING, FROM MY STUDY-WINDOW, A NEIGHBOUR'S HORSE SPORTING ON THE GRAVE OF MINE.

Poor Jack! If Heaven had heard the heart
Whose every beat expressed a prayer,
When sure-eyed Fate's unpitying dart
Me and my favourite flew to part,
I might have watched *thee* grazing there!

Instead, I watch thy burial-mound;
And *this* my love can brook, and brave,
But not to see yon proud one bound
O'er sorrow's consecrated ground,
And revel on thy garden-grave!

Silent when Heaven thy doom decreed,
Thy master now becomes thy bard,
Glorious, incomparable steed!
But how shall he requite the deed?
—A moral be its meet reward.

Type of humiliated Man!
How basely are *his* dead forgot!
Ever since Death his race began
With Life, and all our earth o'erran,
The grave hath been a trampled spot.

Children can play where playmates moulder,
Friends promenade o'er coffin'd friends;
And oft affection waxes colder,
Or grey-grown irreligion bolder,
While o'er familiar tombs it bends.

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"Bless'd is the memory of the just,"
But by the Just; unrighteous men
Sport with or spurn it, as their dust:
And though spring up its honours must,
That verdure soon is plucked again.

'Tis well, the freedom some assume,
Invidious, with a saintly fame,
Breaks not the sabbath of the tomb,
Sheds on blest souls no moment's gloom,
Nor blots one heaven-emblazoned name!

WINTER WARFARE.

A FLANNEL waistcoat next the skin;
(Yet covering flannel belt within,)
A night-shirt over that; and then
A twofold flannel gown again;
Two plaid shawls o'er the shoulders seen,
From Dunstable and Aberdeen;
Stockings of worsted or of wool,—
Of feet, and legs, and knees, quite full;
A double nightcap on the head;
Pillows behind; beneath, the bed;
Sheets, blankets, counterpane, thick-strown;
Curtains drawn round, and blinds drawn down;
Such is my armour, such my fort;
And such my foeman's scorn and sport!
He pours his poisoned darts through all,
Through glazed loophole and fissured wall!
They pierce my breastplate, drink my life,
And make each gasp a deathlike strife:
And though my *fire* I open on him,
It takes but small effect upon him:
And though I mine interior trench,
With hot and poisoned water-drench,
He dares it! Nought avails to stem
The fierce East Wind at Five A.M.!

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THIRD WEEK OF THIRD ATTACK OF BRONCHITIS, IN THE STORMY MAY OF 1858.

A POOR old crow, with wounded wing,
Here in my windy nest I swing,
Up in the high elm-tree;
I can't fly forth; I can't hop down;
And every lad from London town
May have a shot at me.

I'd rather be a barn-door bird
On some snug roost, by storms unstirred,
Down in a lowland farm,
Nightly with hen and chickens housed,
Early by sweet, warm sunshine roused,
And all day hid from harm.

THE END.

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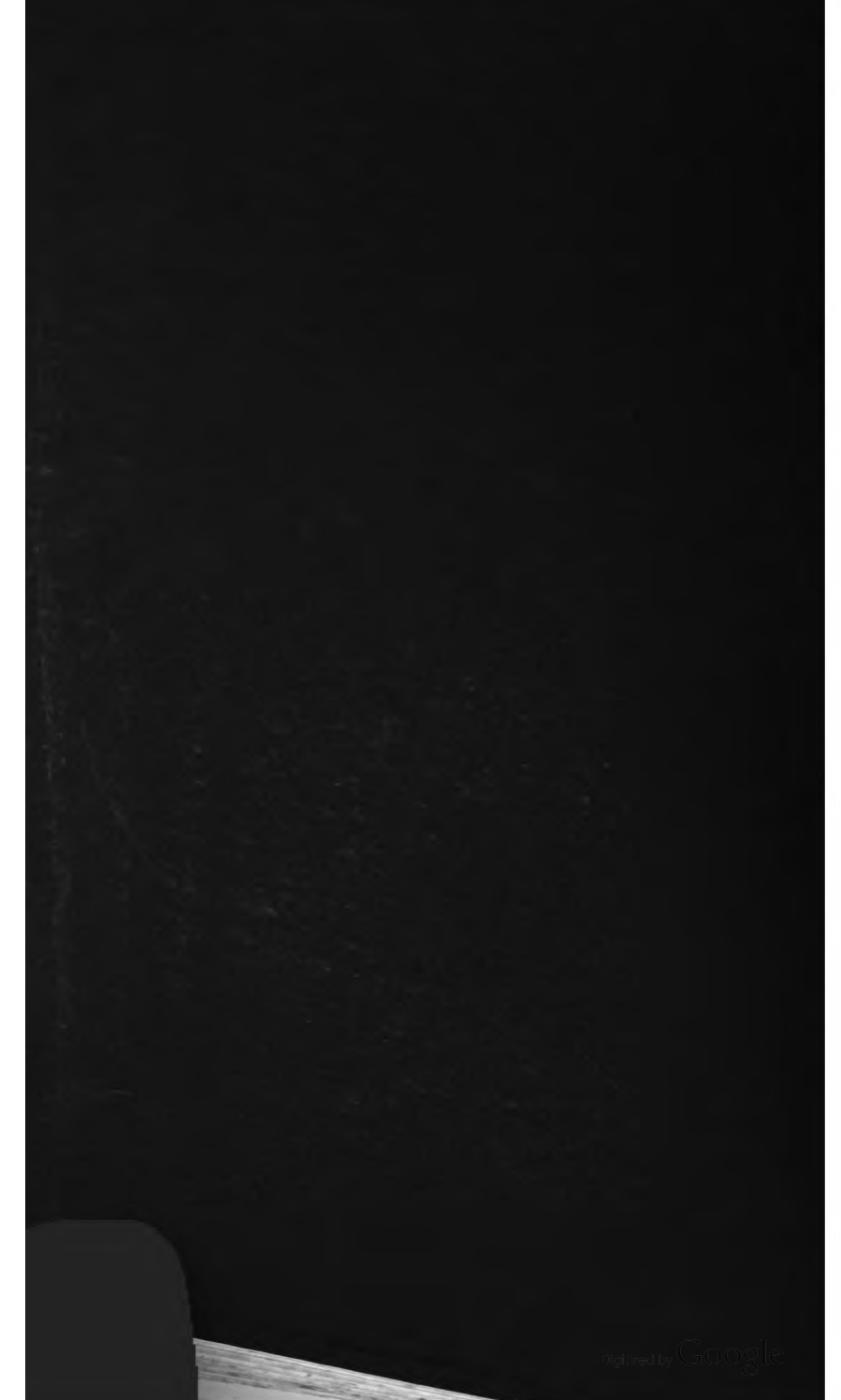
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